

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXIX.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

NO 25.

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"I am 62 years old and have suffered for 42 years from nervous troubles, rheumatism and neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, and pain around the heart. The Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills have been a blessing to me. I don't know what I should do without them, and they are the only remedy I have ever used that either did not wear out in less than time I have been using them, or else the injurious results were such that I would be obliged to cease their use."

MRS. S. C. ROBINSON.

Dr. Carter St. Chattanooga, Tenn.

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25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ.

Physician and Surgeon.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day.

Executrix's Notice.

STATE OF MARTIN HELTZEL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa. deceased. Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and to those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated without delay for settlement. LUCINA HELTZEL, Executrix.

Or her Attorney: John D. Keith.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Hampton.

Our Hampton correspondent contributes the following:—Some readers of the Item may wonder what Hampton is, and of what it is comprised. Hampton is the Township Seat of Reading township; 169 inhabitants as follows—23 widows, 12 widowers, 17 old maids, 5 bachelors, 9 girls 16 years old, 4 boys 16 years old and 66 married people. We have 3 stores, 1 postoffice, 3 churches, (no smoke stacks) 1 blacksmith, 2 barbers, 1 chair shop, 1 cider and vinegar factory, 5 carpenters, 6 plasterers, 3 painters, 1 poultry dealer, 1 cream separator, 1 physician, 1 hotel, 1 millinery store, 2 shoe makers, 1 auctioneer, and a dozen day laborers. In fact we have everything we need except plenty of money—I almost forgot we have the nicest burying ground in Adams county.

Levi A. Chronister, aged 20 years, of Mt. Holly Springs, Cumberland county tool inspector for the Pennsylvania railroad at Altoona, was crushed to death in a collision between locomotives in a roundhouse, on Sunday.

A subscriber writing us from the far west is certainly a fine specimen of a brag. He says: "This is, indeed, a wonderful country. Every hamlet is a town, every town is a city, every farm a ranch, every barnyard a corral, every mound a mountain, and every man a liar."

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William Miller, a youth aged 18 years, a farmhand employed by George West, of Ridley Heights, was scalped, had a fractured arm, lacerations about the face and body and concussion of the brain, yet physicians hope to be able to save his life. He was assisting in taking a heavy loaded baywagon out of the barn when his head was pinned against a stone wall. He was then knocked down and the vehicle passed over his body.

His DEAR OLD MOTHER—"My dear old mother, who is now eighty three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak, puny children too are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by Ed. T. Auker, druggist, 59c.

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Rev. W. Cleveland Hicks, an Episcopal clergyman, did his best to save the negro and afterward protected his body until the arrival upon the scene of Judge A. Hunter Boyd and the police. Judge Boyd called the crowd to disperse, and in this was promptly obeyed. The body was removed to an undertaking establishment, and 10,000 persons are estimated to have viewed it.

BOY CONFESSES MURDER

Joseph Wood Admits Killing Nine-Year-Old Ethel Nevins.

Camden, N. J., Oct. 8.—Joseph Wood, the 16-year-old prisoner, who was arrested on suspicion in connection with the murder of 9-year-old Ethel Nevins, whose body was found in a thicket not far from her home in East Camden on Saturday, made a confession, according to an official statement issued by Prosecutor Scotel, in which he admits having murdered the child.

Ethel Nevins disappeared from her home on Thursday of last week. Her mother, who is the wife of Henry Marx, a trolley car conductor, was in the habit of leaving the murdered child and a younger brother in charge of Wood while she went on shopping tours. The little girl was sent on an errand with her brother Thursday afternoon and failed to return home. The brother, LeRoy, said he had last seen her in a thicket near a cemetery not far from her home. The mutilated body of the child, who had been killed by being struck on the head with a hatchet, was found not far from where her brother said he last saw her. Two boys stumbled over the body, which was half covered with debris.

Suspicion pointed to Wood, because Ethel Nevins had told her mother that she was afraid of him. After his arrest Harvey Harrop, grandfather of one of the boys who found the body of the girl, told the authorities that he had seen Wood in the thicket where the body was found on Thursday and that the boy had a hatchet with which he was chopping stumps. The girl had been maltreated before the murder.

TERIBLE EXPLOSION

Four Men Killed, Thirty Horribly Injured, Twenty Fatally.

Butler, Pa., Oct. 7.—An explosion, caused by the upsetting of a metal pot in the No. 1 cupola of the Standard Steel company here, caused the death of four men, fatally injured 20 and seriously injured 10 others.

Nearly all of the men were foreigners. The large wheel plant, 150x100 feet, was demolished, causing a loss estimated at \$100,000.

ACCUSED WILL RENEW BAIL

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 4.—True bills were found in four more of the capital prosecutions by the Dauphin county grand jury. This disposes of the 32 cases. The jury was discharged with the usual thanks of the court. District Attorney Weiss will call up the cases at 2 p. m. next Wednesday for the purpose of fixing the date of the trial. The defendants will renew their bail at that time for the next term of court.

CUMMINS MAY ENTER CABINET

Report That President Wants Him to Succeed Bonaparte.

Keokuk, Ia., Oct. 5.—It is reported here on excellent authority that during his recent visit to this city President Roosevelt definitely offered to appoint Governor Cummins to be attorney general in his cabinet in place of Attorney General Bonaparte, who, it has been reported many times, intends to retire from the cabinet as soon as the president has fixed upon a suitable successor. It is understood that the offer of the president to appoint Governor Cummins to his official family was made with a view to eliminating opposition to the re-election of United States Senator Allison from that state.

Wireless Reaches Manila.

Sydney, N. S. Oct. 8.—While Marconi experts were testing new receiving cones at the top of the towers at the station at Morien, an operator was in communication with the wireless station at Manila. The message received was that the American cruiser Philadelphia had arrived there. The Marconi people account for the occurrence by the theory that the cone at Manila must have been in perfect tune with that at Morien.

Dishwasher An Heir to \$30,000.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 7.—Thomas Yeakle, who has been employed as a dishwasher in hotels in Indianapolis, sees a fortune of something like \$30,000 in sight and has left for Chicago to try to obtain it. Edward A. Warfield, of Chicago, administrator of the estate of George T. Cline, who died in Chicago some months ago, leaving an estate of \$2,000,000, found Yeakle in Indianapolis after a long search and sent for him. Yeakle is a nephew of the late millionaire.

HAD NARROW ESCAPE

Runaway Endangered Governor Stuart at Jamestown Fair.

Norfolk, Va., Oct. 5.—Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania, and President Harry St. George Tucker, of the Jamestown Exposition, had narrow escapes from serious injury and possibly death, on the outside of the exposition grounds, prior to the commencement of the Pennsylvania day celebration there.

A runaway team, attached to a carriage in which were members of Governor Stuart's staff and others, dashed into the Pennsylvania soldiers, missed by a hair's breadth the carriage ahead, containing Governor Stuart and President Tucker, who would both have been dashed into the water below had they been struck. The runaway horses were stopped by soldiers striking them in the head with their guns. No one was seriously hurt.

The accident occurred on the long, deep-water pier.

At the main entrance to the auditorium Governor Swanson, accompanied by a large and distinguished party of exposition officials, prominent Virginians and others, met Governor Stuart and the Keystone state officials, and the governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania proceeded, arm in arm, to the stage, where the exercises were held, with Henry P. Walton, chairman of the Pennsylvania executive committee, presiding.

Addresses of welcome by Mr. Tucker and George Swanson were responded to by Governor Stuart, and the oration was by Lieutenant-Governor Murphy.

AID CAME TOO LATE

Check to Pay Judgment Came After Bottler Cut His Throat.

Philadelphia, Oct. 8.—Hyman Hungerfelder, aged 22 years, a bottler residing in the southern section of this city, committed suicide by cutting a throat under unusually tragic conditions.

Unable to meet a judgment which was due, he took his 6-year-old son John and went to his place of business, not far from his home. While the boy waited he sharpened a large knife on a grind stone, and when he had finished he sent the child home, telling him to bring his mother to the bottling establishment at once. The boy ran home, and when the mother returned she found Hungerfelder lying in the cellar with his throat cut. He died in a short time. Half an hour after the man ended his life Mrs. Hungerfelder received a letter from New York, which contained a check sufficient to cover the note which had driven her husband to suicide.

WATCHMAN MURDERED

Aged Man Chopped to Death With Axe and Robbed.

Bridgeton, N. J., Oct. 7.—James Camm, aged 65 years, a night watchman for a local basket factory, was found murdered at his post. His head had been crushed and nearly severed from his body. The police arrested Gilbert Notticks, a negro, aged 30 years, on suspicion of having committed the crime. Notticks' clothing was blood-stained, and keys, which, it is said, have been identified as the property of the watchman, were found in his pockets. The negro denied having murdered the watchman, but the authorities believe he went to the factory to rob Camm, who received his pay from his employers Saturday. Camm was apparently chopped to death with an axe which he found beside the body covered with blood stains.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

BALTIMORE—WHEAT quiet; No. 2 spot, \$1.04½; @1.05; steamer No. 2 spot, \$1.04½; @1.05½; southern, 59½; @1.04. CORN steady; mixed spot, 69½; @69½; steamer mixed, 65½; @65½. OATS steady; white, No. 2, 57½; @58; No. 3, 54½; @55; No. 4, 50½; @51; No. 5, 49½; @50. BUTTER steady; creamery separator extras, 29½; @30; held, 23½; @24; prints, 30½; @31; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 19½; @20. EGGS firm; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 24c; West Virginia, 23c; southern, 21½; @22c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)—

CATTLE steady; choice, \$6.35; @6.50; prime, \$6.30; SHEEP steady; prime wethers, \$5.60; @5.75; culls and common, \$2.30; lambs, \$5.75; veal calves, \$8.50; HOGS lower; prime heavy, \$6.80; @6.90; medium, \$6.90; @7.00; Yorkers, \$6.90; pigs, \$6.40; @6.50.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, October 2.

The new pure food law requiring accurate labeling of food products is now in effect.

Forty-two persons, including 30 Japanese soldiers, were killed in a train wreck at Seoul, Korea.

The national board of the Mothers' Congress will meet at the Jamestown Exposition on October 19.

Rev. Edward B. Mason, a well-known composer of hymns, died at his home at Brunswick, Me., aged 69 years.

George Murphy was sentenced to 11 months in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for stealing two Bibles from an express wagon in New York.

Thursday, October 3.

C. T. Withrow, chief motive power clerk of the Pennsylvania railroad, died at his home at Altoona, Pa.

Governor Stokes granted a reprieve until November 1 to John Schuyler, who was to have been hanged at Flemington, N. J., on Friday.

After living as a miser for more than 50 years and accumulating more than \$350,000, Lander E. Merrick died in the almshouse at Kenosha, Wis.

Major John H. Duval, a retired United States army officer, has been detailed by the war department for duty with the Pennsylvania National Guard.

Friday, October 4.

The National Druggists' Association will meet next year in Atlantic City, N. J.

An unknown Hungarian jumped from a window of a Pennsylvania railroad train at Piqua, O., and was fatally injured.

A man, believed to be W. E. Hasson, of Philadelphia, was struck by a train at Bordentown, N. J., and instantly killed.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway company increased the wages of its machinists and boilermakers two cents an hour.

H. J. McCracken & Co., the oldest wholesale produce commission firm in Pittsburg, failed; liabilities, \$245,387; assets \$156,200.

Saturday, October 5.

Stewart O'Hara, a lineman, was electrocuted at Carlisle, Pa., while adjusting wires on a pole.

Insanely jealous of his young wife, John Bohmrueller, a Brooklyn saloon-keeper, shot her to death and then killed himself.

Because of increased cost of flour, labor, fuel and supplies, the bakers of West Chester, Pa., have decided to raise the price of bread one cent a loaf.

Samuel P. M. McCarroll, United States attorney for the middle district of Pennsylvania, has resigned to accept a judgeship in one of the Pennsylvania state courts.

Monday, October 7.

Boarding mistresses of West Springfield, Mass. have formed a union to sustain a recently increased schedule of rates.

Henry I. Wetzel, of Sunbury, Pa., a Pennsylvania flagman, was killed in the yards at Williamsport by being caught in a collision of cars.

After vain endeavors to escape, a steer being driven to a butcher shop at Felton, York county, Pa., committed suicide by dashing against a tree and breaking its neck.

A barn fire in which William H. Appleby was burned to death at Plainfield, Conn., was caused by a lantern kicked over by a horse which recently kicked his brother-in-law to death and was the indirect cause of the death of a niece.

Tuesday, October 8.

The population of Canada now exceeds 6,504,000.

One trainman was killed and four injured in a freight wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad at Bourbon, Ind.

Julius M. Reiser, the pioneer manufacturer of plate glass mirrors in the United States, died in New York, aged 67 years.

While out of work and despondent Charles Richards, of Philadelphia, committed suicide at Conshohocken, Pa., by jumping into the canal.

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Runaway Endangered Governor Stuart at Jamestown Fair.

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A runaway team, attached to a carriage in which were members of Governor Stuart's staff and others, dashed into the Pennsylvania soldiers, missed by a hair's breadth the carriage ahead, containing Governor Stuart and President Tucker, who would both have been dashed into the water below had they been struck. The runaway horses were stopped by soldiers striking them in the head with their guns. No one was seriously hurt.

The accident occurred on the long, deep-water pier.

At the main entrance to the auditorium Governor Swanson, accompanied by a large and distinguished party of exposition officials, prominent Virginians and others, met Governor Stuart and the Keystone state officials, and the governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania proceeded, arm in arm, to the stage, where the exercises were held, with Henry F. Walton, chairman of the Pennsylvania executive committee, presiding.

Addresses of welcome by Mr. Tucker and George Swanson were responded to by Governor Stuart, and the oration was by Lieutenant-Governor Murphy.

AID CAME TOO LATE

Check to Pay Judgment Came After Bottler Cut His Throat.

Philadelphia, Oct. 8.—Hyman Hungerfelder, aged 52 years, a bottler residing in the southern section of this city, committed suicide by cutting his throat under unusually tragic conditions.

Unable to meet a judgment which was due, he took his 6-year-old son John and went to his place of business, not far from his home. While the boy waited he sharpened a large knife on a grind stone, and when he had finished he sent the child home, telling him to bring his mother to the bottling establishment at once. The boy ran home, and when the mother returned she found Hungerfelder lying in the cellar with his throat cut. He died in a short time. Half an hour after the man ended his life Mrs. Hungerfelder received a letter from New York, which contained a check sufficient to cover the note which had driven her husband to suicide.

ACCUSED WILL RENEW BAIL

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 4.—True bills were found in four more of the capital prosecutions by the Dauphin county grand jury. This disposes of the 32 cases. The jury was discharged with the usual thanks of the court. District Attorney Weiss will call up the cases at 2 p. m. next Wednesday for the purpose of fixing the date of the trials. The defendants will renew their bail at that time for the next term of court.

Following is a list of indicted defendants:

John H. Sanderson, of Philadelphia, contractor for furnishings.

Joseph M. Huston, of Philadelphia, architect.

James M. Shumaker, of Johnstown, former superintendent of grounds and buildings.

William P. Snyder, of Spring City, former auditor general.

William L. Mathues, of Media, former state treasurer.

George F. Payne, of Philadelphia, and his partner, Charles G. Wetter, members of the firm that built the capitol and fitted up the attic.

Congressman H. Burd Cassel, of Marietta, executive officer of the Pennsylvania Construction company, contractor for the metallic furniture.

Stanford B. Lewis, of Philadelphia, Huston's assistant.

Frank Irvine, of Norristown, traveling auditor in Snyder's office.

Wallis Boleau, George K. Storm, John G. Niederer and Charles F. Kinsman, stockholders of the Pennsylvania Bronze company, organized by Sanderson for the manufacture of the lighting fixtures.

The bills returned involve charges of conspiracy to defraud the state of \$97,076.60 by fraudulent invoice for metallic furniture; \$58,444.20 by fraudulent invoice for Baccarat glass; \$117,232.20 by fraudulent invoice for brackets; \$34,766 by fraudulent invoice for marble; \$11,100 by fraudulent invoice for modeling; \$25,577.30 by fraudulent invoice for furniture, and \$25,263.63 by fraudulent invoices for standards. These bills also involve two charges against Wetter of obtaining \$14,000 by false pretense in rendering fraudulent bills for work on the attic.

Robbed, Beaten and Bound to Track.

Cleveland, Oct. 8.—Beaten into insensibility by thugs and bound hand and foot across the railroad tracks in the Pennsylvania yards here, Samuel H. Shaw, a sailor of Port Huron, Mich., narrowly escaped being ground to death by a freight train. Shaw was robbed by three men, who after knocking him senseless, bound him to the track. He was discovered by the engineer of the train, who barely managed to stop a few feet from the prostrate man.

Dr. and Mrs. Rowland Acquitted.

Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 7.—The jury in the Rowland murder trial returned a verdict of acquittal. There were few people in the court room at the time. The jury took the case late Saturday. Dr. and Mrs. David Rowland were jointly charged with poisoning the woman's former husband, Charles R. Strange.

Thaw Trial December 2.

New York, Oct. 8.—Harry K. Thaw's second trial will begin on December 2. This agreement was reached between District Attorney Jerome, Martin W. Littleton, counsel for Thaw, and Justice Dowling, of the supreme court. It was announced that Justice Dowling will preside at the trial.

Boy Shoots His Brother.

Pittsburg, Oct. 7.—Angered because his 18-year-old brother, George, chided him for remaining away from home all night, in the absence of their mother, Moses Rosenberg, 18, shot George through the heart, killing him. The boy was arrested.

Acquitted and Killed by Lightning.

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 7.—Dock Willis, a young planter acquitted last week of the murder of Sheriff Edwards in Shelby county, was struck and killed by lightning just over the state line in Louisiana.

WATCHMAN MURDERED

Aged Man Chopped to Death With Axe and Robbed.

Bridgeton, N. J., Oct. 7.—James Camm, aged 65 years, a night watchman for a local basket factory, was found murdered at his post. His head had been crushed and nearly severed from his body. The police arrested Gilbert Noticks, a negro, aged 30 years, on suspicion of having committed the crime. Noticks' clothing was blood-stained, and keys, which, it is said, have been identified as the property of the watchman, were found in his pockets. The negro denied having murdered the watchman, but the authorities believe he went to the factory to rob Camm, who received his pay from his employers Saturday. Camm was apparently chopped to death with an axe which he found beside the body covered with blood stains.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, October 2.

The new pure food law requiring accurate labelling of food products is now in effect.

Forty-two persons, including 30 Japanese soldiers, were killed in a train wreck at Seoul, Korea.

The national board of the Mothers' Congress will meet at the Jamestown Exposition on October 10.

Rev. Edward B. Mason, a well-known composer of hymns, died at his home at Brunswick, Me., aged 69 years.

George Murphy was sentenced to 11 months in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for stealing two Bibles from an express wagon in New York.

Thursday, October 3.

C. T. Witherow, chief motive power clerk of the Pennsylvania railroad, died at his home at Altoona, Pa.

Governor Stokes granted a reprieve until November 1 to John Schuyler, who was to have been hanged at Flemington, N. J., on Friday.

After living as a miser for more than 50 years and accumulating more than \$350,000, Lander E. Merrick died in the almshouse at Kenosha, Wis.

Major John H. Duval, a retired United States army officer, has been detailed by the war department for duty with the Pennsylvania National Guard.

Friday, October 4.

The National Druggists' Association will meet next year in Atlantic City, N. J.

An unknown Hungarian jumped from a window of a Pennsylvania railroad train at Piqua, O., and was fatally injured.

A man, believed to be W. E. Hasson, of Philadelphia, was struck by a train at Bordentown, N. J., and instantly killed.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway company increased the wages of its machinists and boilermakers two cents an hour.

H. J. McCracken & Co., the oldest wholesale produce commission firm in Pittsburg, failed; liabilities, \$245,387; assets, \$166,200.

Saturday, October 5.

Stewart O'Hara, a lineman, was electrocuted at Carlisle, Pa., while adjusting wires on a pole.

Insanely jealous of his young wife, John Bohnrueller, a Brooklyn saloon-keeper, shot her to death and then killed himself.

Because of increased cost of flour, labor, fuel and supplies, the bakers of West Chester, Pa., have decided to raise the price of bread one cent a loaf.

Samuel P. M. McCarroll, United States attorney for the middle district of Pennsylvania, has resigned to accept a judgeship in one of the Pennsylvania state courts.

Monday, October 7.

Boarding mistresses of West Springfield, Mass., have formed a union to sustain a recently increased schedule of rates.

Henry I. Wetzel, of Sunbury, Pa., a Pennsylvania flagman, was killed in the yards at Williamsport by being caught in a collision of cars.

After vain endeavors to escape, a steer being driven to a butcher shop at Pelton, York county, Pa., committed suicide by dashing against a tree and breaking its neck.

A barn fire in which William H. Appleby was burned to death at Plainfield, Conn., was caused by a lantern kicked over by a horse which recently kicked his brother-in-law to death and was the indirect cause of the death of a niece.

Tuesday, October 8.

The population of Canada now exceeds 6,604,000.

One trainman was killed and four injured in a freight wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad, at Bourbon, Ind.

Julius M. Relser, the pioneer manufacturer of plate glass mirrors in the United States, died in New York, aged 67 years.

While out of work and despondent Charles Richards, of Philadelphia, committed suicide at Conshohocken, Pa., by jumping into the canal.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad company granted all telegraph operators on the system an increase in wages of 8 per cent.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

BALTIMORE—WHEAT quiet; No. 2 spot, \$1.04½@1.05; steamer No. 2 spot, \$1.04½@1.05; southern, 99½@1.04. CORN steady; mixed spot, 65½@69½c.; steamer mixed, 65½@69½c. OATS steady; white, No. 2, 57½@58c.; No. 3, 54½@55c.; No. 4, 50½@51c.; No. 2 mixed, 53½@54c.; No. 3, 52½@53c.; No. 4, 51½@52c. BUTTER steady; creamery separator extras, 29½@30c.; held, 23@24c.; prints, 30@31c.; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 19@20c. EGGS firm; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 24c.; West Virginia, 23c.; southern, 21@22c.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE steady; choice, \$6.35@6.50; prime, \$6.00@6.30. SHEEP steady; prime wethers, \$5.50@5.75; culls and common, \$2@3; lambs, \$5@7.75; veal calves, \$8@8.50. HOGS lower; prime heavy, \$6.80@6.90; medium, \$6.50@6.60; Yorkers, \$6.90; pigs, \$6@6.40.

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXIX.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

NO 25.

Seldom Wear Out

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain—not only once, but as many times as it is necessary to take them. Many persons who suffer from chronic ailments find in them a source of great relief from the suffering which they would otherwise be compelled to endure. Their soothing influence upon the nerves strengthen rather than weaken them. For this reason they seldom lose their effectiveness.

"I am 62 years old and have suffered for 42 years from nervous troubles, rheumatism and neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, and pain around the heart. The Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills have been a blessing to me. I don't know what I should do without them, and they are the only remedy I have ever used that either did not wear out in less time than I have been using them, or else the injurious results were such that I would be obliged to cease their use."

MRS. S. C. ROBINSON.

27 Carter St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money.

25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,

Physician and Surgeon.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day.

Executrix's Notice.

ESTATE OF MARTIN HELTZEL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa., deceased.—Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and to those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated without delay for settlement.

LUCINA HELTZEL, Executrix.

Or her Attorney: John D. Keith, Gettysburg, Pa.

Hampton.

Our Hampton correspondent contributes the following:—Some readers of the Item may wonder what Hampton is, and of what it is comprised. Hampton is the Township Seat of Reading township; 169 inhabitants as follows—23 widows, 12 widowers, 17 old maids, 5 bachelors, 9 girls 16 years old, 4 boys 16 years old and 66 married people. We have 3 stores, 1 postoffice, 3 churches, (no smoke stacks) 1 blacksmith, 2 barbers, 1 chair shop, 1 cider and vinegar factory, 5 carpenters, 6 plasterers, 3 painters, 1 poultry dealer, 1 cream separator, 1 physician, 1 hotel, 1 millinery store, 2 shoe makers, 1 auctioneer, and a dozen day laborers. In fact we have everything we need except plenty of money—I almost forgot we have the nicest burying ground in Adams county.

Levi A. Chronister, aged 20 years, of Mt. Holly Springs, Cumberland county tool inspector for the Pennsylvania railroad at Altoona, was crushed to death in a collision between locomotives in a roundhouse, on Sunday.

A subscriber writing us from the far west is certainly a fine specimen of a brag. He says: "This is, indeed, a wonderful country. Every hamlet is a town, every town is a city, every farm a ranch, every barnyard a corral, every mound a mountain, and every man a liar."

Word was received of the death of John Merkel, at Cleveland, O., of paralysis. Mr. Merkel, 20 years ago, left his home in New Berlinville, where he was the proprietor of Merkel's Mills, and since then none of his relatives heard from him. He was 75 years old.

William Miller, a youth aged 18 years, a farmhand employed by George West, of Ridley Heights, was scalped, had a fractured arm, lacerations about the face and body and concussion of the brain yet physicians hope to be able to save his life. He was assisting in taking a heavy loaded haywagon out of the barn when his head was plucked against a stone wall. He was then knocked down and the vehicle passed over his body.

His DEAR OLD MOTHER—"My dear old mother, who is now eighty-three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak, puny children too are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by Ed. T. Acker, druggist, 50c.

A number of Masons from this place attended Good Samaritan Chapter in Gettysburg on Tuesday night. It being the visitation of the Grand Officers of the Royal Arch Chapter.

The wedding of Miss Anna Shultz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Shultz of Hanover, and Daniel Duttera Baschoar of Littlestown, will take place at St. Matthew Lutheran parsonage, Hanover, Rev. A. M. Heilman officiating, Thursday evening, October 17.

Monday officer Duttera of Hanover, arrested George Krentzer, of Conewago township, Adams county, on a warrant issued by Squire Sell, charged on oath of William H. Trone, also of Conewago township, with assault and battery. Defendant entered bail for a hearing.

Despondent over financial affairs, Harry Lewis, editor and proprietor of the Banner of Liberty, a weekly paper published at Woodsboro, Md., committed suicide Monday morning by hanging himself.

A vicious horse bit George Arnold, a 16-year old boy, of Dover, York county, in the face, taking away a portion of his lower jaw. The lad was watering the animal and had stooped down to lift the bucket to the horse's mouth.

Have your watches, clocks, jewelry, etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. BROCKEN, 7-18-19. Center Square, Gettysburg.

Eloped With Mayor's Daughter. Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 8.—Mayor Bennett, of Fort Dodge, who recently issued an order that all bachelors in that city must wed within a year or pay a fine, was taken at his word by Nolan Snow, a chauffeur, who eloped with the mayor's daughter, Mabel. The elopers were married in Fort Dodge and fled to Des Moines.

Child's Assailant Killed by Father. Newton, Miss., Oct. 8.—William Bender, a negro, who attempted to assault a 6-year-old white girl, was killed by the child's father, Benjamin Coker, a planter, who came upon him while he was attempting to make his escape, and fired a charge of buckshot into his head.

Two Fatally Injured in Duel. Pittsburg, Oct. 7.—Levi Jones, 63 years old, and William Carpenter, 34 years old, are dying in a hospital from injuries received in a duel with a knife and an ice pick as weapons. The fight was prompted, it is said, by jealousy.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 8.—John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, was so much improved in health that he was able to go to his office at national headquarters for a short time. Secretary Wilson said friends of Mr. Mitchell were much encouraged, and believed he was on the road to complete recovery.

Given Nine Months For Manslaughter. Hartford, Conn., Oct. 5.—Engineer Jerome Wilson and Conductor David C. Maroney, charged with manslaughter, were found guilty in the criminal superior court and sentenced to nine months each in jail. Wilson and Maroney were in charge of the passenger train which on June 23 collided with a work train in this city, killing 10 persons and injuring 40.

Hammered Dynamite; Head Blown Off. Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 7.—Benjamin Formato, foreman of a gang of laborers, was blasting slag at the Union Furnace company's plant. While driving a 25-pound dynamite cartridge into a drill hole he decided to hammer it in with a sledge. Formato's head was blown off. Anthony Tomillo also was killed and five other men were injured.

Bled to Death at Norristown. Norristown, Pa., Oct. 8.—Harry Beideman, 25 years old, was killed at Taubel's hosiery mills by the bursting of a whizzer. His right leg was severed and he bled to death.

Says Knox Supports Mormonism. Pittsburg, Oct. 5.—Before the Women's Home Missionary society of the Pittsburg conference of the M. E. church, Rev. William Frye, of Trenton, N. J., in an address made an attack on Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, and Reed Smoot, of Utah, declaring that Senator Knox was the man responsible for the failure to unseat Senator Smoot, and that he has letters from Senator Knox committing the latter to Mormonism. Mr. Frye said Mormonism is not dead, but is more alive today than at any time since the Meadow massacre, which slaughter he charged was directly due to the Mormon agitation among the Indians. Mr. Frye charged Senator Knox with being one of the strongest supporters of Mormonism in the United States.

HE KILLED A POLICEMAN

Cumberland, Md., Oct. 7.—The first lynching in the history of Cumberland, which occurred Sunday morning, has been the topic of discussion, though scarcely of condemnation.

The shooting of Policeman August Baker, on Thursday night, by William Burns, a negro desperado, while the latter was resisting arrest, created a great deal of excitement, owing to the excellent reputation of the officer and his well known kindly disposition. His death on Saturday morning was followed by threats against the negro, these coming as much from those of his own race as from the whites. Few, however, thought a lynching possible, and the police paid no attention to the rumors that were afloat. Only Deputy Sheriff Adam Hendley was at the jail when a crowd of less than a hundred men, a few of whom were disguised in one way or another, appeared and demanded the keys. These being refused, a telegraph pole was used as a battering ram and entrance to the building was forced. Other negroes, in neighboring cells, were careful to guide the lynchers to that of Burns', and here again the battering ram was used. The lynchers found their victim crouching behind his cot, and, seizing him by the feet, dragged him up and down stairs and into the street, where, within a few yards of the entrance to the jail, Burns was kicked and shot to death.

Rev. W. Cleveland Hicks, an Episcopal clergyman, did his best to save the negro and afterward protected his body until the arrival upon the scene of Judge A. Hunter Boyd and the police. Judge Boyd called the crowd to disperse, and in this was promptly obeyed. The body was removed to an undertaking establishment, and 10,000 persons are estimated to have viewed it.

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The condition of the 30 men injured is pitiable. Although still alive, the features of a majority are mutilated beyond recognition. The hot metal was showered over them, causing horrible injuries. Arms, fingers and ears were torn off, while number of the men had their eyes burned out. Several men are in the hospital with their legs burned to a crisp. The physicians attending the injured said at least 20 of the men would die.

The explosion was caused by the upsetting of a metal pot in the cupola, which contained 6000 pounds of molten metal ready for casting. An explosion followed so quickly that none of the workmen in the building had a chance to escape. Streams of the burning metal poured out on the workmen, some of whom were engulfed and literally cooked. Twenty men near the cupola had every shred of clothing blown off by the force of the explosion. Many were buried under the wreckage and were not rescued for an hour after the catastrophe. Buildings in the city, from the force of the explosion, shiv-

ered as if shaken by an earthquake, and people rushed from their homes panic-stricken.

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Report That President Wants Him to Succeed Bonaparte.

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Check to Pay Judgment Came After Bottler Cut His Throat.

Philadelphia, Oct. 8.—Hyman Hungerleider, aged 52 years, a bottler residing in the southern section of this city, committed suicide by cutting his throat under unusually tragic conditions.

Unable to meet a judgment which was due, he took his 6-year-old son John and went to his place of business, not far from his home. While the boy waited he sharpened a large knife on a grind stone, and when he had finished he sent the child home, telling him to bring his mother to the bottling establishment at once. The boy ran home, and when the mother returned she found Hungerleider lying in the cellar with his throat cut. He died in a short time. Half an hour after the man ended his life Mrs. Hungerleider received a letter from New York, which contained a check sufficient to cover the note which had driven her husband to suicide.

ACCUSED WILL RENEW BAIL

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 4.—True bills were found in four more of the capitol prosecutions by the Dauphin county grand jury. This disposes of the 32 cases. The jury was discharged with the usual thanks of the court. District Attorney Weiss will call up the cases at 2 p. m. next Wednesday for the purpose of fixing the date of the trials. The defendants will renew their bail at that time for the next term of court.

Following is a list of indicted defendants:

John H. Sanderson, of Philadelphia, contractor for furnishings.

Joseph M. Huston, of Philadelphia, architect.

James M. Shumaker, of Johnstown, former superintendent of grounds and buildings.

William P. Snyder, of Spring City, former auditor general.

William L. Mathues, of Media, former state treasurer.

George F. Payne, of Philadelphia, and his partner, Charles G. Wetter, members of the firm that built the capitol and fitted up the attic.

Congressman H. Burd Cassel, of Marietta, executive officer of the Pennsylvania Construction company, contractor for the metallic furniture.

Stanford B. Lewis, of Philadelphia, Huston's assistant.

Frank Irvine, of Norristown, traveling auditor in Snyder's office.

Wallis Bolleau, George K. Storm, John G. Nlederer and Charles F. Kinsman, stockholders of the Pennsylvania Bronze company, organized by Sanderson for the manufacture of the light fixtures.

The bills returned involve charges of conspiracy to defraud the state of \$97,076.60 by fraudulent invoice for metallic furniture; \$58,444.20 by fraudulent invoice for Baccarat glass; \$117,232.20 by fraudulent invoice for brackets; \$34,746 by fraudulent invoice for marble; \$11,100 by fraudulent invoice for modeling; \$25,577.30 by fraudulent invoice for furniture, and \$25,263.63 by fraudulent invoices for standards. These bills also involve two charges against Wetter of obtaining \$14,000 by false pretense in rendering fraudulent bills for work on the attic.

Robbed, Beaten and Bound to Track.

Cleveland, Oct. 8.—Beaten into insensibility by thugs and bound hand and foot across the railroad tracks in the Pennsylvania yards here, Samuel H. Shaw, a sailor of Port Huron, Mich., narrowly escaped being ground to death by a freight train. Shaw was robbed by three men, who after knocking him senseless, bound him to the track. He was discovered by the engineer of the train, who barely managed to stop a few feet from the prostrate man.

Dr. and Mrs. Rowland Acquitted.

Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 7.—The jury in the Rowland murder trial returned a verdict of acquittal. There were few people in the court room at the time. The jury took the case late Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. David Rowland were jointly charged with poisoning the woman's former husband, Charles R. Strange.

Trial Trial December 2.

New York, Oct. 8.—Harry K. Thaw's second trial will begin on December 2. This agreement was reached between District Attorney Jerome, Martin W. Littleton, counsel for Thaw, and Justice Dowling, of the supreme court. It was announced that Justice Dowling will preside at the trial.

Boy Shoots His Brother.

Pittsburg, Oct. 7.—Angered because his 18-year-old brother, George, chided him for remaining away from home all night, in the absence of their mother, Moses Rosenberg, 18, shot George through the heart, killing him. The boy was arrested.

Acquitted and Killed by Lightning.

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 7.—Dock Willis, a young planter perished last week of the murder of Ed-Edwards in Shelby county, was struck and killed by lightning just over the state line in Louisiana.

WATCHMAN MURDERED

Aged Man Chopped to Death With Axe and Robbed.

Bridgeton, N. J., Oct. 7.—James Camm, aged 65 years, a night watchman for a local basket factory, was found murdered at his post. His head had been crushed and nearly severed from his body. The police arrested Gilbert Notticks, a negro, aged 30 years, on suspicion of having committed the crime. Notticks' clothing was blood-stained, and keys, which, it is said, have been identified as the property of the watchman, were found in his pockets. The negro denied having murdered the watchman, but the authorities believe he went to the factory to rob Camm, who received his pay from his employers Saturday. Camm was apparently chopped to death with an axe which he found beside the body covered with blood stains.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, October 2.

The new pure food law requiring accurate labelling of food products is now in effect.

Forty-two persons, including 30 Japanese soldiers, were killed in a train wreck at Seoul, Korea.

The national board of the Mothers' Congress will meet at the Jamestown Exposition on October 10.

Rev. Edward B. Mason, a well-known composer of hymns, died at his home at Brunswick, Me., aged 69 years.

George Murphy was sentenced to 11 months in prison and to pay a fine of \$500 for stealing two Bibles from an express wagon in New York.

Thursday, October 3.

C. T. Witherow, chief motive power clerk of the Pennsylvania railroad, died at his home at Altoona, Pa.

Governor Stokes granted a reprieve until November 1 to John Schuyler, who was to have been hanged at Flemington, N. J., on Friday.

After living as a miser for more than 50 years and accumulating more than \$350,000, Lander E. Merrick died in the almshouse at Kenosha, Wis.

Major John H. Duval, a retired United States army officer, has been detailed by the war department for duty with the Pennsylvania National Guard.

Friday, October 4.

The National Druggists' Association will meet next year in Atlantic City, N. J.

An unknown Hungarian jumped from a window of a Pennsylvania railroad train at Piqua, O., and was fatally injured.

A man, believed to be W. E. Hasson, of Philadelphia, was struck by a train at Bordentown, N. J., and instantly killed.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway company increased the wages of its machinists and boilermakers two cents an hour.

H. J. McCracken & Co., the oldest wholesale produce commission firm in Pittsburg, failed; liabilities, \$245,387; assets, \$166,200.

Saturday, October 5.

Stewart O'Hara, a lineaman, was electrocuted at Carlisle, Pa., while adjusting wires on a pole.

Insanely jealous of his young wife, John Bohrer, a Brooklyn saloon-keeper, shot her to death and then killed himself.

Because of increased cost of flour, labor, fuel and supplies, the bakers of West Chester, Pa., have decided to raise the price of bread one cent a loaf.

Samuel P. M. McCarroll, United States attorney for the middle district of Pennsylvania, has resigned to accept a judgeship in one of the Pennsylvania state courts.

Monday, October 7.

Boarding mistresses of West Springfield, Mass., have formed a union to sustain a recently increased schedule of rates.

Henry I. Wetzel, of Sunbury, Pa., a Pennsylvania flagman, was killed in the yards at Williamsport by being caught in a collision of cars.

After vain endeavors to escape, a steer being driven to a butcher shop at Felton, York county, Pa., committed suicide by dashing against a tree and breaking its neck.

A barn fire in which William H. Appleby was burned to death at Plainfield, Conn., was caused by a lantern kicked over by a horse which recently kicked his brother-in-law to death and was the indirect cause of the death of a niece.

Tuesday, October 8.

The population of Canada now exceeds 6,504,000.

One trainman was killed and four injured in a freight wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad, at Bourbon, Ind.

Julius M. Reiser, the pioneer manufacturer of plate glass mirrors in the United States, died in New York, aged 67 years.

While out of work and despondent, Charles Richards, of Philadelphia, committed suicide at Conshohocken, Pa., by jumping into the canal.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad company granted all telegraph operators on the system an increase in wages of 8 per cent.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

BALTIMORE—WHEAT quiet; No. 2 spot, \$1.04 1/2 @ 1.05; steamer No. 2 spot, \$1.00 1/2 @ 1.00 1/2; southern, 99 1/2 @ 1.04. CORN steady; mixed spot, 69 1/2 @ 69 1/2; steamer mixed, 65 1/2 @ 65 1/2. OATS steady; white, No. 2, 57 1/2 @ 58; No. 3, 54 1/2 @ 55; No. 4, 50 1/2 @ 51; No. 2 mixed, 53 1/2 @ 54; No. 3, 52 1/2 @ 53; No. 4, 51 1/2 @ 52. BUTTER steady; creamery separator extras, 29 1/2 @ 30; land, 23 @ 24; prints, 30 @ 31; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 19 @ 20. EGGS firm; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 24c; West Virginia, 23c; southern, 21 @ 22c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards).—CATTLE steady; choice, \$6.35 @ 6.50; prime, \$6 @ 6.30. SHEEP steady; prime wethers, \$5.60 @ 5.75; culls and common, \$2 @ 5; lambs, \$5 @ 7.75; veal calves, \$5 @ 5.50. HOGS lower; prime heavy, \$6.80 @ 6.90; medium, \$6.30 @ 6.55; Yorkers, \$6.50; pigs, \$6 @ 6.40; ss, \$5 1/2 @ 6.

Bob Thompson's Luck

By J. E. HAMMOND.

"My daughter," ejaculated General Brown—George Washington Brown, Brigadier-General of militia—huskily, his voice choked with the contending emotions that were struggling in his bosom for utterance. "My daughter!" he repeated, his eyes dilated with astonishment at such unheard-of effrontery. "Marry, my daughter, sir!" and his cheek grew livid with rage, as he glared at the person addressed with the ferocity of a tiger. "You a poor, low-born, low-bred mechanic, aspiring to the hand of Virginia Brown—Virginia Brown, sir, the reigning belle of Skunkville, and prospective heiress to her aunt's fortune—Virginia Brown, a descendant of Pocahontas, and a member not only of one of the first families in Virginia, but in America. This is an outrage, sir, an unparalleled case of effrontery. I repeat it, sir, an unparalleled case of effrontery. Search history, sir, from the creation of Adam down to the present time, and I dare say a parallel case can't be found, and but very few in fiction. Why, sir, my daughter can marry Dr. Squirt or Lawyer Quirk, either at the drop of a hat. It certainly can't be with my daughter's knowledge and consent that you have approached me with so monstrous a proposition."

"It certainly was with her knowledge and consent, as I never would have dreamed of approaching you on such a subject without."

"Well, sir, when fire ceases to burn and water to seek its level, you may begin to entertain hopes of gaining my consent to your marrying Virginia Brown, but not till then. When the soaring eagle seeks a mate in the insignificant bantam, I may consent to my daughter marrying a mechanic, not before. You have my answer."

And with a wave of the hand the outraged parent indicated that the conference had closed, and the aspirant for a matrimonial connection with a descendant of Pocahontas withdrew without further remark.

Bob Thompson stood six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and as he strode defiantly on, his herculean frame dilating with indignation, determined in his own mind to marry Virginia Brown or perish in the attempt in spite of paternal swell-headedness, he looked the peer of any in the realm, be he salary-grabber, crooked whisky ring-master, or squire of low degree, and presented a marked contrast to the hatchet-faced, spindle-shanked Squirt, and the duck-legged, bald-headed, blubber-lipped Quirk, whose protuberance of paunch, expansion of jaw and proboscis eyes but illly compensated for the insufficiency of his nose and chin.

While lumbering along as though propelled by a high-pressure engine, Bob's mind was as active as his legs, and before he reached home he had determined to try his luck in California, and so, after an interview with Virginia Brown, to California he went.

Some three years have elapsed, during which time Bob Thompson has wielded pick and shovel as only a man of his herculean build could, making dirt, gravel and boulders fly, and has succeeded in accumulating quite a pile of the auriferous dust.

Hearing of some rich discoveries a hundred miles or so north of where he was then digging, he put his gold, along with a supply of provisions, into a leather knapsack, which he shouldered, along with his rifle, blanket, and shovel, and struck out alone for the new country.

During the first four days he met with no adventures worthy of note. On the fifth day, however, he made some discoveries, and fearful ones they were.

He was lost in the mountains, his provisions were nearly exhausted, and thus far he had met with no game.

It was a gloomy prospect he had before him. He might stumble on a miner's stony at any moment, but there were nine chances to one in favor of his traveling hundreds of miles without meeting with a human being.

As night was now approaching, Bob seized himself on a rock and paraded of a frugal repast from the contents of his knapsack, then wrapping his blanket about him, he stretched himself on the ground, and with dismal forebodings, resigned himself to slumber.

The next morning, shouldering his knapsack, gun, etc., he trudged onward. Over rocks he clambered, over mountains he climbed, and into mountain torrents he plunged, until night once more closed around him.

By this time he began to see the necessity of limiting himself to half rations. Two days later he submitted to a still further reduction, allowing himself only quarter rations.

Four days after that his provisions were entirely exhausted, and he began to feel the gnawings of hunger as he had never felt them before.

On the next day, which was the fourteenth day since he started, he began to hanker after his knapsack. The next day he commenced on it, and ate a piece about the size of a full-grown greenback. The amount of nourishment he derived, therefore, however, was entirely disproportionate to the exercise it afforded his bowels and grinders in its mastication. Still, it seemed to keep him on his feet.

The next day he doubled the dose, and on the following day he shot a

partridge, which, by mixing with his knapsack, he made to last four days. In two days more his knapsack was gone, and he felt himself growing perceptibly weaker.

He now began to experiment on the bark of trees. Finding one, after a great many trials, the bark of which was not unpleasant to the taste, he laid in a good supply, and went ahead. Though not unpleasant to the taste, it had but little nourishment in it, and he began to weaken rapidly.

So weak did he at length become, that he was compelled to leave his gold, which he buried at the root of a tree, with very little hopes of ever seeing it again. And he may as well state right here that he never did see it again.

Ten more days he spent wandering to and fro among the mountains, living on bark and an occasional berry, and growing weaker and weaker every day.

On the eleventh day after burying his gold, while dragging himself along with great difficulty, seeing a singular elevation before him, he concluded to climb it, provided his strength would hold out to carry him to the top, and there lay down and die. On reaching the top, he found the elevation to cover some four or five acres, with a narrow rim about six feet high around the edge, the interior depression being as level as a floor.

Noticing what seemed to be an opening toward the centre of the depression, he dragged himself toward it, and found it to be a perpendicular opening, some ten feet in length, and three feet across in the widest part, which was about the middle, and so deep that his eye was unable to penetrate to the bottom.

There was nothing extraordinary in that. There are holes in the ground, both natural and artificial, the world over. But while glancing down that fissure, Bob Thompson saw something that sent the blood in quickening pulsations through his arteries, and gave him a new lease of life.

The sides of the orifice, as far down as he could see, were pure, unadulterated gold.

The indications were that there were millions of tons of gold right beneath his feet.

It flashed upon his mind in a moment that this was the crater of an extinct volcano that at some remote period of the world's history had belched pure gold in a liquid state which had subsequently cooled down, leaving a solid mass of gold some four or five acres in extent, and it might be hundreds—possibly thousands—of feet in thickness.

What a sight for a dying man—for a man perishing with hunger.

He was able, and would have been willing to pay millions for the carcass of a rat; but no rat was to be had for a million dollars. No; nor for a hundred or a thousand millions.

Not even a mouse!

Turning up the soil in different places, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his conjecture, and finding gold within an inch or two of the surface at every point examined, he climbed over the ridge again, and going down a ravine, found pure gold there also, from scales just visible to the naked eye to nuggets that would sink the largest ship afloat.

Climbing to the top of one of those nuggets, about the bigness of a hog's head, he seated himself thereon, and turning his thoughts homeward, was soon lost in a reverie from which he was presently aroused by a rustling in the leaves near by. Turning his head in the direction of the sound, he saw a tremendous buck grazing within fifty yards of where he was standing.

Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he fired, but so excited was he that had the animal been the size of a Pennsylvania barn it wouldn't have been in the slightest danger.

Elevating his head, the buck gazed a moment at the animated skeleton who was thus amusing himself, then giving his tail a flirt, he wheeled and struck a lunge, and the next moment disappeared behind a huge auriferous boulder.

Reloading his rifle, Bob clambered down from his nugget and started in pursuit.

Night closed around him without his catching another glimpse of the object of his chase. Hope that had nerved him up while the chase lasted, now began to die out, and he sank to the earth, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke the next morning, and still higher before he summoned sufficient resolution to get up in order to resume the apparently hopeless search that the darkness of the night had suspended.

Raising himself to his feet at length, though with considerable of an effort, his heart was gladdened by the sight of a buck—but whether the one he had been pursuing or some other he couldn't tell—grazing some two hundred yards distant from where he was standing.

Dropping to the ground, he snaked himself along to within about a hundred yards of the unsuspecting quadruped, when rising to his knees he took deliberate aim and fired. The exertion and excitement to get a proved too much for him, and at a crack of the rifle he fainted and fell to the ground.

On recovering his consciousness,

his first thoughts were of the buck, and on looking in the direction he had fired, his heart sank within him, for no animal, either living or dead, was to be seen.

He now resigned himself to his fate, and lay down to die. He had lain there perhaps a couple of hours, when he caught sight of a buzzard sailing overhead.

"I think you're in somewhat of a hurry," said Bob, "coming after me before the breath has left my body."

Presently a thought struck him.

"It's the buck," said he, and raising to his feet with great difficulty, and staggering along like a drunken man, he went to where the animal was standing when he fired, where he found blood in such profusion that he experienced no difficulty in following the track of the wounded animal. In less than a quarter of a mile, though it seemed longer than any ten miles he had ever traveled before he undertook this trip, he came upon the carcass, as yet untouched by either buzzard or wolf, though quite a number of the former were visible.

Language is inadequate to describe the joyous emotions that thrilled Bob Thompson's heart, as he sank exhausted by the side of this monster buck, which to his excited optics looked as big as a mountain.

It was the work of but a very few moments for him to strip the hide from one of the hind legs and cut a chunk therefrom, which he devoured raw. Then gathering up some fuel, he proceeded to kindle a fire and cook and eat as much as he thought would be prudent in his then famished condition.

The next morning, after partaking of a bountiful repast, feeling much strengthened, he proceeded to convey his venison, a quarter at a time, back to his gold mine, which he succeeded in accomplishing by night.

Bob spent the next day in prospecting and making rough calculations as to the probable value of his discovery.

Counting the thickness of the five acres at one hundred feet—and he felt confident that it was five if not ten times that thick—he estimated that at a fair valuation he had gold enough to purchase all the real estate and personal property on the habitable globe, and have enough left to allow himself a million a minute for spending money during the remainder of his life, provided his years didn't outnumber those of Methuselah.

The next thing to be considered was how he was to manage so as to profit to the fullest possible extent by his discovery.

After turning the matter over in his mind he concluded the best plan would be to conceal his discovery for the present. With that in view he went to work, and by means of poles and brush, covered with dirt, soon succeeded in concealing from view the opening in the centre of the crater.

But to cover up the immense chunks in the adjacent ravines, so as, while concealing the treasure, not to excite the suspicion of other gold-hunters who might stumble on that locality, was a most difficult job, and for the successful accomplishment of which it required weeks of the most herculean labor. It was finally accomplished, however, and the best evidence that it was successfully accomplished lies in the fact that to this day it has never been discovered by anyone else.

Having completed the job of concealing his treasure, he made a sack out of a part of the buck's hide, and putting a couple of hundred pounds of nuggets therein, shouldered it and struck out for the settlements.

As a means of finding his way back, he determined to follow up the stream on which his mine was located, making as he proceeded a map of the route on a piece of buckskin.

On the fourth day he fell in with a company of miners who were out prospecting, from whom he purchased a pony and procured a supply of provisions.

In six more days he reached the point from whence he had set out on his prospecting tour, and on going to the postoffice he got a letter, the perusal of which produced a determination on his part to return home immediately.

During his absence some important events had transpired.

Lawyer Quirk, after a hearty supper of tripe and onions, and hard-boiled eggs, washed down with half a gallon of buttermilk, had taken his landlady somewhat by surprise on her repairing to his bed-chamber the next morning, for the purpose of putting it to rights, by presenting himself to her astonished optics in the character of a first-class corpse.

Verdict of the coroner's jury, "Died of apoplexy."

Consumption had waved its wand over Dr. Squirt, and his literary tastes had undergone a radical change. Instead of poring over the works of Byron, Moore and Scott, he found more congenial theme in the writings of Job, Jeremiah and Paul, and his mind dwelt more on windingsheets and coffins than on orange blossoms and bridal couches.

General Bullion, a retired banker, with a bald head and a bottle nose, and an interesting family of seven motherless children, ranging from one to eleven years of age, had, with her father's permission, made a desperate effort to convert the charming Virginia Brown into Mrs. Bullion number two.

That young lady not appreciating at a very high figure the honor designed to be conferred upon her, had contemptuously spurned the sighing widower from her feet.

On being remonstrated with by her father, she had rebelled against parental authority and avowed her de-

termination to marry Bob Thompson or nobody, whereupon her late sire had taken her to Europe, and after an absence of some months had returned alone and persistently refused to give any satisfactory account as to what disposition he had made of his daughter.

On reaching home Bob lost no time in gaining all the information that was to be had—and that was very little—in relation to the probable whereabouts of Virginia Brown, when he packed his trunk and started for Europe.

He had but little difficulty in following the track of the general and his daughter up to a certain point in Italy.

At the little village of Doni he lost the track.

After searching Europe thoroughly, without recovering the trace that he had lost at Doni, he returned to that village, determined to explore every nook and cranny, not only of the town, but also of the surrounding country.

But his efforts were fruitless.

At the end of three months of faithful search as was ever prosecuted by mortal man, he was as much in the dark as ever to Virginia Brown's whereabouts. Though thoroughly convinced in his own mind that she was somewhere in the vicinity, the exact locality remained as much a mystery at the end of three months as it was on the first day he began the search.

Meeting with a London policeman, passing the village one day, he laid the case before him, and asked him what he would take to find her.

"What will you give?" asked the policeman.

"A thousand dollars," said Bob.

"I'll try," said the policeman.

The first move he made was to go to the inn—the only one the village could afford—and making the landlord drunk, contrived by the judicious expenditure of something less than half a dollar in eliciting information that led to the discovery that the object of their search was in a certain convent less than a dozen miles distant.

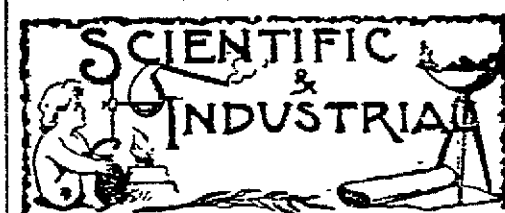
After several unsuccessful efforts to rescue the maiden, Bob concluded finally to put in practice some of his California experience.

So, having obtained a plan of the convent and ascertained the exact locality of the room occupied by Virginia, he procured suitable tools, and under cover of a dark, stormy night commenced operations.

Sinking a shaft just outside of the convent wall, on reaching the bottom of the foundation he drifted under until he had reached a point directly under the room occupied by Virginia Brown, when turning upward it was not long before the two lovers were in each other's arms, and in less than six hours from the time he commenced operations the two were in a carriage and proceeding at the rate of eight miles an hour in the direction of France, which they reached without interruption the next day.

Two days after they reached Paris, where Bob's cup of bliss was filled to overflowing by his being united in the bonds of matrimony to the lovely being whose image, imprinted upon his heart, had inspired his pathway for so many long years, and enabled him to overcome so many apparently insurmountable obstacles.

After several years spent in visiting all parts of the habitable globe, Bob and his wife have recently returned to the United States, where he is now organizing a company for the purpose of working his mine, confidently calculating on being able to throw at least twenty thousand million of dollars in gold on the market during the next ten years.—Good Literature.



What is said to be the highest dam in New England is being erected near Ellsworth, Me., in Union River. It will be sixty feet from base to crown, with a bulkhead eleven feet above that, and will cost about \$600,000.

A huge tusk of a mastodon is on exhibition in Hartford, Conn. The tusk was found by an Eskimo at Cape Perry in latitude 71. British northwest possessions. It is in perfect state of preservation, and probably has lain thousands of years solidly embedded in the ice.

Various bacteria are found by Greig Smith, a new South Wales investigator, to take part in the formation of vegetable gums. One kind produces soluble gum arabic, another, an insoluble variety. Cultivation of suitable bacteria may greatly increase gum production, and the yield of unproductive species may be augmented by furnishing a little tannin.

The new gasoline torpedo boat of the British navy is smaller, lighter and faster than the usual steam-propelled vessel. It is but sixty feet long and nine feet beam, has three propellers, and makes twenty-four knots, carrying a load of three tons. Its light draft and great speed admirably adapt it for coast defense. The tank is not a part of the hull, and in case of accident the gasoline will pass into the air instead of filling the interior of the vessel with explosive vapor.

The poetical drama, "Rosamund," by Charles Algernon Swinburne, will be translated into German and presented in Germany next season. Schubert's "Rosamund" music will be used.

THE LOST WIRE.

Telegraph Operator's Observations of Domestic Habits of Eagles.

"It sure was strange who was stealing the wire up there on the Lehigh and Hudson, popularly known as the Lean and Hungry Railroad," said the old railroad telegraph operator, who has gained a reputation for his work in assisting Truth to rise after she has been crushed to earth. "You see the road is putting up a new line of wires and they had lots of trouble losing their equipment."

"Most of the trouble occurred up near Sugar Loaf Mountain, near the old cemetery, just the other side of Eastchester station. They never could seem to find out who stole the wire."

"A fellow would be sending messages up the road to the different summer resorts—'Love me and the world is mine'—and other telegrams of the soft boiled egg variety—from guys in the city to their girls in the mountains, but the messages never would get to their destination."

"Whoever pinched the wires would leave just enough of the metal wire hanging from the pole to reach the ground, thereby making a circuit and the wire would work all right between Eastchester and the end of the line, but the next morning we would get a postal card from the summer resort saying they lost the wire at such and such a place. The wire thieves were literally running the business of the company into the ground."

"So the management stationed a night watchman up near the old cemetery to nab the marauders and teach 'em to keep their hands off the company's property. For the first three or four nights there was nothing doing on wire thieves."

"One night about 8 o'clock as we regulars were sitting around the big stove in Duff Masten's grocery store, talking over the general condition of the onion crop, the watchman stumbled into the front door, almost frightened to death. He allowed that it was ghosts from the cemetery who were swiping the Lehigh wires."

"Res Conkling and all of us pool-poohed the idea of ghosts. There were a good many operators buried in the old cemetery, but they had had enough trouble with wires during their lives without trying to cabbage any after death."

"Barney Smith and three or four more of us framed up an expedition to find out the whys and wherefores of this ghost business. We journeyed up there by Sugar Loaf Mountain several nights without any results."

"About 12 o'clock on the fourth night we were about leaving in disgust when there was a whirring sound up behind one the large tombstones in the grave yard and a large object went flying over to one of the telegraph poles and began pecking at the wire there."

"By gosh, it's spirits!" cried Charley Crist, one of the exploring band.

"Change your brand," said I. "I'll tell you what it is. It's an eagle."

"I'd heard only a week or two before about a pair of bald headed eagles which had been seen up on Sugar Loaf Mountain. Barney Smith agreed with me that the wire pirate was the male eagle stealing wire to build a nest for his mate."

"Yes, sir, sure's you're born. Of course, the wire wasn't as heavy as the modern telegraph wires and could coil nicely into a fine nest for the lady eagle. The warm messages which had circulated through the wires to the summer girls would aid materially in hatching the eagle's eggs."

"It wasn't very hard for the big strong male eagle to snap off a length of wire and fly off with a coil of it around his neck. Of course it was just by accident he left enough of it flying to stick into the ground."

"Well, sir, the company tried its best to kill that eagle, placing a bounty of \$50 on his head. But no one seemed to shoot straight enough to kill him, or else he was so tough the bullets took no effect. Even so sure a shot as Barney Smith failed to bring him down. The big bird was a pest, too, for every time he wanted to add an L to his nest or build a new apartment he'd just draw on the telegraph line."

"The super was at a loss as to what to do. Finally I hit upon a scheme. Why not put in a special brand of barbed wire? It was obvious that if a lady eagle was preparing to lay an egg and sat down on a piece of barbed wire, she'd change her mind about laying the egg and say 'Prunes' or words to that effect in eagle language."

"My scheme worked all right and after the barbed wire was installed the depredations ceased, although many sharp messages were sent over the line."

"Say," observed the tall, cynical conductor, "you've got those nature fakers spiked to the switch."—New York Sun.

A Limerick.

A correspondent presents us with this—a libel on the language from Limerick:

There was a young person named Tate,
Who invited a friend at 8.8.
She droned a tete,
So I cannot relate
What Tate ate tete at 8.8.
—London Chronicle.

Nothing to Speak Of.

"Bragley's wife brought him quite a nice figure, didn't she?"

"Yes, so round and symmetrical."

"O! I don't mean that. I mean her dowry."

"That's what I mean. It was O."

—New York Press.

The Eagle's Lesson.

By M. BROWN.

Far, far up among the crags was built the nest. It was just on the edge of a great bluff, and had been placed against a rock that protected it from the cold, biting winds of the north. The nest was built of twigs and willows, and bits of string, and was lined throughout with horsehair. The mother eagle had taken great care to make it strong and warm, and the three little eagles, snuggled close together within, thought it the nicest nest in all the world.

When the sun shone brightly, the little eagles would peer over the edge of the nest, and the things that they saw were very wonderful indeed. There was a wide, wide plain, with nothing on it excepting little bushes of sage-brush, scattered here and there. Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs scampered among the bushes and the little eagles did not know why their hearts grew big and hot at the sight of those little, running things. Then beyond the plain was a streak that was sometimes brown and sometimes blue. At first they did not know what it was; but, as their eyes grew stronger, they saw that it was a river. It was from the direction of the river that their mother came with fish for them to eat. Then, just as they would be getting tired of gazing over the great plain, the mother would come with the evening meal. After they had eaten, they all went to sleep under her wings, and slept till the beautiful morning came again.

Now there was one of these eaglets that was larger and stronger than the rest. He thought a great deal about the things he saw, and questioned his mother about the places she had visited. And his mother was very proud of him, and believed that he would some day be the greatest among the eagles. So she called him Keneu, the great war-eagle, and she told him of her journeys and of the things she had seen.

One day, when Keneu had grown strong enough to hop along the rocks in the sun, he came to his mother, who was standing with folded wings on a great high rock. She did not notice Keneu, for she was looking away into the south, where all the land was covered with a blue haze.

"Mother," said Keneu, when he had climbed up beside her, "mother, tell me of my father."

For a time his mother did not answer; then she said, "I will tell you of your father. Over there, beyond the river, there are creatures called men, who live only to kill. They do not kill for food only, as we do, but because they like to see things die; and then they boast among their fellows of the great numbers they have slain. When they kill they use something that can strike anything a long way off. One day, as your father came in from his hunt, I could see him far off, flying, first high, then low, but bearing ever toward home. Suddenly I saw a white puff, like a little cloud, near the surface of the plain; then there was a strange noise in the air; then I saw your father falling—falling—and he never rose again."

For a long time his mother did not say any more, and Keneu stood very still beside her. But his eyes were shining, for in him was roused the hatred and fear of man, which is in the deepest life of all wild things. And with the fear came the great longing, for he heard the voice of the great desert, that calls and calls to the heart of the eagle.

Then his mother spoke again. "Keneu, you are very like your father, and he was the mightiest of all living eagles. You will be strong and beautiful, as he was; but, my son, do not go near the dwellings of men, for they are cruel. Always remember this that I have told you."

Keneu went off by himself, and thought of all the things that his mother had said to him.

It was not long before he began to fly a little, and he daily grew stronger and more glad that he was alive. His mother soon began to make short journeys with him; then they became longer, and finally, on one great day, she took him to the river and showed him how to catch the fish. Keneu proved himself very skillful, and did not want to come away when the sun began to get low in the west. All that night he dreamed of the mighty deeds he would do when he went out into the great wide world. All night long he heard the churn and roar of the river; and it flowed through his heart as it did through the burning sand, till he could not sleep. Looking up, he saw the great kind stars; and he wondered much about that strange being of which his mother had spoken, man—St. Nicholas.

What the Lady Meant.

"You have a model husband," said the lady who was congratulating the bride.

The next day the bride thought her to look up the word "model" in the dictionary, and this is what she found: Model—A small imitation of the real thing.—Phillistine.

Dogfightin'est Town.

We challenge any town in the State to show as many dogfights in a day as take place in Kiowa. Any old time you look out of the window there are from two to three fights being pulled off by the canine family.—Kiowa Journal.

Unnatural.

There is something uncanny about the mother who admits that her boy may have been just as much to blame as her neighbor's child.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bob Thompson's Luck

By J. R. HAMMOND.

"My daughter," ejaculated General Brown—George Washington Brown, Brigadier-General of militia—huskily, his voice choked with the contending emotions that were struggling in his bosom for utterance. "My daughter!" he repeated, his eyes dilated with astonishment at such unheard-of effrontery. "Marry, my daughter, sir!" and his cheek grew livid with rage, as he glared at the person addressed with the ferocity of a tiger. "You a poor, low-born, low-bred mechanic, aspiring to the hand of Virginia Brown—Virginia Brown, sir, the reigning belle of Skunkville, and prospective heiress to her aunt's fortune—Virginia Brown, a descendant of Pocahontas, and a member not only of one of the first families in Virginia, but in America. This is an outrage, sir, an unparalleled case of effrontery. I repeat it, sir, an unparalleled case of effrontery. Search history, sir, from the creation of Adam down to the present time, and I dare say a parallel case can't be found, and but very few in fiction. Why, sir, my daughter can marry Dr. Squirt or Lawyer Quirk, either at the drop of a hat. It certainly can't be with my daughter's knowledge and consent that you have approached me with so monstrous a proposition."

"It certainly was with her knowledge and consent, as I never would have dreamed of approaching you on such a subject without."

"Well, sir, when fire ceases to burn and water to seek its level, you may begin to entertain hopes of gaining my consent to your marrying Virginia Brown, but not till then. When the soaring eagle seeks a mate in the insignificant bantam, I may consent to my daughter marrying a mechanic, not before. You have my answer."

And with a wave of the hand the outraged parent indicated that the conference had closed, and the aspirant for a matrimonial connection with a descendant of Pocahontas withdrew without further remark.

Bob Thompson stood six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and as he strode defiantly on, his herculean frame dilating with indignation, determined in his own mind to marry Virginia Brown or perish in the attempt in spite of paternal swell-headedness, he looked the peer of any in the realm, be he salary-grabber, crooked whisky ring-master, or 'quire of low degree, and presented a marked contrast to the hatchet-faced, spindle-shanked Squirt, and the duck-legged, bald-headed, blubber-lipped Quirk, whose protuberance of paunch, expansion of jaw and proboscis of eyes but illly compensated for the insufficiency of his nose and chin.

While lumbering along as though propelled by a high-pressure engine, Bob's mind was as active as his legs, and before he reached home he had determined to try his luck in California, and so, after an interview with Virginia Brown, to California he went.

Some three years have elapsed, during which time Bob Thompson has wielded pick and shovel as only a man of his herculean build could, making dirt, gravel and boulders fly, and has succeeded in accumulating quite a pile of the auriferous dust.

Hearing of some rich discoveries a hundred miles or so north of where he was then digging, he put his gold, along with a supply of provisions, into a leather knapsack, which he shouldered, along with his rifle, blanket, and shovel, and struck out alone for the new country.

During the first four days he met with no adventures worthy of note. On the fifth day, however, he made some discoveries, and fearful ones they were.

He was lost in the mountains, his provisions were nearly exhausted, and thus far he had met with no game.

It was a gloomy prospect he had before him. He might stumble on a miner's shanty at any moment, but there were nine chances to one in favor of his traveling hundreds of miles without meeting with a human being.

As night was now approaching, Bob seated himself on a rock and partook of a frugal repast from the contents of his knapsack, then wrapping his blanket about him, he stretched himself on the ground, and with dismal forebodings, resigned himself to slumber.

The next morning, shouldering his knapsack, gun, etc., he trudged onward. Over rocks he clambered, over mountains he climbed, and into mountain torrents he plunged, until night once more closed around him.

By this time he began to see the necessity of limiting himself to half rations. Two days later he submitted to a still further reduction, allowing himself only quarter rations.

Four days after that his provisions were entirely exhausted, and he began to feel the gnawings of hunger as he had never felt them before.

On the next day, which was the fourteenth day since he started, he began to hanker after his knapsack. The next day he commenced on it, and ate a piece about the size of a full-grown greenback. The amount of nourishment he derived, therefrom, however, was entirely disproportionate to the exercise it afforded his jawbones and grinders in its mastication; still, it seemed to keep him on his feet.

The next day he doubled the dose, and on the following day he shot a

partridge, which, by mixing with his knapsack, he made to last four days.

In two days more his knapsack was gone, and he felt himself growing perceptibly weaker.

He now began to experiment on the bark of trees. Finding one, after a great many trials, the bark of which was not unpleasant to the taste, he laid in a good supply, and went ahead. Though not unpleasant to the taste, it had but little nourishment in it, and he began to weaken rapidly.

So weak did he at length become, that he was compelled to leave his gold, which he buried at the root of a tree, with very little hopes of ever seeing it again. And he may as well state right here that he never did see it again.

Ten more days he spent wandering to and fro among the mountains, living on bark and an occasional berry, and growing weaker and weaker every day.

On the eleventh day after burying his gold, while dragging himself along with great difficulty, seeing a singular elevation before him, he concluded to climb it, provided his strength would hold out to carry him to the top, and there lay down and die. On reaching the top, he found the elevation to cover some four or five acres, with a narrow rim about six feet high around the edge, the interior depression being as level as a floor.

Noticing what seemed to be an opening toward the centre of the depression, he dragged himself toward it, and found it to be a perpendicular opening, some ten feet in length, and three feet across in the widest part, which was about the middle, and so deep that his eye was unable to penetrate to the bottom.

There was nothing extraordinary in that. There are holes in the ground, both natural and artificial, the world over. But while glancing down that fissure, Bob Thompson saw something that sent the blood in quickening pulsations through his arteries, and gave him a new lease of life.

The sides of the orifice, as far down as he could see, were pure, unadulterated gold.

The indications were that there were millions of tons of gold right beneath his feet.

It flashed upon his mind in a moment that this was the crater of an extinct volcano that at some remote period of the world's history had belched pure gold in a liquid state, which had subsequently cooled down, leaving a solid mass of gold some four or five acres in extent, and it might be hundreds—possibly thousands—of feet in thickness.

What a sight for a dying man—for a man perishing with hunger.

He was able, and would have been willing to pay millions for the carcass of a rat; but no rat was to be had for a million dollars. No; nor for a hundred or a thousand millions.

Not even a mouse!

Turning up the soil in different places, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his conjecture, and finding gold within an inch or two of the surface at every point examined, he climbed over the ridge again, and going down a ravine, found pure gold there also, from scales just visible to the naked eye to nuggets that would sink the largest ship afloat.

Climbing to the top of one of those nuggets, about the bigness of a hog's head, he seated himself thereon, and turning his thoughts homeward, was soon lost in a reverie, from which he was presently aroused by a rustling in the leaves near by. Turning his head in the direction of the sound, he saw a tremendous buck grazing within fifty yards of where he was standing.

Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he fired, but so excited was he that had the animal been the size of a Pennsylvania barn it wouldn't have been in the slightest danger.

Elevating his head, the buck gazed a moment at the animated skeleton who was thus amusing himself, then giving his tail a flirt, he wheeled and struck a lunge, and the next moment disappeared behind a huge auriferous boulder.

Reloading his rifle, Bob clambered down from his nugget and started in pursuit.

Night closed around him without his catching another glimpse of the object of his chase. Hope that had nerved him up while the chase lasted, now began to die out, and he sank to the earth, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke the next morning, and still higher before he summoned sufficient resolution to get up in order to resume the apparently hopeless search that the darkness of the night had suspended.

Raising himself to his feet at length, though with considerable of an effort, his heart was gladdened by the sight of a buck—but whether the one he had been pursuing or some other he couldn't tell—grazing some two hundred yards distant from where he was standing.

Dropping to the ground, he snaked himself along to within about a hundred yards of the unsuspecting quadruped, when rising to his knees he took deliberate aim, and fired.

The exertion and excitement to get a crack of the rifle he fainted and fell to the ground.

On recovering his consciousness,

his first thoughts were of the buck, and on looking in the direction he had fired, his heart sank within him, for no animal, either living or dead, was to be seen.

He now resigned himself to his fate, and lay down to die. He had lain there perhaps a couple of hours, when he caught sight of a buzzard sailing overhead.

"I think you're in somewhat of a hurry," said Bob, "coming after me before the breath has left my body. Presently a thought struck him.

"It's the buck," said he, and raising to his feet with great difficulty, and staggering along like a drunken man, he went to where the animal was standing when he fired, where he found blood in such profusion that he experienced no difficulty in following the track of the wounded animal.

In less than a quarter of a mile, though it seemed longer than any ten miles he had ever traveled before he undertook this trip, he came upon the carcass, as yet untouched by either buzzard or wolf, though quite a number of the former were visible.

Language is inadequate to describe the joyous emotions that thrilled Bob Thompson's heart, as he sank exhausted by the side of this monster buck, which to his excited optics looked as big as a mountain.

It was the work of but a very few moments for him to strip the hide from one of the hind legs and cut a chunk therefrom, which he devoured raw. Then gathering up some fuel, he proceeded to kindle a fire and cook and eat as much as he thought would be prudent in his then famished condition.

The next morning, after partaking of a bountiful repast, feeling much strengthened, he proceeded to convey his venison, a quarter at a time, back to his gold mine, which he succeeded in accomplishing by night.

Bob spent the next day in prospecting and making rough calculations as to the probable value of his discovery.

Counting the thickness of the five acres at one hundred feet—and he felt confident that it was five if not ten times that thick—he estimated that at a fair valuation he had gold enough to purchase all the real estate and personal property on the habitable globe, and have enough left to allow himself a million a minute for spending money during the remainder of his life, provided his years didn't outnumber those of Methuselah.

The next thing to be considered was how he was to manage so as to profit to the fullest possible extent by his discovery.

After turning the matter over in his mind he concluded the best plan would be to conceal his discovery for the present. With that in view he went to work, and by means of poles and brush, covered with dirt, soon succeeded in concealing from view the opening in the centre of the crater.

But to cover up the immense chunks in the adjacent ravines, so as, while concealing the treasure, not to excite the suspicion of other gold-hunters who might stumble on that locality, was a most difficult job, and for the successful accomplishment of which it required weeks of the most herculean labor. It was finally accomplished, however, and the best evidence that it was successfully accomplished lies in the fact that to this day it has never been discovered by anyone else.

Having completed the job of concealing his treasure, he made a sack out of a part of the buck's hide, and putting a couple of hundred pounds of nuggets therein, shouldered it and struck out for the settlements.

As a means of finding his way back, he determined to follow up the stream on which his mine was located, making as he proceeded a map of the route on a piece of buckskin.

On the fourth day he fell in with a company of miners who were out prospering, from whom he purchased a pony and procured a supply of provisions.

In six more days he reached the point from whence he had set out on his prospecting tour, and on going to the postoffice he got a letter, the perusal of which produced a determination on his part to return home immediately.

During his absence some important events had transpired.

Lawyer Quirk, after a hearty supper of tripe and onions, and hard-boiled eggs, washed down with half a gallon of buttermilk, had taken his landlady somewhat by surprise on her repairing to his bed-chamber the next morning, for the purpose of putting it to rights, by presenting himself to her astonished optics in the character of a first-class corpse.

Verdict of the coroner's jury, "Died of apoplexy."

Consumption had waved its wand over Dr. Squirt, and his literary tastes had undergone a radical change. Instead of poring over the works of Byron, Moore and Scott, he found more congenial theme in the writings of Job, Jeremiah and Paul, and his mind dwelt more on windingsheets and coffins than on orange blossoms and bridal couches.

General Bullion, a retired banker, with a bald head and a bottle nose, and an interesting family of seven motherless children, ranging from one to eleven years of age, had, with her father's permission, made a desperate effort to convert the charming Virginia Brown into Mrs. Bullion number two.

That young lady not appreciating at a very high figure the honor designed to be conferred upon her, had contemptuously spurned the sighing widower from her feet.

On being remonstrated with by her father, she had rebelled against parental authority and avowed her de-

termination to marry Bob Thompson or nobody, whereupon her irate sire had taken her to Europe, and after an absence of some months had returned alone and persistently refused to give any satisfactory account as to what disposition he had made of his daughter.

On reaching home Bob lost no time in gaining all the information that was to be had—and that was very little—in relation to the probable whereabouts of Virginia Brown, when he packed his trunk and started for Europe.

He had but little difficulty in following the track of the general and his daughter up to a certain point in Italy.

At the little village of Doni he lost the track.

After searching Europe thoroughly, without recovering the trace that he had lost at Doni, he returned to that village, determined to explore every nook and cranny, not only of the town, but also of the surrounding country.

But his efforts were fruitless.

At the end of three months of faithful search as was ever prosecuted by mortal man, he was as much in the dark as ever to Virginia Brown's whereabouts. Though thoroughly convinced in his own mind that she was somewhere in the vicinity, the exact locality remained as much a mystery at the end of three months as it was on the first day he began the search.

Meeting with a London policeman, passing the village one day, he laid the case before him, and asked him what he would take to find her.

"What will you give?" asked the policeman.

"A thousand dollars," said Bob.

"I'll try," said the policeman.

The first move he made was to go to the inn—the only one the village could afford—and making the landlord drunk, contrived by the judicious expenditure of something less than half a dollar in eliciting information that led to the discovery that the object of their search was in a certain convent less than a dozen miles distant.

After several unsuccessful efforts to rescue the maiden, Bob concluded finally to put in practice some of his California experience.

So, having obtained a plan of the convent and ascertained the exact locality of the room occupied by Virginia, he procured suitable tools, and under cover of a dark, stormy night commenced operations.

Sinking a shaft just outside of the convent wall, on reaching the bottom of the foundation he drifted under until he had reached a point directly under the room occupied by Virginia Brown, when turning upward it was not long before the two lovers were in each other's arms, and in less than six hours from the time he commenced operations the two were in a carriage and proceeding at the rate of eight miles an hour in the direction of France, which they reached without interruption the next day.

Two days after they reached Paris, where Bob's cup of bliss was filled to overflowing by his being united in the bonds of matrimony to the lovely being whose image, imprinted upon his heart, had inspired his pathway for so many long years, and enabled him to overcome so many apparently insurmountable obstacles.

After several years spent in visiting all parts of the habitable globe, Bob and his wife have recently returned to the United States, where he is now organizing a company for the purpose of working his mine, confidently calculating on being able to throw at least twenty thousand million of dollars in gold on the market during the next ten years.—Good Literature.

What is said to be the highest dam in New England is being erected near Ellsworth, Me., in Union River. It will be sixty feet from base to crown, with a bulkhead eleven feet above that, and will cost about \$600,000.

A huge tusk of a mastodon is on exhibition in Hartford, Conn. The tusk was found by an Eskimo at Cape Perry in latitude 71, British northwest possessions. It is in perfect state of preservation, and probably has lain thousands of years solidly embedded in the ice.

Various bacteria are found by Greig Smith, a new South Wales investigator, to take part in the formation of vegetable gums. One kind produces soluble gum arabic, another, an insoluble variety. Cultivation of suitable bacteria may greatly increase gum production, and the yield of unproductive species may be augmented by furnishing a little tannin.

The new gasoline torpedo boat of the British navy is smaller, lighter and faster than the usual steam-propelled vessel. It is but sixty feet long and nine feet beam, has three propellers, and makes twenty-four knots, carrying a load of three tons. Its light draft and great speed admirably adapt it for coast defense. The tank is not a part of the hull, and in case of accident the gasoline will pass into the air instead of filling the interior of the vessel with explosive vapor.

The poetical drama, "Rosamund," by Charles Algernon Swinburne, will be translated into German and presented in Germany next season. Schubert's "Rosamund" music will be used.

A correspondent presents us with this—a libel on the language from Limerick:

There was a young person named Tate, Who wanted a friend at 88. They wanted a tete a tete, So I cannot relate.

—London Chronicle.

Nothing to Speak Of.

"Bragley's wife brought him quite a nice figure, didn't she?"

"Yes, so round and symmetrical."

"O! I don't mean that. I mean her dowry."

"That's what I mean. It was O."

—New York Press.

THE LOST WIRE.

Telegraph Operator's Observations of Domestic Habits of Eagles.

"It sure was strange who was stealing the wire up there on the Lehigh and Hudson, popularly known as the Lean and Hungry Railroad," said the old railroad telegraph operator, who has gained a reputation for his work in assisting Truth to rise after she has been crushed to earth. "You see the road is putting up a new line of wires and they had lots of trouble losing their equipment."

"Most of the trouble occurred up near Sugar Loaf Mountain, near the old cemetery, just the other side of Eastchester station. They never could seem to find out who stole the wire."

"A fellow would be sending messages up the road to the different summer resorts—Love me and the world is mine—and other telegrams of the soft boiled egg variety—from guys in the city to their girls in the mountains, but the messages never would get to their destination."

"Whoever pinched the wires would leave just enough of the metal wire hanging from the pole to reach the ground, thereby making a circuit and the wire would work all right between Eastchester and the end of the line, but the next morning we would get a postal card from the summer resort saying they lost the wire at such and such a place. The wire thieves were literally running the business of the company into the ground."

"So the management stationed a night watchman up near the old cemetery to nab the marauders and teach 'em to keep their hands off the company's property. For the first three or four nights there was nothing doing on wire thieves."

"One night about 8 o'clock as we regulars were sitting around the big stove in Duff Masten's grocery store, talking over the general condition of the onion crop, the watchman stumbled into the front door, almost frightened to death. He allowed that it was ghosts from the cemetery who were swiping the Lehigh wires."

"Res Conkling and all of us pool-pooled the idea of ghosts. There were a good many operators buried in the old cemetery, but they had enough trouble with wires during their lives without trying to cabbage any after death."

"Barney Smith and three or four more of us framed up an expedition to find out the whys and wherefores of this ghost business. We journeyed up there by Sugar Loaf Mountain several nights without any results."

"About 12 o'clock on the fourth night we were about leaving in disgust when there was a whirring sound up behind one the large tombstones in the grave yard and a large object went flying over to one of the telegraph poles and began pecking at the wire there."

"By gosh, it's spirits!" cried Charley Crist, one of the exploring band.

"Change your brand," said I. "I'll tell you what it is. It's an eagle."

"I'd heard only a week or two before about a pair of bald headed eagles which had been seen up on Sugar Loaf Mountain. Barney Smith agreed with me that the wire pirate was the male eagle stealing wire to build a nest for his mate."

"Yes, sir, sure's you're born. Of course, the wire wasn't as heavy as the modern telegraph wires and could coil nicely into a fine nest for the lady eagle. The warm messages which had circulated through the wires to the summer girls would aid materially in hatching the eagle's eggs."

"It wasn't very hard for the big strong male eagle to snap off a length of wire and fly off with a coil of it around his neck. Of course it was just by accident he left enough of it flying to stick into the ground."

"Well, sir, the company tried its best to kill that eagle, placing a bounty of \$50 on his head. But no one seemed to shoot straight enough to kill him, or else he was so tough the bullets took no effect. Even so sure a shot as Barney Smith failed to bring him down. The big bird was a pest, too, for every time he wanted to add an L to his nest or build a new apartment he'd just draw on the telegraph line."

"The super was at a loss as to what to do. Finally I hit upon a scheme. Why not put in a special brand of barbed wire? It was obvious that if a lady eagle was preparing to lay an egg and sat down on a piece of barbed wire, she'd change her mind about laying the egg and say 'Prunes' or words to that effect in eagle language."

"My scheme worked all right and after the barbed wire was installed the depredations ceased, although many sharp messages were sent over the line."

"Say," observed the tall, cynical conductor, "you've got those nature fakers spiked to the switch."—New York Sun.

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The Eagle's Lesson.

By M. BROWN.

Far, far up among the crags was built the nest. It was just on the edge of a great bluff, and had been placed against a rock that protected it from the cold, biting winds of the north. The nest was built of twigs and willows, and bits of string, and was lined throughout with horsehair. The mother eagle had taken great care to make it strong and warm, and the three little eagles, snuggled close together within, thought it the nicest nest in all the world.

When the sun shone brightly, the little eagles would peer over the edge of the nest, and the things that they saw were very wonderful indeed. There was a wide, wide plain, with nothing on it excepting little bushes of sage-brush, scattered here and there. Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs scampered among the bushes and the little eagles did not know why their hearts grew big and hot at the sight of those little, running things. Then beyond the plain was a streak that was sometimes brown and sometimes blue. At first they did not know what it was; but, as their eyes grew stronger, they saw that it was a river. It was from the direction of the river that their mother came with fish for them to eat. Then, just as they would be getting tired of gazing over the great plain, the mother would come with the evening meal. After they had eaten, they all went to sleep under her wings, and slept till the beautiful morning came again.

Now there was one of these eaglets that was larger and stronger than the rest. He thought a great deal about the things he saw, and questioned his mother about the places she had visited. And his mother was very proud of him, and believed that he would some day be the greatest among the eagles. So she called him Keneu, the great war-eagle, and she told him of her journeys and of the things she had seen.

One day, when Keneu had grown strong enough to hop along the rocks in the sun, he came to his mother, who was standing with folded wings on a great high rock. She did not notice Keneu, for she was looking away into the south, where all the land was covered with a blue haze.

"Mother," said Keneu, when he had climbed up beside her, "mother, tell me of my father."

For a time his mother did not answer; then she said, "I will tell you of your father. Over there, beyond the river, there are creatures called men, who live only to kill. They do not kill for food only, as we do, but because they like to see things die; and then they boast among their fellows of the great numbers they have slain. When they kill they use something that can strike anything a long way off. One day, as your father came in from his hunt, I could see him far off, flying, first high, then low, but bearing ever toward home. Suddenly I saw a white puff, like a little cloud, near the surface of the plain; then there was a strange noise in the air; then I saw your father falling—falling—and he never rose again."

For a long time his mother did not say any more, and Keneu stood very still beside her. But his eyes were shining, for in him was roused the hatred and fear of man, which is in the deepest life of all wild things. And with the fear came the great longing, for he heard the voice of the great desert, that calls and calls to the heart of the eagle.

Then his mother spoke again. "Keneu, you are very like your father, and he was the mightiest of all living eagles. You will be strong and beautiful, as he was; but, my son, do not go near the dwellings of men, for they are cruel. Always remember this that I have told you."

Keneu went off by himself, and thought of all the things that his mother had said to him.

It was not long before he began to fly a little, and he daily grew stronger and more glad that he was alive. His mother soon began to make short journeys with him; then they became longer, and finally, on one great day, she took him to the river and showed him how to catch the fish. Keneu proved himself very skillful, and did not want to come away when the sun began to get low in the west. All that night he dreamed of the mighty deeds he would do when he went out into the great wide world. All night long he heard the churn and roar of the river; and it flowed through his heart as it did through the burning sand, till he could not sleep. Looking up, he saw the great kind stars; and he wondered much about that strange being of which his mother had spoken, man—St. Nicholas.

What the Lady Meant.

"You have a model husband," said the lady who was congratulating the bride.

The next day the bride bethought her to look up the word "model" in the dictionary, and this is what she found: Model—A small imitation of the real thing.—Philistine.

Dogfight in Town.

We challenge any town in the State to show as many dogfights in a day as take place in Kiowa. Any old time you look out of the window there are from two to three fights being pulled off by the canine family.—Kiowa Journal.

Unnatural.

There is something uncanny about the mother who admits that her boy may have been just as much to blame as her neighbor's child.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bob Thompson's Luck

By J. R. HAMMOND.

"My daughter," ejaculated General Brown—George Washington Brown, Brigadier-General of militia—huskily, his voice choked with the contending emotions that were struggling in his bosom for utterance. "My daughter!" he repeated, his eyes dilated with astonishment at such unheard-of effrontery. "Marry, my daughter, sir!" and his cheek grew livid with rage, as he glared at the person addressed with the ferocity of a tiger. "You a poor, low-born, low-bred mechanic, aspiring to the hand of Virginia Brown—Virginia Brown, sir, the reigning belle of Skunkville, and prospective heiress to her aunt's fortune—Virginia Brown, a descendant of Pocahontas, and a member not only of one of the first families in Virginia, but in America. This is an outrage, sir, an unparalleled case of effrontery. I repeat it, sir, an unparalleled case of effrontery. Search history, sir, from the creation of Adam down to the present time, and I dare say a parallel case can't be found, and but very few in fiction. Why, sir, my daughter can marry Dr. Squirt or Lawyer Quirk, either at the drop of a hat. It certainly can't be with my daughter's knowledge and consent that you have approached me with so monstrous a proposition."

"It certainly was with her knowledge and consent, as I never would have dreamed of approaching you on such a subject without."

"Well, sir, when fire ceases to burn and water to seek its level, you may begin to entertain hopes of gaining my consent to your marrying Virginia Brown, but not till then. When the soaring eagle seeks a mate in the insignificant bantam, I may consent to my daughter marrying a mechanic, not before. You have my answer."

And with a wave of the hand the outraged parent indicated that the conference had closed, and the aspirant for a matrimonial connection with a descendant of Pocahontas withdrew without further remark.

Bob Thompson stood six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and as he strode defiantly on, his herculean frame dilating with indignation, determined in his own mind to marry Virginia Brown or perish in the attempt in spite of paternal swell-headedness, he looked the peer of any in the realm, be he salary-grabber, crooked whisky ring-master, or squire of low degree, and presented a marked contrast to the hatchet-faced, spindle-shanked Squirt, and the duck-legged, bald-headed, blubber-lipped Quirk, whose protuberance of paunch, expansion of jowl and proboscis eyes but ill compensated for the insufficiency of his nose and chin.

While lumbering along as though propelled by a high-pressure engine, Bob's mind was as active as his legs, and before he reached home he had determined to try his luck in California, and so, after an interview with Virginia Brown, to California he went.

Some three years have elapsed, during which time Bob Thompson has wielded pick and shovel as only a man of his herculean build could, making dirt, gravel and boulders fly, and has succeeded in accumulating quite a pile of the auriferous dust.

Hearing of some rich discoveries a hundred miles or so north of where he was then digging, he put his gold, along with a supply of provisions, into a leather knapsack, which he shouldered, along with his rifle, blanket, and shovel, and struck out alone for the new country.

During the first four days he met with no adventures worthy of note. On the fifth day, however, he made some discoveries, and fearful ones they were.

He was lost in the mountains, his provisions were nearly exhausted, and thus far he had met with no game.

It was a gloomy prospect he had before him. He might stumble on a miner's shanty at any moment, but there were nine chances to one in favor of his traveling hundreds of miles without meeting with a human being.

As night was now approaching, Bob seated himself on a rock and partook of a frugal repast from the contents of his knapsack, then wrapping his blanket about him, he stretched himself on the ground, and with dismal forebodings, resigned himself to slumber.

The next morning, shouldering his knapsack, gun, etc., he trudged onward. Over rocks he clambered, over mountains he climbed, and into mountain torrents he plunged, until night once more closed around him.

By this time he began to see the necessity of limiting himself to half rations. Two days later he submitted to a still further reduction, allowing himself only quarter rations.

Four days after that his provisions were entirely exhausted, and he began to feel the gnawings of hunger as he had never felt them before.

On the next day, which was the fourteenth day since he started, he began to hanker after his knapsack. The next day he commenced on it, and ate a piece about the size of a full-grown greenback. The amount of nourishment he derived, therefore, however, was entirely disproportionate to the exercise it afforded his jawbones and grinders in its mastication; still, it seemed to keep him on his feet.

The next day he doubled the dose, and on the following day he shot a

partridge, which, by mixing with his knapsack, he made to last four days. In two days more his knapsack was gone, and he felt himself growing perceptibly weaker.

He now began to experiment on the bark of trees. Finding one, after a great many trials, the bark of which was not unpleasant to the taste, he laid in a good supply, and went ahead. Though not unpleasant to the taste, it had but little nourishment in it, and he began to weaken rapidly.

So weak did he at length become, that he was compelled to leave his gold, which he buried at the root of a tree, with very little hopes of ever seeing it again. And he may as well state right here that he never did see it again.

Ten more days he spent wandering to and fro among the mountains, living on bark and an occasional berry, and growing weaker and weaker every day.

On the eleventh day after burying his gold, while dragging himself along with great difficulty, seeing a singular elevation before him, he concluded to climb it, provided his strength would hold out to carry him to the top, and there lay down and die. On reaching the top, he found the elevation to cover some four or five acres, with a narrow rim about six feet high around the edge, the interior depression being as level as a floor.

Noticing what seemed to be an opening toward the centre of the depression, he dragged himself toward it, and found it to be a perpendicular opening, some ten feet in length, and three feet across in the widest part, which was about the middle, and so deep that his eye was unable to penetrate to the bottom.

There was nothing extraordinary in that. There are holes in the ground, both natural and artificial, the world over. But while glancing down that fissure, Bob Thompson saw something that sent the blood in quickening pulsations through his arteries, and gave him a new lease of life.

The sides of the orifice, as far down as he could see, were pure, unadulterated gold.

The indications were that there were millions of tons of gold right beneath his feet.

It flashed upon his mind in a moment that this was the crater of an extinct volcano that at some remote period of the world's history had belched pure gold in a liquid state which had subsequently cooled down, leaving a solid mass of gold some four or five acres in extent, and it might be hundreds—possibly thousands—of feet in thickness.

What a sight for a dying man—for a man perishing with hunger.

He was able, and would have been willing to pay millions for the carcass of a rat; but no rat was to be had for a million dollars. No; nor for a hundred or a thousand millions.

Not even a mouse!

Turning up the soil in different places, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his conjecture, and finding gold within an inch or two of the surface at every point examined, he climbed over the ridge again, and going down a ravine, found pure gold there also, from scales just visible to the naked eye to nuggets that would sink the largest ship afloat.

Climbing to the top of one of those nuggets, about the bigness of a hog's head, he seated himself thereon, and turning his thoughts homeward, was soon lost in a reverie, from which he was presently aroused by a rustling in the leaves near by. Turning his head in the direction of the sound, he saw a tremendous buck grazing within fifty yards of where he was standing.

Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he fired, but so excited was he that had the animal been the size of a Pennsylvania barn it wouldn't have been in the slightest danger.

Elevating his head, the buck gazed a moment at the animated skeleton who was thus amusing himself, then giving his tail a flit, he wheeled and struck a lunge, and the next moment disappeared behind a huge auriferous boulder.

Reloading his rifle, Bob clambered down from his nugget and started in pursuit.

Night closed around him without his catching another glimpse of the object of his chase. Hope that had nerved him up while the chase lasted, now began to die out, and he sank to the earth, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

The sun was high in the heavens when he awoke the next morning, and still higher before he summoned sufficient resolution to get up in order to resume the apparently hopeless search that the darkness of the night had suspended.

Raising himself to his feet at length, though with considerable of an effort, his heart was gladdened by the sight of a buck—but whether the one he had been pursuing or some other he couldn't tell—grazing some two hundred yards distant from where he was standing.

Dropping to the ground, he snaked himself along to within about a hundred yards of the unsuspecting quadruped, when rising to his knees he took deliberate aim, and fired.

The exertion and excitement together proved too much for him, and at a crack of the rifle he fainted and fell to the ground.

On recovering his consciousness,

his first thoughts were of the buck, and on looking in the direction he had fired, his heart sank within him, for no animal, either living or dead, was to be seen.

He now resigned himself to his fate, and lay down to die. He had lain there perhaps a couple of hours, when he caught sight of a buzzard sailing overhead.

"I think you're in somewhat of a hurry," said Bob, "coming after me before the breath has left my body."

Presently a thought struck him.

"It's the buck," said he, and raising to his feet with great difficulty, and staggering along like a drunk man, he went to where the animal was standing when he fired, where he found blood in such profusion that he experienced no difficulty in following the track of the wounded animal. In less than a quarter of a mile, though it seemed longer than any ten miles he had ever traveled before he undertook this trip, he came upon the carcass, as yet untouched by either buzzard or wolf, though quite a number of the former were visible.

Language is inadequate to describe the joyous emotions that thrilled Bob Thompson's heart, as he sank exhausted by the side of this monster buck, which to his excited optics looked as big as a mountain.

It was the work of but a very few moments for him to strip the hide from one of the hind legs and cut a chunk therefrom, which he devoured raw. Then gathering up some fuel, he proceeded to kindle a fire and cook and eat as much as he thought would be prudent in his then famished condition.

The next morning, after partaking of a bountiful repast, feeling much strengthened, he proceeded to convey his venison, a quarter at a time, back to his gold mine, which he succeeded in accomplishing by night.

Bob spent the next day in prospecting and making rough calculations as to the probable value of his discovery.

Counting the thickness of the five acres at one hundred feet—and he felt confident that it was five if not ten times that thick—he estimated that at a fair valuation he had gold enough to purchase all the real estate and personal property on the habitable globe, and have enough left to allow himself a million a minute for spending money during the remainder of his life, provided his years didn't outnumber those of Methuselah.

The next thing to be considered was how he was to manage so as to profit to the fullest possible extent by his discovery.

After turning the matter over in his mind he concluded the best plan would be to conceal his discovery for the present. With that in view he went to work, and by means of poles and brush, covered with dirt, soon succeeded in concealing from view the opening in the centre of the crater.

But to cover up the immense chunks in the adjacent ravines, so as, while concealing the treasure, not to excite the suspicion of other gold-hunters who might stumble on that locality, was a most difficult job, and for the successful accomplishment of which it required weeks of the most herculean labor. It was finally accomplished, however, and the best evidence that it was successfully accomplished lies in the fact that to this day it has never been discovered by anyone else.

Having completed the job of concealing his treasure, he made a sack out of a part of the buck's hide, and putting a couple of hundred pounds of nuggets therein, shouldered it and struck out for the settlements.

As a means of finding his way back, he determined to follow up the stream on which his mine was located, making as he proceeded a map of the route on a piece of buckskin. On the fourth day he fell in with a company of miners who were out prospering, from whom he purchased a pony and procured a supply of provisions.

In six more days he reached the point from whence he had set out on his prospecting tour, and on going to the postoffice he got a letter, the perusal of which produced a determination on his part to return home immediately.

During his absence some important events had transpired.

Lawyer Quirk, after a hearty supper of tripe and onions, and hard-boiled eggs, washed down with half a gallon of buttermilk, had taken his landlady somewhat by surprise on her repairing to his bed-chamber the next morning, for the purpose of putting it to rights, by presenting himself to her astonished optics in the character of a first-class corpse.

Verdict of the coroner's jury, "Died of apoplexy."

Consumption had waved its wand over Dr. Squirt, and his literary tastes had undergone a radical change. Instead of poring over the works of Byron, Moore and Scott, he found more congenial theme in the writings of Job, Jeremiah and Paul, and his mind dwelt more on windingsheets and coffins than on orange blossoms and bridal couches.

General Bullion, a retired banker, with a bald head and a bottle nose, and an interesting family of seven motherless children, ranging from one to eleven years of age, had, with her father's permission, made a desperate effort to convert the charming Virginia Brown into Mrs. Bullion number two.

That young lady not appreciating at a very high figure the honor designed to be conferred upon her, had contemptuously spurned the sighing widower from her feet.

On being remonstrated with by her father, she had rebelled against parental authority and avowed her de-

termination to marry Bob Thompson or nobody, whereupon her irate sire had taken her to Europe, and after an absence of some months had returned alone and persistently refused to give any satisfactory account as to what disposition he had made of his daughter.

On reaching home Bob lost no time in gaining all the information that was to be had—and that was very little—in relation to the probable whereabouts of Virginia Brown, when he packed his trunk and started for Europe.

He had but little difficulty in following the track of the general and his daughter up to a certain point in Italy.

At the little village of Doni he lost the track.

After searching Europe thoroughly, without recovering the trace that he had lost at Doni, he returned to that village, determined to explore every nook and cranny, not only of the town, but also of the surrounding country.

But his efforts were fruitless.

At the end of three months of as faithful search as was ever prosecuted by mortal man, he was as much in the dark as ever to Virginia Brown's whereabouts. Though thoroughly convinced in his own mind that she was somewhere in the vicinity, the exact locality remained as much a mystery at the end of three months as it was on the first day he began the search.

Meeting with a London policeman, passing the village one day, he laid the case before him, and asked him what he would take to find her.

"What will you give?" asked the policeman.

"A thousand dollars," said Bob.

"I'll try," said the policeman.

The first move he made was to go to the inn—the only one the village could afford—and making the landlord drunk, contrived by the judicious expenditure of something less than half a dollar in eliciting information that led to the discovery that the object of their search was in a certain convent less than a dozen miles distant.

After several unsuccessful efforts to rescue the maiden, Bob concluded finally to put in practice some of his California experience.

So, having obtained a plan of the convent and ascertained the exact locality of the room occupied by Virginia Brown, he procured suitable tools, and under cover of a dark, stormy night commenced operations.

Sinking a shaft just outside of the convent wall, on reaching the bottom of the foundation he drifted under until he had reached a point directly under the room occupied by Virginia Brown, when turning upward it was not long before the two lovers were in each other's arms, and in less than six hours from the time he commenced operations the two were in a carriage and proceeding at the rate of eight miles an hour in the direction of France, which they reached without interruption the next day.

Two days after they reached Paris, where Bob's cup of bliss was filled to overflowing by his being united in the bonds of matrimony to the lovely being whose image, imprinted upon his heart, had inspired his pathway for so many long years, and enabled him to overcome so many apparently insurmountable obstacles.

After several years spent in visiting all parts of the habitable globe, Bob and his wife have recently returned to the United States, where he is now organizing a company for the purpose of working his mine, confidently calculating on being able to throw at least twenty thousand million of dollars in gold on the market during the next ten years.—Good Literature.



What is said to be the highest dam in New England is being erected near Ellsworth, Me., in Union River. It will be sixty feet from base to crown, with a bulkhead eleven feet above that, and will cost about \$600,000.

A huge tusk of a mastodon is on exhibition in Hartford, Conn. The tusk was found by an Eskimo at Cape Perry in latitude 71, British north-west possessions. It is in perfect state of preservation, and probably has lain thousands of years solidly embedded in the ice.

Various bacteria are found by Greig Smith, a new South Wales investigator, to take part in the formation of vegetable gums. One kind produces soluble gum arabic, another, an insoluble variety. Cultivation of suitable bacteria may greatly increase gum production, and the yield of unproductive species may be augmented by furnishing a little tannin.

The new gasoline torpedo boat of the British navy is smaller, lighter and faster than the usual steam-propelled vessel. It is but sixty feet long and nine feet beam, has three propellers, and makes twenty-four knots, carrying a load of three tons. Its light draft and great speed admirably adapt it for coast defense. The tank is not a part of the hull, and in case of accident the gasoline will pass into the air instead of filling the interior of the vessel with explosive vapor.

The poetical drama, "Rosamund," by Charles Algernon Swinburne, will be translated into German and presented in Germany next season. Schubert's "Rosamund" music will be used.

THE LOST WIRE.

Telegraph Operator's Observations of Domestic Habits of Eagles.

"It sure was strange who was stealing the wire up there on the Lehigh and Hudson, popularly known as the Lean and Hungry Railroad," said the old railroad telegraph operator, who has gained a reputation for his work in assisting Truth to rise after she has been crushed to earth. "You see the road is putting up a new line of wires and they had lots of trouble losing their equipment."

"Most of the trouble occurred up near Sugar Loaf Mountain, near the old cemetery, just the other side of Eastchester station. They never could seem to find out who stole the wire."

"A fellow would be sending messages up the road to the different summer resorts—Love me and the world is mine—and other telegrams of the soft boiled egg variety—from guys in the city to their girls in the mountains, but the messages never would get to their destination."

"Whoever pinched the wires would leave just enough of the metal wire hanging from the pole to reach the ground, thereby making a circuit and the wire would work all right between Eastchester and the end of the line, but the next morning we would get a postal card from the summer resort saying they lost the wire at such and such a place. The wire thieves were literally running the business of the company into the ground."

"So the management stationed a night watchman up near the old cemetery to nab the marauders and teach 'em to keep their hands off the company's property. For the first three or four nights there was nothing doing on wire thieves."

"One night about 8 o'clock as we regulars were sitting around the big stove in Duff Masten's grocery store, talking over the general condition of the onion crop, the watchman stumbled into the front door, almost frightened to death. He allowed that it was ghosts from the cemetery who were swiping the Lehigh wires."

"Res Conkling and all of us pooh-poohed the idea of ghosts. There were a good many operators buried in the old cemetery, but they had had enough trouble with wires during their lives without trying to cabbage any after death."

"Barney Smith and three or four more of us framed up an expedition to find out the whys and wherefores of this ghost business. We journeyed up there by Sugar Loaf Mountain several nights without any results."

"About 12 o'clock on the fourth night we were about leaving in disgust when there was a whirring sound up behind one of the large tombstones in the grave yard and a large object went flying over to one of the telegraph poles and began pecking at the wire there."

"By gosh, it's spirits!" cried Charley Crist, one of the exploring band.

"Change your brand," said I. "I'll tell you what it is. It's an eagle."

"I'd heard only a week or two before about a pair of bald headed eagles which had been seen up on Sugar Loaf Mountain. Barney Smith agreed with me that the wire pirate was the male eagle stealing wire to build a nest for his mate."

"Yes, sir, sure you're born. Of course, the wire wasn't as heavy as the modern telegraph wires and could coil nicely into a fine nest for the lady eagle. The warm messages which had circulated through the wires to the summer girls would aid materially in hatching the eagle's eggs."

"It wasn't very hard for the big strong male eagle to snap off a length of wire and fly off with a coil of it around his neck. Of course it was just by accident he left enough of it flying to stick into the ground."

"Well, sir, the company tried its best to kill that eagle, placing a bounty of \$50 on his head. But no one seemed to shoot straight enough to kill him, or else he was so tough the bullets took no effect. Even so sure a shot as Barney Smith failed to bring him down. The big bird was a pest, too, for every time he wanted to add an L to his nest or build a new apartment he'd just draw on the telegraph line."

"The super was at a loss as to what to do. Finally I hit upon a scheme. Why not put in a special brand of barbed wire? It was obvious that if a lady eagle was preparing to lay an egg and sat down on a piece of barbed wire, she'd change her mind about laying the egg and say 'Prunes' or words to that effect in eagle language."

"My scheme worked all right and after the barbed wire was installed the depredations ceased, although many sharp messages were sent over the line."

"Say," observed the tall, cynical conductor, 'you've got those nature fakers spiked to the switch.'—New York Sun.

A Limerick.
A correspondent presents us with this—a libel on the language from Limerick:
There was a young person named Tate,
Who invited a friend at 8.8.
They dined tete a tete,
So I cannot relate
What Tate ate tete a tete at 8.8.
—London Chronicle.

Nothing to Speak Of.
"Bragley's wife brought him quite a nice figure, didn't she?"
"Yes, so round and symmetrical."
"O! I don't mean that. I mean her dowry."
"That's what I mean. It was O!"
—New York Press.

Unnatural.
There is something uncanny about the mother who admits that her boy may have been just as much to blame as her neighbor's child.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Eagle's Lesson.

By M. BROWN.

Far, far up among the crags was built the nest. It was just on the edge of a great bluff, and had been placed against a rock that protected it from the cold, biting winds of the north. The nest was built of twigs and willows, and bits of string, and was lined throughout with horsehair. The mother eagle had taken great care to make it strong and warm, and the three little eagles, snuggled close together within, thought it the nicest nest in all the world.

When the sun shone brightly, the little eagles would peer over the edge of the nest, and the things that they saw were very wonderful indeed. There was a wide, wide plain, with nothing on it excepting little bushes of sage-brush, scattered here and there. Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs scampered among the bushes and the little eagles did not know why their hearts grew big and hot at the sight of those little, running things. Then beyond the plain was a streak that was sometimes brown and sometimes blue. At first they did not know what it was; but, as their eyes grew stronger, they saw that it was a river. It was from the direction of the river that their mother came with fish for them to eat. Then, just as they would be getting tired of gazing over the great plain, the mother would come with the evening meal. After they had eaten, they all went to sleep under her wings, and slept till the beautiful morning came again.

Now there was one of these eaglets that was larger and stronger than the rest. He thought a great deal about the things he saw, and questioned his mother about the places she had visited. And his mother was very proud of him, and believed that he would some day be the greatest among the eagles. So she called him Keneu, the great war-eagle, and she told him of her journeys and of the things she had seen.

One day, when Keneu had grown strong enough to hop along the rocks in the sun, he came to his mother, who was standing with folded wings on a great high rock. She did not notice Keneu, for she was looking away into the south, where all the land was covered with a blue haze.

"Mother," said Keneu, when he had climbed up beside her, "mother, tell me of my father."

For a time his mother did not answer; then she said, "I will tell you of your father. Over there, beyond the river, there are creatures called men, who live only to kill. They do not kill for food only, as we do, but because they like to see things die; and then they boast among their fellows of the great numbers they have slain. When they kill they use something that can strike anything a long way off. One day, as your father came in from his hunt, I could see him far off, flying, first high, then low, but bearing ever toward home. Suddenly I saw a white puff, like a little cloud, near the surface of the plain; then there was a strange noise in the air; then I saw your father falling—falling—and he never rose again."

For a long time his mother did not say any more, and Keneu stood very still beside her. But his eyes were shining, for in him was roused the hatred and fear of man, which is in the deepest life of all wild things. And with the fear came the great longing, for he heard the voice of the great desert, that calls and calls to the heart of the eagle.

Then his mother spoke again. "Keneu, you are very like your father, and he was the mightiest of all living eagles. You will be strong and beautiful, as he was; but, my son, do not go near the dwellings of men, for they are cruel. Always remember this that I have told you."

Keneu went off by himself, and thought of all the things that his mother had said to him.

It was not long before he began to fly a little, and he daily grew stronger and more glad that he was alive. His mother soon began to make short journeys with him; then they became longer, and finally, on one great day, she took him to the river and showed him how to catch the fish. Keneu proved himself very skillful, and did not want to come away when the sun began to get low in the west. All that night he dreamed of the mighty deeds he would do when he went out into the great wide world. All night long he heard the churn and roar of the river; and it flowed through his heart as it did through the burning sand, till he could not sleep. Looking up, he saw the great kind stars; and he wondered much about that strange being of which his mother had spoken, man—St. Nicholas.

What the Lady Meant.
"You have a model husband," said the lady who was congratulating the bride.
The next day the bride bethought her to look up the word "model" in the dictionary, and this is what she found: Model—A small imitation of the real thing.—Philistine.

Dogfight in Town.
We challenge any town in the State to show as many dogfights in a day as take place in Kiowa. Any old time you look out of the window there are from two to three fights being pulled off by the canine family.—Kiowa Journal.

THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order,
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
With a lily on his breast.
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in the Juvenile.

MRS. KERRISON'S HEART.

(A Short Story.)

When I heard that Tom Frisby was married the news came as a great shock to me. I asked Jack Goney, my informant, "Is he married much?" "Oh, frightfully!" said Goney. "Who is the creature?" I inquired, after a tense pause.

And when he replied, "The eldest Miss Carruthers," I was more shocked than ever. That Lillian—my beautiful, wild white dove—should consent to become a mere tame domestic fowl—and for Tom Frisby's sake, galled my sensibilities. I remembered how I had laid the offering of my own undedged affections at her feet, and how she had danced on the elaborate embroidery of the words in which I had clothed my passionate avowal.

"I shall go and see them," I told Goney. I found that Lillian—no, Mrs. Frisby!—was already by way of becoming a social success. She was developing into that dreadful thing, an ideal hostess. She was obtrusively tactful and offensively managing. It was said of her that she had a knack of bringing the right people together, which, being interpreted, means that she strove to pair off her guests as if they had been vases.

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And from that moment began the unconscionable crusade against our cloistral bachelorhood, in which both Frisby and his wife took a middle-some part, and which terminated in the lamentable contretemps that it is the purpose of this story to detail. She, of course, was the more subtle sinner.

One night Frisby and I were talking as man to man. We had been telling each other that we were both rather blackguards really, but deuced fine fellows notwithstanding, and we were consequently in a fine glow of self-satisfaction.

"One thing I've forgotten to say to you," he remarked. "It really is serious."

"Serious for whom?" I asked. He paused, and then, dramatically, "For her," he said.

I dropped the poker into the fender with a crash. "For her!" I repeated. "What are you driving at?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have broached the subject," he faltered. "You haven't," said I.

"It's not fair to her," he jerked out. "And yet it's all due to that odious trick you have of talking to every woman you meet as if she were the only one of her sex in the world."

"I don't think they find that particularly odious," said I. "But lookers-on do," said he. "And it is a bit rough on 'em, you know, old chap. Of course we who understand you, know it's only your way, but girls—innocent, young, unsophisticated—"

I rose also. "Good night," I said, abruptly, offering my hand.

"I'll tell you her name, then," said he. "It's little Miss Kerrison—if you must know."

"Oh," said I, rather disappointed. "I know—the girl who is so awfully conscious of her profile."

"My wife's cousin," he said stiffly. "And you mean to say that foolish chit is in love with me?"

"Oh, come! Well, I suppose so. But confound your complacency, anyhow!"

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "Poor silly thing! Pretty, too! Well, what would you advise me to do about it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to advise at all," he replied.

"Best way, I suppose, would be to put her out of her misery at once," said I.

"There are worse girls than Nina Kerrison," he said.

"But do you think they would suit me better?" I asked him.

"No," said he. "You are not so bad."

"You overwhelm me," I observed, "with those touching tokens of your approval."

And then we talked of other matters.

In the conservatory I made out a dim, rounded form in filmy white, and came face to face with Miss Kerrison. She sat there motionless, her hands in her lap, as if awaiting her fate in the person of myself.

"All alone?" I said, lightly. "I prefer to be alone," she said, hastily, and rose as if to go.

But I understood what an infinity of meaning the studied curtness of her words would have fain concealed, and I whispered, "Please don't forsake me. I—I came here to look for you."

"Why?" she asked. A most awkward question.

"Why?" I repeated slowly, to gain time. "Oh, because those people in there bore me. And you—you never do that, Miss Kerrison."

"Well, it is something to be a harbor of refuge," she remarked. "Thank you. Then, by the way, it is really true, this time, that I am to congratulate you?"

"On my good fortune in finding you here, do you mean? Why, certainly," I said.

"I did not mean that," she said. "I meant that—that well, the usual rumor is out concerning you."

"Indeed?" I exclaimed. "But which of the usual rumors do you refer to?"

"There is only one—isn't there—that is commonly linked with the name of an eligible young bachelor. But is it true?"

"Believe me," I assured her, "it is not true."

"I am so glad," she breathed softly. "Poor my girl! At least—that is—"

She wouldn't have covered up her indiscretion, but perceiving that it was now too late, she paused abruptly and lapsed into silence.

"Why are you glad?" I asked. "I had not intended to proceed on exactly these lines, but I found it difficult to be sufficiently brutal now that the necessity confronted me."

"Oh," she drawled, with a woeful affection of indifference, "I think, as the song says, 'You are over young to marry yet, you know.'"

"I wonder what your wife will be like," she went on presently. "I do hope she will be a nice, helpful sort of girl, and not a mere society butterfly—like me."

"If she were like you—" I began, and stopped.

"She won't be," said Miss Kerrison quickly.

"I mean," she explained, "that the object of our first fancy is so seldom the person to make us truly happy, if we but knew it."

I remembered then that some one had told me this was Miss Kerrison's third season.

"First love is the only love," I said firmly. I had temporized with my conscience too long already. She must now be made to realize the sad truth in all its ghastliness.

"That is not so," she said. "Believe me, Mr. Craven, when I tell you that you are as yet far too young to know what is best for your welfare."

"Anyway," said I, "when my fate does come along—"

And there I made an abrupt end, for she had suddenly begun to laugh. There could be no doubt about it. She was laughing—not hysterically, either, but with unmistakable enjoyment, as at an irresistible jest.

"Mr. Craven," she said at last, more seriously, "I think I'll be frank with you. My honest dealing may conceivably cost me your good opinion, but only for a time. You'll like me all the better afterward. And I am sure you have enough common sense, really, not to think me unwomanly or immodest in saying what I am about to say to you now."

"Miss Kerrison," I cried in sore distress, "forbear, reflect, consider. Don't speak yet. You may save us both much pain if you keep silent."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed sharply. This was an affront. "Go on, then, if you will," I said sternly.

"I've an idea," she said, "that we are at cross-purposes, and that it is all the fault of those dear, foolish Frisbys. Mrs. Frisby has said something to you about—well, about me, hasn't she? Please be straightforward, Mr. Craven."

"No, she hasn't," I answered. "Mr. Frisby, then?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

I turned on her in desperation. "How can I repeat what he said?" I cried. "Miss Kerrison, let me implore you to say no more. Let me entreat—"

"No," she replied. "I will tell you what they said. They told you I well—had a penchant for you."

"They were wrong!" I exclaimed, still eager to spare her.

"Of course they were," she rejoined. "As wrong as they were when they told me—well—that you were—in love—with my unworthy self. But—"

And she began to laugh again. "This woman, I tell you, had no sense of humor, or decency, either, I should think. But they meant well, I suppose. And there's no harm done—except to our vanity, perhaps. Anyway, the path they would have us tread hardly leads to the wicked place, does it?"

And she smiled at me inscrutably, and I think she would have added some pleasant, saving words. But just then a man poked his head round the bead curtain and she darted up and went forward to greet him.

I heard her call him "Frank," and I guessed then that it was for him she had been waiting so meekly, all alone. And at last I understood—I knew—that I—I had merely provided some comic relief from the tedium of her vigil.—The Sketch.

FOREST PLANTING.

A Circular Issued by the Forest Service to Urge and Advise.

Recognizing the great need and demand throughout the New England States, New York, New Jersey, all of Pennsylvania except the western portion, Michigan, Wisconsin and the eastern portion of Minnesota for reliable information concerning the planting of the most desirable tree species, the Forest Service has gathered together the necessary information and has issued it in the form of a circular which can be obtained free upon request to the Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington.

While the necessity for tree planting has not been felt in this part of the United States so keenly as it has been, for instance, in the treeless West, yet sufficient planting has been done in the past to prove that the growing of wood crops is entirely practicable. Large areas of land in this region are fit for forest growth only, and from an economic standpoint it is important that these lands be put into a state of productivity. Extensive investment in forest planting has thus far been unduly discouraged by present methods of taxation, and, in parts of the region, by difficulty in securing adequate fire protection. The true value of forest land and its rightful place among the permanent resources are, however, becoming appreciated, and an enlightened public sentiment is rapidly making this form of investment safe and desirable.

Throughout this region there are large lumbered areas on which successive fires have destroyed all young trees of valuable species. Inferior trees, such as aspen, fire cherry, scrub oak and red maple, as well as shrubs, have sprung up. This land is worthless in its present condition, but where adequate fire protection can be provided forest planting will bring it again to productivity.

There is a large amount of land, particularly in New England and Michigan, which was first cleared for farming, but has since deteriorated in value either through loss of fertility or through neglect or abandonment. Throughout Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire many of these abandoned farms and old pastures are now covered with white pine. But this crop is rapidly being removed and little natural reproduction will follow, because seed trees are lacking. These lands offer exceptionally fine opportunities for forest planting, owing to their nearness to market and to their freedom from brush cover.

The barren sand plains of Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Michigan, which cannot be tilled and are a source of expense to their owners, will in many instances support a good growth of white pine or at least one of the more hardy species of pine.

The protection of city watersheds demands urgent attention. The annual spring floods, which bring destruction to thousands of homes in the lower lying fertile valleys and are generally followed by epidemics of serious diseases, would in a great measure be prevented were the slopes covered by forest. Forests regulate the flow of streams, prevent erosion and turbidity and make waste areas beautiful and productive, besides insuring a source of pure water supply. Wherever natural reproduction cannot be depended upon to cover the denuded and burned-over lands of most of these watersheds tree planting operations must be undertaken. While the immediate object of this reforesting will be protective, timber crops will eventually be produced which will yield good profits on all such investments.

Nearly every farm has at least a few acres which are of little value for growing agricultural crops. This land should be set aside for a woodlot and devoted to the production of fuel, fence posts and timber for farm uses. The species best suited for plantations of these various sorts, as well as planting directions and advice as to protective measures, are given in the circular.

Old-Time Coach.

Lately one of the stage coaches on the North road ran from London to Stamford, a distance of ninety miles, in nine hours and four minutes. The passengers, four in number, breakfasted and dined on the road, so it must have run at the rate of twelve miles an hour all the time of travel.—Sporting Magazine, 1907. Quoted in Bailey's Magazine.

A uniform system of municipal accounts is in force in the State of Iowa.

Age of Angling.

By PAUL THOMPSON.

The antiquity of angling is buried in the mist of ages, but from Biblical allusions we gather that it was known in the very earliest times. In the book of Job, written presumably at least 1500 years B. C., there are many passages referring to the "hook," barbed iron, etc. The prophet Amos, writing seven hundred years later, goes far to draw a distinction between "hook" and "fish hooks," while Ezekiel, one hundred and thirty years later, speaks of putting the hook into the jaws of the dragon, by which appellation the King of Egypt was intended. Turning from the Scriptures to more mundane history we find Cambyse, son of Cyrus the Great, despatching certain Ichthyophagi as ambassadors to the Ethiopians (who inhabited the country now called Abyssinia) to treat with them before he commenced the disastrous expedition which ended in the destruction of the greater part of his army from sheer starvation. Tradition also says that there was an Indian nation by whom fish were taken in such large numbers that the very walls were built with their bones. So far back as the second century of the Christian era the art of fly-fishing was known and practiced, as recorded in the works of the naturalist and rhetorician, Aelian, surnamed "Meliglossus" (or honey-tongued), from the beauty and purity of his diction and style. According to this author the inhabitants of Macedonia were in the habit of imitating a horrible fly indigenous to the country described as "in size a hornet and buzzing like a bee." This they did by twisting scarlet wool round the hook, the wings being obtained from the feathers which grow under the wattles of a cock of the game species. The fish taken by this rough and ready lure were believed to have been trout.

Unfortunately through the burning of the great library at Alexandria by order of the Caliph Omar, A. D. 642, many curious records of sports and one fact in connection with fish and fishing were in all probability lost to us forever. The vast extent of this unique collection of ancient literature may be inferred from the statement that was made that the volumes which perished supplied fuel to four thousand baths for upward of six months. The works on natural history of the elder Pliny are still extant.—From Recreation.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Your best self will be found only by self-sacrifice.

The soul needs deep plowing to turn under its weeds.

The only good things we keep are those we pass along.

The fundamental dignity of humanity is in its divinity.

A man often finds himself when he looks misfortune in the face.

There can be no recreation in the indulgence that leads to regret.

You never will develop good in any so long as you see no good in them.

The most important part of our environment we really carry within us.

No man is worth much to society until he learns to make the most of himself.

There never yet was a sermon that could have any force on a head full of fashion.

The burdens of earth demand that our hearts be nourished with the bread of heaven.

Some folk feel sure they are building on rock because their hearts are hard as flint.

The best evidence of any superiority is a recognition of the obligations which it involves.

The safety of a little religion lies in the fact that if it is real it will take root and grow.

The spirit of brotherhood never needs to hire billboards to have its good deeds made known.

There are too many people hungry for love for any one ever to talk of suffering from loneliness.

Some men think that the ladder to heaven has but three rungs, called wages, salary and income.

It now is perfectly safe to prove your charity by giving away your worn out winter's clothes.

There always is a tendency to judge such things as love by the divorce records rather than by the happy homes.

You cannot reach men helpfully so long as you have a sense of having to reach to them instead of standing right by them.—From "Sentence Sermons," in the Chicago Tribune.

Some Prodigies.

Alpyrius of Alexandria, a most excellent logician and philosopher, was only one foot and five inches in height. Augustus Caesar exhibited in his plays one Lucius, a young man born of honest parents, who was only twenty-three inches high and weighed seventeen pounds, yet he had a strong tenor voice and could sing like a nightingale. In the time of Theodosius there was a pygmy in Egypt so small of body that he resembled a partridge; yet he exercised all the functions of a man and could sing merrily. He lived to be twenty-two. Julia, niece of Emperor Augustus, had a dwarfish fellow of the name of Canopus, to whom she was much devoted. He was twenty-eight inches high. Andromeda, a freed maid of Julia, was of the same height.—New York Press.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

President Roosevelt is to hunt Texas wild boar with javelins.

Representative Theodore E. Burton was nominated by acclamation for Mayor by the Republican City Convention of Cleveland.

Elihu Root was born at Clinton, N. Y., and graduated there at Hamilton College, in which his father was professor of mathematics.

Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago, declared in Paris the United States would find her struggle for trade supremacy in the Far East "rather useless."

Patrick Calhoun, principal owner of the San Francisco street railroads, is a grandson of South Carolina's great ante-bellum statesman, John C. Calhoun.

Before he went to Congress Senator Charles Dick, of Ohio, signed himself Charles W. F. Dick. The two extra initials he has since considered superfluous.

Edward Yates, who recently died at Walworth, England, leaving a fortune of \$5,000,000 in real estate in and about London, began business life as a poor bricklayer.

Dr. A. W. B. Scranton has retired from the Methodist mission in Seoul to devote himself entirely to the instruction of young Koreans in the science and practice of medicine.

Admiral de Richelieu, president of the United Stateship Company, of Copenhagen, and head of the Scandinavian-American Steamship Line, has been made the first Danish Minister of Commerce. Last May the Admiral visited the United States.

James Paxton Voorhees, poet, sculptor and dramatic reader, is going to run for Congress in Indiana. His home is in Terre Haute. He is well known in Washington, having served as secretary to his distinguished father, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash."

LABOR WORLD.

Prison guards in New York State are asking for more pay.

The leather workers of Toronto will ask for an increase of wages.

The Eight-Hour League of America has been organized for the universal eight-hour day.

The waitresses of Phoenix, Ariz., demand a ten-hour day. They have been working eleven and twelve hours.

It is the intention of the International Photo-Engravers' Union to establish a fund for aid of consumptive members.

Members of the Milwaukee Sign Painters' Union have had their wages raised. The increase ranged from fifty cents to \$1 a day.

The percentage of unemployed in Great Britain in 1906 was only 4.1 per cent., or 1.3 less than in 1905, and 2.4 less than in 1904.

Drug clerks in the West are rapidly joining the Retail Clerks' Union, and it is predicted that this movement will spread toward the Atlantic Coast.

St. Paul union painters will receive forty cents an hour the present season. An agreement has been signed between the union and the contractors.

The International Association of Machinists of Greater New York and vicinity, 15,000 strong, has voted to demand an eight-hour day in the near future.

Diamond workers, members of the Diamond Workers' Union of America, are demanding better wages from the diamond manufacturers of America, the Association of Gem Dealers.

The Scottish Conciliation Board decided to concede six and one-fourth per cent. advance in wages at its meeting in Glasgow, to come into effect at once. This is the third advance in the present year. The concession affects 80,000 miners.

Boy Invents Aeroplanes.

Lawrence J. Lesh, a fifteen-year-old mechanical genius, who has invented six flying machines, three of which have borne his weight, has gone to Chicago with his aeroplane, which he will display at an exhibition of the Aero Club, of that city.

The contrivance Lawrence Lesh will exhibit in Chicago is a motorless aeroplane. It is a gliding machine, built on the principle of a soaring bird. It weighs thirty-five pounds, is twenty feet long and eleven feet wide.

Young Lesh has written several articles for scientific papers, including "Flight of Birds" and "Flying Machines of Tomorrow."—Kansas City.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERB, - PROPRIETOR.

House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

WM. MCSHERRY, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.

Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite Court House.

JOHN B. McPHERSON DONALD P. McPHERSON

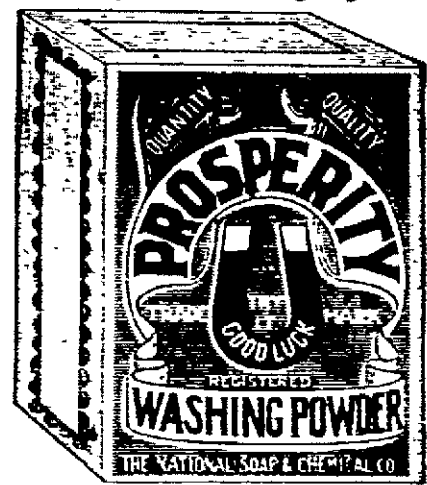
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Office on second floor of Star and Sentinel Building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

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Saves half the Soap.

BIG 5-CENT PACKAGE.

Cheaper than Elbow Grease.

For House Cleaning, Clothes and Dish Washing. Unexcelled for cleaning Creamery and Dairy Utensils, because it is free from Oenoxious and Fatty Grease.

Save the Trade Marks and receive useful premiums. For sale by dealers everywhere. THE NATIONAL SOAP & CHEMICAL COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.

DR. W. D. DERBY'S GROUP

Insure Your Child's Life.

NO MORE GROUP.

Also for Whooping Cough, Colds, Sore Throat.

SOLD UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE

Contains no Opium. Pleasant to take. 50 Doses for 35 cents AT YOUR DRUGGIST.

Write to-day for Booklet that tells you all about GROUP. Don't buy something else claimed to be "just as good."

DERBY'S PURE KIDNEY PILLS

For all Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles. 60 Pills—10 days' treatment. 25 cents at your druggist. Write to-day for free sample.

DERBY MEDICINE CO., Eaton Rapids, Michigan.

DOUBLE POWER WIND MILL



A two-wheeled wind-mill with a governor that governs and wheels that run in opposite directions. We claim our invention revolutionizes wind power. With each mill sold we furnish an insurance policy, agreeing to replace all worn out parts and repair damage by reason of wind for a term of from five to twenty five years at a cost of \$1.00 per year.

\$1000 REWARD for the equal of our two-wheeled power wind-mill. WIND furnishes the cheapest power on earth. The two-wheel mill will solve the problem for those who are looking for the right thing to pump water or to run their machinery. Send for illustrated catalogue free.

DOUBLE POWER MILL COMPANY, Appleton, Wisconsin.



THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy,
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order,
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
With a lily on his breast.
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in the Juvenile.

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(A Short Story.)

When I heard that Tom Frisby was married the news came as a great shock to me. I asked Jack Goney, my informant, "Is he married much?" "Oh, frightfully!" said Goney. "Who is the creature?" I inquired, after a tense pause.

And when he replied, "The eldest Miss Carruthers," I was moresoaked than ever. That Lillian—my beautiful, wild white dove—should consent to become a mere tame domestic fowl—and for Tom Frisby's sake, galled my sensibilities. I remembered how I had laid the offering of my own unfledged affections at her feet, and how she had danced on the elaborate embroidery of the words in which I had clothed my passionate avowal.

"I shall go and see them," I told Goney. I found that Lillian—no, Mrs. Frisby!—was already by way of becoming a social success. She was developing into that dreadful thing, an ideal hostess. She was obtrusively tactful and offensively managing. It was said of her that she had a knack of bringing the right people together, which, being interpreted, means that she strove to pair off her guests as if they had been vases.

Frisby himself was boisterously happy and rosy content and, moreover, most beautifully trained to obey his wife's lightest word.

"Ah," he said, "you will find your affinity some day." "If both of us find my affinity," said I, "there will be trouble."

But he was in nowise disconcerted. He merely wagged his fat head at me and said: "We must look out for a wife for you."

And from that moment began the unconscionable crusade against our eldorial bachelorhood, in which both Frisby and his wife took a meddlesome part, and which terminated in the lamentable contretemps that it is the purpose of this story to detail. She, of course, was the more subtle sinner.

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"One thing I've forgotten to say to you," he remarked. "It really is serious." "Serious for whom?" I asked.

He paused, and then, dramatically, "For her," he said. I dropped the poker into the fender with a crash. "For her?" I repeated. "What are you driving at?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have broached the subject," he faltered. "You haven't," said I.

"It's not fair to her," he jerked out. "And yet it's all due to that odious trick you have of talking to every woman you meet as if she were the only one of her sex in the world."

"I don't think they find that particularly odious," said I. "But lookers-on do," said he. "And it is a bit rough on 'em, you know, old chap. Of course we who understand you, know it's only your way, but girls—innocent, young, unsophisticated—"

I rose also. "Good night," I said, abruptly, offering my hand. "I'll tell you her name, then," said he. "It's little Miss Kerrison—if you must know."

"Oh," said I, rather disappointed. "I know—the girl who is so awfully conscious of her profile."

"My wife's cousin," he said stiffly. "And you mean to say that foolish chit is in love with me?" "Oh, come! Well, I suppose so. But confound your complacency, anyhow!"

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "Poor silly thing! Pretty, too! Well, what would you advise me to do about it?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to advise at all," he replied.

"Best way, I suppose, would be to put her out of her misery at once," said I. "There are worse girls than Nina Kerrison," he said.

"But do you think they would suit me better?" I asked him. "No," said he. "You are not so bad."

"You overwhelm me," I observed, "with those touching tokens of your approval."

And then we talked of other matters. I had had not the least intention of going to the Chandlers' dance the following evening, but now I determined to go after all, since Miss Kerrison was bound to be there, and it were best to get this painful business over at once.

In the conservatory I made out a dim, rounded form in filmy white, and came face to face with Miss Kerrison. She sat there motionless, her hands in her lap, as if awaiting her fate in the person of myself.

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"There is only one—Isn't there—that is commonly linked with the name of an eligible young bachelor. But is it true?"

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"Anyway," said I, "when my fate does come along—"

And there I made an abrupt end, for she had suddenly begun to laugh. There could be no doubt about it. She was laughing—not hysterically, either, but with unmistakable enjoyment, as at an irresistible jest.

"Mr. Craven," she said at last, more seriously, "I think I'll be frank with you. My honest dealing may conceivably cost me your good opinion, but only for a time. You'll like me all the better afterward. And I am sure you have enough common sense, really, not to think me unwomanly or immodest in saying what I am about to say to you now."

"Miss Kerrison," I cried in sore distress, "forbear, reflect, consider. Don't speak yet. You may save us both much pain if you keep silent."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed sharply. This was an affront. "Go on, then, if you will," I said sternly.

"I've an idea," she said, "that we are at cross-purposes, and that it is all the fault of those dear, foolish Frisbys. Mrs. Frisby has said something to you about—well, about me, hasn't she? Please be straightforward, Mr. Craven."

"No, she hasn't," I answered. "Mr. Frisby, then?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

I turned on her in desperation. "How can I repeat what he said?" I cried. "Miss Kerrison, let me implore you to say no more. Let me entreat—"

"No," she replied. "I will tell you what they said. They told you I—well—had a penchant for you."

"They were wrong!" I exclaimed, still eager to spare her. "Of course they were," she rejoined. "As wrong as they were when they told me—well—that you were—in love—with my unworthy self. But—" And she began to laugh again. "This woman, I tell you, had no sense of humor, or, decency, either, I should think. 'But they meant well, I suppose. And there's no harm done—except to our vanity, perhaps. Anyway, the path they would have us tread hardly leads to the wicked place, does it?'"

And she smiled at me inscrutably, and I think she would have added some pleasant, saving words. But just then a man poked his head round the head curtain and she darted up and went forward to greet him. I heard her call him "Frank," and I guessed then that it was for him she had been waiting so meekly, all alone. And at last I understood—I knew—that I—I had merely provided some comic relief from the tedium of her vigil.—The Sketch.

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LABOR WORLD.
Prison guards in New York State are asking for more pay.

The leather workers of Toronto will ask for an increase of wages.

The Eight-Hour League of America has been organized for the universal eight-hour day.

The waitresses of Phoenix, Ariz., demand a ten-hour day. They have been working eleven and twelve hours.

It is the intention of the International Photo-Engravers' Union to establish a fund for aid of consumptive members.

Members of the Milwaukee Sign Painters' Union have had their wages raised. The increase ranged from fifty cents to \$1 a day.

The percentage of unemployed in Great Britain in 1906 was only 4.1 per cent, or 1.3 less than in 1905, and 2.4 less than in 1904.

Drug clerks in the West are rapidly joining the Retail Clerks' Union, and it is predicted that this movement will spread toward the Atlantic Coast.

St. Paul union painters will receive forty cents an hour the present season. An agreement has been signed between the union and the contractors.

The International Association of Machinists of Greater New York and vicinity, 15,000 strong, has voted to demand an eight-hour day in the near future.

Diamond workers, members of the Diamond Workers' Union of America, are demanding better wages from the diamond manufacturers of America, the Association of Gem Dealers.

The Scottish Conciliation Board decided to concede six and one-fourth per cent. advance in wages at its meeting in Glasgow, to come into effect at once. This is the third advance in the present year. The concession affects 80,000 miners.

Boy Invents Aeroplanes.
Lawrence J. Lesh, a fifteen-year-old mechanical genius, who has invented six flying machines, three of which have borne his weight, has gone to Chicago with his aeroplane, which he will display at an exhibition of the Aero Club, of that city.

The contrivance Lawrence Lesh will exhibit in Chicago is a motorless aeroplane. It is a gliding machine, built on the principle of a soaring bird. It weighs thirty-five pounds, is twenty feet long and eleven feet wide.

Young Lesh has written several articles for scientific papers, including "Flight of Birds," and "Flying Machines of Tomorrow."—Kansas City.

Some Prodiges.
Alypius of Alexandria, a most excellent logician and philosopher, was only one foot and five inches in height. Augustus Caesar exhibited in his plays one Lucius, a young man born of honest parents, who was only twenty-three inches high and weighed seventeen pounds; yet he had a strong tenor voice and could sing like a nightingale. In the time of Theodosius there was a pygmy in Egypt so small of body that he resembled a partridge; yet he exercised all the functions of a man and could sing merrily. He lived to be twenty-two. Julia, niece of Emperor Augustus, had a dwarfish fellow of the name of Canopus, to whom she was much devoted. He was twenty-eight inches high. Andromeda, a freed maid of Julia, was of the same height.—New York Press.

Double Power Wind Mill.
A two-wheeled wind-mill with a governor that governs, and wheels that run in opposite directions. We claim our invention revolutionizes wind power. With each mill sold we furnish an insurance policy, agreeing to replace all worn out parts and repair damage by reason of wind for a term of from five to twenty five years at a cost of \$1.00 per year.

\$1000 REWARD for the equal of our two-wheeled power wind-mill. WIND furnishes the cheapest power on earth. The two-wheel mill will solve the problem for those who are looking for the right thing to pump water or to run their machinery. Send for illustrated catalogue free.

DOUBLE POWER MILL COMPANY, Appleton, Wisconsin.

More Money for Eggs.
Under most any conditions, there is a lot of money to be made in the egg business if conditions are right. There is no reason why Farmers and Poultry Raisers should not make just as good profits on their investments as any other line of business, and it is possible for them to do so. The price of eggs during the winter months is double and sometimes more than double that paid during the summer months. The only way to take advantage of this advance is to hold summer eggs for winter prices. That fresh eggs can be kept from six to nine months or more has been proven by careful testing with

HACER'S EGG PRESERVATIVE
and anyone using this Preservative need never sell a dozen eggs for anything but the highest market price. Send for Sample and Circulars telling you all about it. **HACER EGG PRESERVING CO., - St. Louis, Mo.**

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Admiral de Richelieu, president of the United Steamship Company, of Copenhagen, and head of the Scandinavian-American Steamship Line, has been made the first Danish Minister of Commerce. Last May the Admiral visited the United States.

James Paxton Voorhees, poet, sculptor and dramatic reader, is going to run for Congress in Indiana. His home is in Terre Haute. He is well known in Washington, having served as secretary to his distinguished father, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash."

EAGLE HOTEL.
Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR.
House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Barstocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

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Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

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Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

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THE HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy,
Who was eager for a playmate,
Who was hungry for a toy,
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order,
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
He is silent and at rest—
With a lily on his breast.
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in the Juvenile.

MRS. KERRISON'S HEART.

(A Short Story.)

When I heard that Tom Frisby was married the news came as a great shock to me. I asked Jack Goney, my informant, "Is she married much?" "Oh, frightfully!" said Goney. "Who is the creature?" I inquired, after a tense pause.

And when he replied, "The eldest Miss Carruthers," I was more shocked than ever. That Lillian—my beautiful, wild white dove—should consent to become a mere tame domestic fowl—and for Tom Frisby's sake, galled my sensibilities. I remembered how I had laid the offering of my own unfledged affections at her feet, and how she had danced on the elaborate embroidery of the words in which I had clothed my passionate avowal.

"I shall go and see them," I told Goney.

I found that Lillian—no, Mrs. Frisby!—was already by way of becoming a social success. She was developing into that dreadful thing, an ideal hostess. She was obtrusively tactful and offensively managing. It was said of her that she had a knack of bringing the right people together, which, being interpreted, means that she strove to pair off her guests as if they had been vases.

Frisby himself was boisterously happy and rosy content and, moreover, most beautifully trained to obey his wife's slightest word.

"Ah," he said, "you will find your affinity some day."

"If both of us find my affinity," said I, "there will be trouble."

But he was in no wise disconcerted. He merely wagged his fat head at me and said: "We must look out for a wife for you."

And from that moment began the unconscionable crusade against our cloistered bachelorhood, in which both Frisby and his wife took a meddlesome part, and which terminated in the lamentable contretemps that it is the purpose of this story to detail. She, of course, was the more subtle sinner.

One night Frisby and I were talking as man to man. We had been telling each other that we were both rather blackguards really, but deuced fine fellows notwithstanding, and we were consequently in a fine glow of self-satisfaction.

"One thing I've forgotten to say to you," he remarked. "It really is serious."

"Serious for whom?" I asked.

He paused, and then, dramatically, "For her," he said.

I dropped the poker into the fender with a crash. "For her!" I repeated. "What are you driving at?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have broached the subject," he faltered.

"You haven't," said I.

"It's not fair to her," he jerked out. "And yet it's all due to that odious trick you have of talking to every woman you meet as if she were the only one of her sex in the world."

"I don't think they find that particularly odious," said I.

"But lookers-on do," said he. "And it is a bit rough on 'em, you know, old chap. Of course we who understand you, know it's only your way, but girls—innocent, young, unsophisticated—"

I rose also. "Good night," I said, abruptly, offering my hand.

"I'll tell you her name, then," said he. "It's little Miss Kerrison—if you must know."

"Oh," said I, rather disappointed. "I know—the girl who is so awfully conscious of her profile."

"My wife's cousin," he said stiffly. "And you mean to say that foolish chit is in love with me?"

"Oh, come! Well, I suppose so. But confound your complacency, anyhow!"

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "Poor silly thing! Pretty, too! Well, what would you advise me to do about it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to advise at all," he replied.

"Best way, I suppose, would be to put her out of her misery at once," said I.

"There are worse girls than Nina Kerrison," he said.

"But do you think they would suit me better?" I asked him.

"No," said he. "You are not so bad."

"You overwhelm me," I observed, "with those touching tokens of your approval."

And then we talked of other matters.

I had had not the least intention of going to the Chandlers' dance the following evening, but now I determined to go after all, since Miss Kerrison was bound to be there, and it were best to get this painful business over at once.

"They were wrong!" I exclaimed, still eager to spare her.

"Of course they were," she rejoined. "As wrong as well—they were in love—with my unworthy self. But—" And she began to laugh again. "This woman, I tell you, had no sense of humor, or decency, either, I should think. 'But they meant well, I suppose. And there's no harm done—except to our vanity, perhaps. Anyway, the path they would have us tread hardly leads to the Wicked place, does it?'"

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WORDS OF WISDOM.

Your best self will be found only by self-sacrifice.

The soul needs deep plowing to turn under its weeds.

The only good things we keep are those we pass along.

The fundamental dignity of humanity is in its divinity.

A man often finds himself when he looks misfortune in the face.

There can be no recreation in the indulgence that leads to regret.

You never will develop good in any so long as you see no good in them.

The most important part of our environment we really carry within us.

No man is worth much to society until he learns to make the most of himself.

There never yet was a sermon that could have any force on a head full of fashion.

The burdens of earth demand that our hearts be nourished with the bread of heaven.

Some folk feel sure they are building on rock because their hearts are hard as flint.

The best evidence of any superiority is a recognition of the obligations which it involves.

The safety of a little religion lies in the fact that if it is real it will take root and grow.

The spirit of brotherhood never needs to hire billboards to have its good deeds made known.

There are too many people hungry for love for any one ever to talk of suffering from loneliness.

Some men think that the ladder to heaven has but three rungs, called wages, salary and income.

It now is perfectly safe to prove your charity by giving away your worn out winter's clothes.

There always is a tendency to judge such things as love by the divorce records rather than by the happy homes.

You cannot reach men helpfully so long as you have a sense of having to reach to them instead of standing right by them.—From "Sentence Sermons," in the Chicago Tribune.

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James Paxton Voorhees, poet, sculptor and dramatic reader, is going to run for Congress in Indiana. His home is in Terre Haute. He is well known in Washington, having served as secretary to his distinguished father, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash."

LABOR WORLD.

Prison guards in New York State are asking for more pay.

The leather workers of Toronto will ask for an increase of wages.

The Eight-Hour League of America has been organized for the universal eight-hour day.

The waitresses of Phoenix, Ariz., demand a ten-hour day. They have been working eleven and twelve hours.

It is the intention of the International Photo-Engravers' Union to establish a fund for aid of consumptive members.

Members of the Milwaukee Sign Painters' Union have had their wages raised. The increase ranged from fifty cents to \$1 a day.

The percentage of unemployed in Great Britain in 1906 was only 4.1 per cent., or 1.3 less than in 1905, and 2.4 less than in 1904.

Drug clerks in the West are rapidly joining the Retail Clerks' Union, and it is predicted that this movement will spread toward the Atlantic Coast.

St. Paul union painters will receive forty cents an hour the present season. An agreement has been signed between the union and the contractors.

The International Association of Machinists of Greater New York and vicinity, 15,000 strong, has voted to demand an eight-hour day in the near future.

Diamond workers, members of the Diamond Workers' Union of America, are demanding better wages from the diamond manufacturers of America, the Association of Gem Dealers.

The Scottish Conciliation Board decided to concede six and one-fourth per cent. advance in wages at its meeting in Glasgow, to come into effect at once. This is the third advance in the present year. The concession affects 80,000 miners.

Boy Invents Aeroplanes.

Lawrence J. Lesh, a fifteen-year-old mechanical genius, who has invented six flying machines, three of which have borne his weight, has gone to Chicago with his aeroplane, which he will display at an exhibition of the Aero Club, of that city.

The contrivance Lawrence Lesh will exhibit in Chicago is a motorless aeroplane. It is a gliding machine, built on the principle of a soaring bird. It weighs thirty-five pounds, is twenty feet long and eleven feet wide.

Young Lesh has written several articles for scientific papers, including "Flight of Birds," and "Flying Machines of Tomorrow."—Kansas City.

EAGLE HOTEL

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.
CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR

House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Barstocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choicest wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath room, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

WM. McSHERRY, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

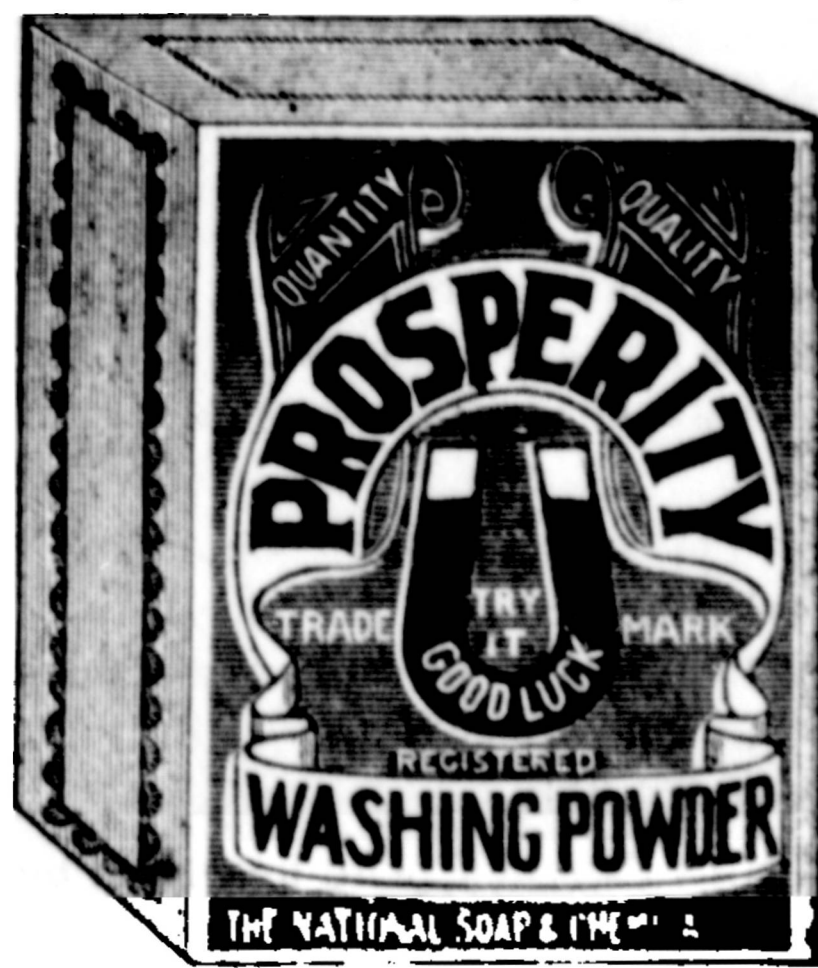
Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office Opposite Court House.

JOHN B. McPHERSON DONALD P. McPHERSON

McPHERSON & McPHERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor of Star and Sentinel Building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

Washing made easy by using



Saves half the Soap. BIG 5-CENT PACKAGE.

Cheaper than Elbow Grease. For House Cleaning, Clothes and Dish Washing. Unexcelled for cleaning Creamery and Dairy Utensils, because it is free from Obnoxious and Filthy Grease.

Save the Trade Marks—and receive useful premiums. For sale by dealers everywhere. THE NATIONAL SOAP & CHEMICAL COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.

DR. W. D. DERBY'S

CROUP

TRADE MARK

MIXTURE

Sore Throat.

Insure Your Child's Life.

NO MORE CROUP.

Also for Whooping Cough, Colds, Sore Throat.

SOLD UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE

Contains no Opium. Pleasant to take.

50 Doses for 35 cents AT YOUR DRUGGIST.

Write to-day for Booklet that tells you all about CROUP. Don't buy anything else claimed to be "just as good."

DERBY'S PURE KIDNEY PILLS

For all Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles. 60 Pills—10 days' treatment. 25 cents at your druggist. Write to-day for free sample.

DERBY MEDICINE CO., Eaton Rapids, - Michigan.

DOUBLE POWER WIND MILL

A two-wheeled wind-mill with a governor that governs, and wheels that run in opposite directions. We claim our invention revolutionizes wind power. With each mill sold we furnish an insurance policy, agreeing to replace all worn out parts and repair damage by reason of wind for a term of from five to twenty five years at a cost of \$1.00 per year.

\$1000 REWARD for the equal of our two-wheeled power wind-mill. WIND furnishes the cheapest power on earth. The two-wheel mill will solve the problem for those who are looking for the right thing to pump water or to run their machinery. Send for illustrated catalogue free.

DOUBLE POWER MILL COMPANY, Appleton, Wisconsin.

HAGER'S

More Money for Eggs

under most any conditions. There is a lot of money to be made in the egg business if conditions are right. There is no reason why Farmers and Poultry Raisers should not make just as good profits on their investments as any other line of business, and it is possible for them to do so. The price of eggs during the winter months is double and sometimes more than double that paid during the summer months. The only way to take advantage of this advance is to hold summer eggs for winter prices. That fresh eggs can be kept from six to nine months or more has been proven by careful testing with

HAGER'S ECC PRESERVATIVE

and anyone using this Preservative need never sell a dozen eggs for anything but the highest market price. Send for Sample and Circulars telling you all about it.

HAGER ECC PRESERVING CO., - St. Louis, Mo.

New Oxford Item

FURNISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.00 if not paid within the year. No subscription is discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.
JOE FRANKLIN of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

Here and There.

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The 165 silk mills in operation in Pennsylvania last year gave employment to 28,963 persons, produced an output valued at \$50,456,442 and paid out in wages \$8,801,951.

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Plying highwayman Harry Kauffman, aged 13 years, accidentally shot and killed his 9 year old brother, Edward Kauffman, near Nottingham, Friday afternoon. The elder boy had won a revolver as a prize for ringing a cane at a fair and although not allowed to have any cartridges managed to procure a number. The weapon was of 32 calibre and the boys practiced with it for several days shooting mark. Friday afternoon Harry went to meet his brother coming from school and playfully pretended to hold him up. In some manner the revolver went off, sending a bullet into the boy's temple, penetrating his brain. He lived but a short time.

OUT OF SIGHT.—"Out of sight, out of mind," is an old saying which applies with special force to a sore, burn or wound that's been treated with Buckle's Arnica Salve. It's out of sight, out of mind and out of existence. Piles too and chilblains disappear under its healing influence. Guaranteed by F. D. T. Auker, druggist, 50c.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being bald without any hair. — Mrs. J. H. Fisher, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured by SARGENT & WELLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

A bolt of lightning from a sky which had been bright and clear all day struck the steeple of Ziegler church, near Haffs ville at 5 o'clock Friday evening, shattering the steeple and setting fire to the structure, which was totally destroyed. The church was the largest in Lehigh county, having a seating capacity of over 2000, and the Reformed and Lutheran congregations which worshipped there have an aggregate membership of 2500.

TWO MEN KILLED.

One of the garbage wagons of the York Sanitary Reduction Company, in charge of Joseph G. Sponsler and Hendrick, elderly men, was struck by an extra express train, southward bound on the Northern Central Railway, at Louck's mill crossing, about a mile north of York city, at 12.40 p. m. Tuesday. The two men were killed instantly, and the horses met a similar fate, the one animal being carried a considerable distance by the train. Both of the men killed were married. Mr. Sponsler resided on the Fetrow farm, north of York and Mr. Hendrick at 436 Walnut Street.

Trespass Notice.

The undersigned hereby gives notice to all persons not to trespass upon his premises in New Oxford Borough and Oxford township, for the purpose of hunting game, etc. Any person so offending will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. C. A. RUFF, New Oxford, Pa.

Notice!

The regular annual meeting of Stockholders of the McSherrytown Drainage Company will be held on Monday, October 14th, 1907, from 6 to 8 o'clock p. m., at the office of the Secretary in the Borough of McSherrytown.

F. V. TOPPER, Sec'y, McSherrytown, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

Estate of MARGARET HEITZEL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., deceased. Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.

MARIA KEHM, New Oxford, Pa. Or her Attorney, John D. Keith, Gettysburg, Pa.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM A. HINES, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa., deceased. Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated without delay for settlement.

KATE W. HINES, New Oxford, Pa. YORK TRUST COMPANY, York, Pa. Executors.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration Accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa. for confirmation and allowance, on MONDAY, 21st day of October, 1907, at 10.30 o'clock a. m., viz:

181.—First and final account of Henry H. Harman, executor of the last will and testament of Alexander Harman, late of Berwick township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

182.—First and partial account of Edwin McCandlish, executor of Edward B. Breidenbach, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

183.—First and final account of Elizabeth Hall, administratrix of Samuel J. Hall late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

184.—First and final account of H. I. Bream, executor of Peter N. Mortz, deceased, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa. D. F. STEFFY, Register.

9-26 td

NEW STORE.

FAIR & CASHMAN,
Dealers in
GROCERIES.

Stoves and Ranges,
Agate & Tinware,
Tinnery and Tinner Supplies.
Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce.

Carlisle Street, NEW OXFORD.

NEW GOODS.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

G. W. Weaver & Son,

THE LEADERS.

DRY GOODS. NOTIONS. CARPETS.

Ladies' and Children's

Ready-to-wear Goods.

Complete Lines of...

Wooltex and Other Makes of

Cloaks.
Skirts.
Suits.
Waists.
Are Now In.

Contracts for these lines were made as early as Styles were fixed--and these goods are now in. We have the assortments of large city stores, with prices based on a much lower per cent. of profit.

STYLE, QUALITY, RIGHT PRICES,

is what has given us the prestige we enjoy.

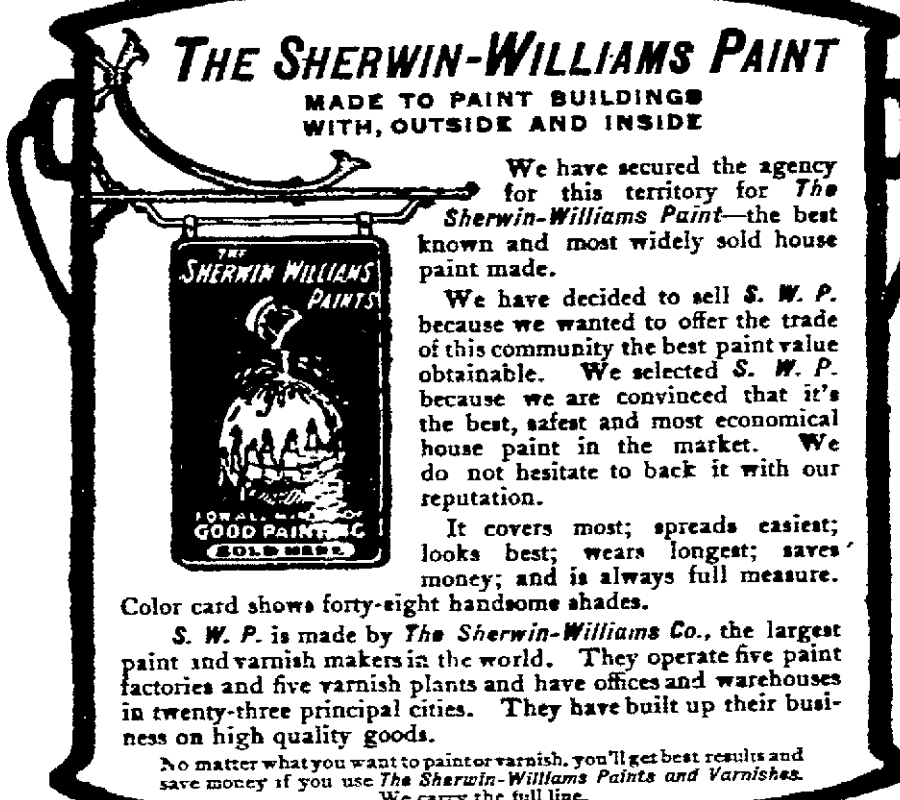
The earlier you buy this season the less you need pay.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

THE LEADERS.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH, OUTSIDE AND INSIDE

We have secured the agency for this territory for The Sherwin-Williams Paint—the best known and most widely sold house paint made.

We have decided to sell S. W. P. because we wanted to offer the trade of this community the best paint value obtainable. We selected S. W. P. because we are convinced that it's the best, safest and most economical house paint in the market. We do not hesitate to back it with our reputation.

It covers most; spreads easiest; looks best; wears longest; saves money; and is always full measure.

Color card shows forty-eight handsome shades.

S. W. P. is made by The Sherwin-Williams Co., the largest paint and varnish makers in the world. They operate five paint factories and five varnish plants and have offices and warehouses in twenty-three principal cities. They have built up their business on high quality goods.

No matter what you want to paint or varnish, you'll get best results and save money if you use The Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes. We carry the full line.

Sold by
Weaver M'fg. Co.,

How About Furnishing Your House?

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of FURNITURE AND HOME FURNISHINGS but we are quoting Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty.
R. J. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.

DEATRICK BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

Look up the new ad. of the West End Grocery.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration Accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa. for confirmation and allowance, on THURSDAY, November 7th, at 10 o'clock a. m., viz:

185.—First and final account of Joseph Kuhn, executor of the last will and testament of Christiana Rumbaugh, late of Lattietown Borough, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

186.—First and final account of John W. Yeatts, guardian of Wm. Atlee Yeatts, minor child of Wm. Yeatts, dec'd.

187.—The first and final account of Wm. McClean, Administrator of the estate of Catharine B. Artzberger, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

188.—The first and final account of W. A. Diehl and F. D. Blocher, sole surviving Executors of the last will and testament of J. W. Diehl, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

D. F. STEFFY, Register.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the IREM office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE!

Cider Making!

The Cider Press at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, one mile North of New Oxford, will be operated two days each week during season.

Tuesday & Thursday Only.

Positively no cider will be made on other days.

J. R. HARTMAN, Prop.

Now is the time to subscribe for IREM

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

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Plying highwayman Harry Kauffman, aged 19 years, accidentally shot and killed his 9 year old brother, Edward Kauffman, near Nottingham, Friday afternoon. The elder boy had won a revolver as a prize for ringing a cane at a fair and although not allowed to have any cartridges managed to procure a number. The weapon was of 32 calibre and the boys practiced with it for several days shooting mark. Friday afternoon Harry went to meet his brother coming from school and playfully pretended to hold him up. In some manner the revolver went off, sending a bullet into the boy's temple, penetrating his brain. He lived but a short time.

Out of Sight.—"Out of sight, out of mind," is an old saying which applies with special force to a sore, burn or wound that's been treated with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's out of sight, out of mind and out of existence. Files too and chilblains disappear under its healing influence. Guaranteed by F. T. Auker, druggist, 50c.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being bald without any hair."—MRS. J. H. FIFTH, COVINGTON SPRING, COLO.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufactured of
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

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Trespass Notice.

The undersigned hereby gives notice to all persons not to trespass upon his premises in New Oxford Borough and Oxford township, for the purpose of hunting game, etc. Any person so offending will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. G. A. RUFF, New Oxford, Pa.

Notice!

The regular annual meeting of Stockholders of the McSherrytown Drainage Company will be held on Monday, October 14th, 1907, from 6 to 8 o'clock p. m., at the office of the Secretary in the Borough of McSherrytown.

F. V. TOPPER, Sec'y.
McSherrytown, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

Estate of MARGARET HEITZEL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., deceased. Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.

MARIA REHM, New Oxford, Pa.
Or her Attorney, John D. Keith, Gettysburg, Pa.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM A. HIMES, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated without delay for settlement.

KATE W. HIMES, New Oxford, Pa.
YORK TRUST COMPANY, York, Pa.
Executors.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on MONDAY, 21st day of October, 1907, at 10:30 o'clock a. m., viz: 121.—First and final account of Henry H. Harman, executor of the last will and testament of Alexander Harman, late of Berwick township, Adams county, Pa., deceased. 122.—First and partial account of Edwin McCandlish executor of Edward B. Breidenbach, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., deceased. 123.—First and final account of Elizabeth Hall, administratrix of Samuel J. Hall late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., deceased. 124.—First and final account of H. L. Bream, executor of Peter N. Moritz, deceased, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

D. F. STEFFY, Register.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

G. W. Weaver & Son,

THE LEADERS.

DRY GOODS. NOTIONS. CARPETS.

Ladies' and Children's

Ready-to-wear Goods.

Complete Lines of...

Wooltex and Other Makes of

Cloaks.

Skirts.

Suits.

Waists.

Are Now In.

Contracts for these lines were made as early as Styles were fixed--and these goods are now in. We have the assortments of large city stores, with prices based on a much lower per cent. of profit.

STYLE, QUALITY, RIGHT PRICES,

is what has given us the prestige we enjoy.

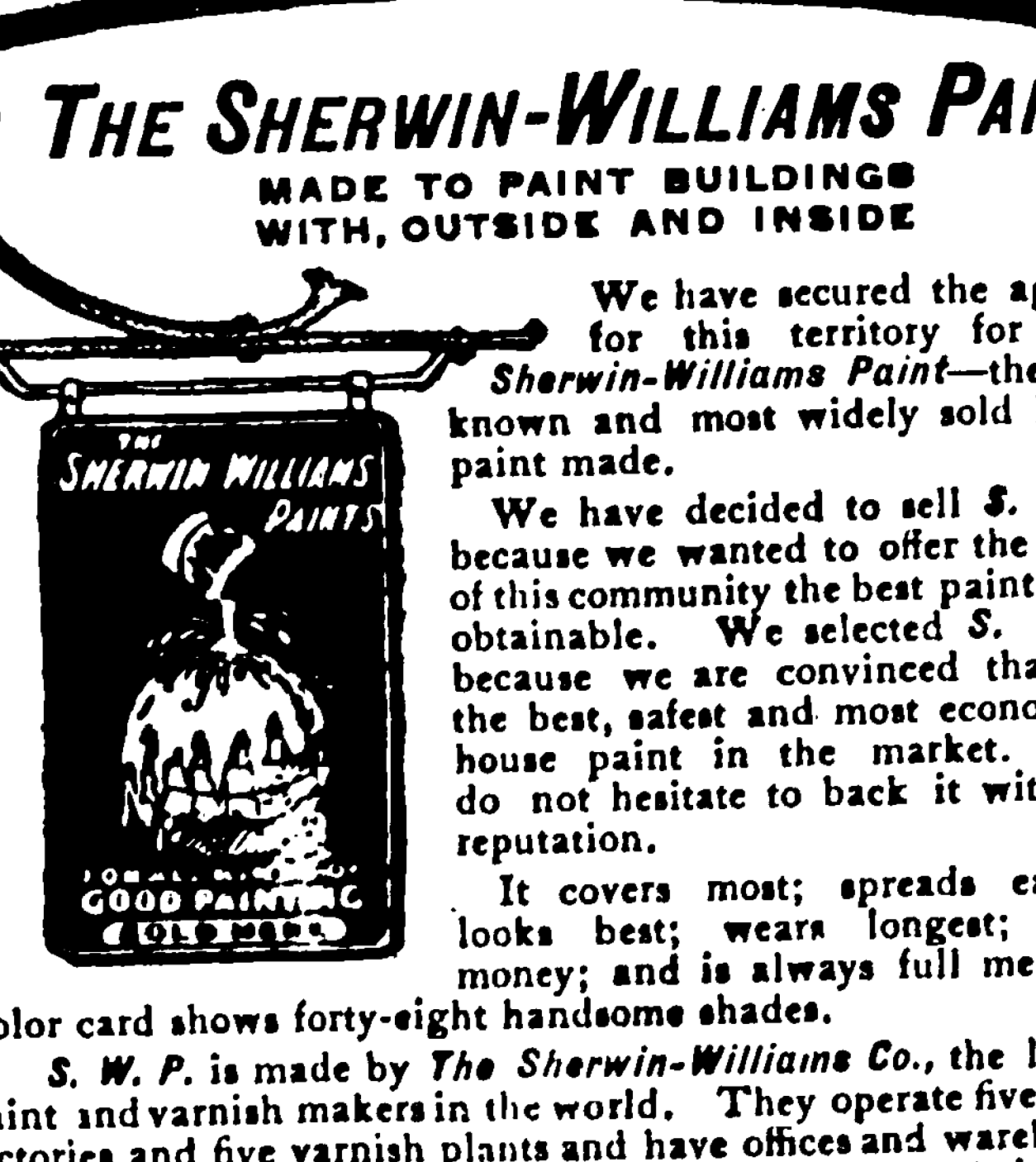
The earlier you buy this season the less you need pay.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

THE LEADERS.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT
MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS
WITH, OUTSIDE AND INSIDE

We have secured the agency for this territory for The Sherwin-Williams Paint—the best known and most widely sold house paint made.

We have decided to sell S. W. P. because we wanted to offer the trade of this community the best paint value obtainable. We selected S. W. P. because we are convinced that it's the best, safest and most economical house paint in the market. We do not hesitate to back it with our reputation.

It covers most; spreads easiest; looks best; wears longest; saves money; and is always full measure.

Color card shows forty-eight handsome shades.

S. W. P. is made by The Sherwin-Williams Co., the largest paint and varnish makers in the world. They operate five paint factories and five varnish plants and have offices and warehouses in twenty-three principal cities. They have built up their business on high quality goods.

No matter what you want to paint or varnish, you'll get best results and save money if you use The Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes. We carry the full line.

Sold by
Weaver M'fg. Co.,

How About Furnishing Your House?

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of FURNITURE AND

HOME FURNISHINGS but we are quoting Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty.

R. J. FEISER,

Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.

DEATRICK BROS.,

UNDERTAKERS,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

Look up the new ad. of the West End Grocery.

NEW STORE. FAIR & CASHMAN, Dealers in GROCERIES.

Stoves and Ranges,

Agate & Tinware,

Tinners and Tinner Supplies.

Highest Prices Paid for Country Produce.

Carlisle Street,

NEW OXFORD.

NEW GOODS.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on THURSDAY, November 7th, at 10 o'clock a. m., viz: 125.—First and final account of Joseph Kuhn, Executor of the last will and testament of Christian Kumbach, late of Littlestown Borough, deceased. 126.—First and final account of John W. Yeatts, Guardian of Wm. Atlee Yeatts, minor child of Wm. Yeatts, dec'd. 127.—First and final account of Wm. McClean, Administrator of the estate of Catharine H. Arizberger, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., deceased. 128.—First and final account of W. A. Diehl and F. D. Blocher, sole surviving Executors of the last will and testament of J. W. Diehl, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

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Cider Making!

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J. R. HARTMAN, Prop.

Now is the time to subscribe for ITEM

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement. **Advertisements** inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year. **Job Printing** of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

Here and There.

Falling under a log wagon, Edward Miller, of Shamokin, was fatally crushed.

While temporarily insane James Slattery, aged 35 years, of Tuscarora, blew out his brains with a shotgun.

During a storm Friday night lightning wrecked the home of John Strausser, of Feanbale. A child in a cradle was fatally injured.

Mrs. Elizabeth Freed, 70 years old, of Sassafrasville, fell, sustaining a broken leg. A stroke of apoplexy followed, causing her death.

Incensed because he disturbed their sleep on a porch, four thugs beat Patrolman Morning, of Altoona, insensible, paralyzing his right arm.

Stewart O'Hara, of Carlisle, a lineman for the Pennsylvania Telephone Co., was electrocuted at Lewistown on Saturday while adjusting wires on a pole.

Falling down stairs with a lighted lamp in her hand, Mrs. Sarah Martin, of St. Clair, sustained four broken ribs and was so badly crippled that her condition is extremely critical.

F. Maeda, of Tokio, and T. Kayama, of Nagoya, Japan, are in York closing a contract with the S. Morgan Smith Company for an electric power plant at Nagoya.

The 165 silk mills in operation in Pennsylvania last year gave employment to 28,908 persons, produced an output valued at \$50,456,442 and paid out in wages \$3,801,051.

Dr. Silas Gorsuch, who had long been a conspicuous figure, socially and professionally, at Gambier, Carroll County, died suddenly at that place October 8, aged 62 years. His death was caused by apoplexy.

While playing around a bonfire near the Episcopal church at Slatington, the clothing of little Polly Jones caught fire, and before help could arrive the child was so terribly burned that she died in a short time.

Lorenzo Neiman, of Phoenixville, was struck by train on the Reading railway and killed on Monday. His wife was burned to death about a year ago. Of their six children, the oldest is 10 years of age.

At present there are 217 inmates at the York county almshouse, while at this time last year there were not more than 180. This number will naturally increase when cold weather drives the tramps to shelter.

Frederick Dahlinger, engineer at the Sharon plant of the American Steel Foundry company, was killed on Monday by being shot in the head with a rifle. The shot was fired through an open window, while Dahlinger was sitting in a chair.

Otto Long and Stewart Wilson, while out hunting near Slatilton, were accidentally shot in the neck and face by W. D. Long, another hunter, who thought he saw a gray squirrel in a tree. The two men were hurried to the Altoona hospital where they are in a dangerous condition.

Joseph E. Spense, who for five years has been the sexton of Zion Lutheran Church, South Duke Street, York, was found dead in an outhouse in the graveyard in the rear of the church Thursday morning about 8 o'clock by Officer Adams. Mr. Spense was 62 years old. He is survived by his wife and six children.

A lady in Marietta a few evenings ago in her hurry to start for church took from the closet what she supposed was her dollman, threw it over her arm and on arriving at church threw it over the back of her pew when she discovered she had her husband's trousers.

Cora, the 4 year-old daughter of John H. Butts, of East Stroudsburg, fell into a nine-foot covered sewerage or drain and was carried a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, rescued and then revived, with a bruised forehead as the only apparent sign of injury. The ditch through which the child traveled is less than three feet in width in some places, two sections being connected with a pipe 18 inches in diameter.

Ellis Meisenhelter, a young man residing on his father's farm, near Dover, York county, fell from an apple tree Friday afternoon and sustained a concussion of the brain, in addition to other injuries. He was unconscious for several hours, and his condition is serious. A limb on which he was sitting broke and he fell 20 feet.

A CRIMINAL ATTACK—On an inoffensive citizen is frequently made in that apparently useless little tube called the "appendix." It's generally the result of protracted constipation, following liver torpor. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowels. 25c. at E. T. Auer's drug store.

The same old story, "did not know it was loaded," resulted in Edward Wilson, 14 years old of Conestoga, being shot in the mouth by a 32 caliber revolver in the hands of August Ceppo. Wilson was taken to the hospital in a serious condition.

Levi Jones, 68 years old, and William Carpenter, aged 34, are dying in a Pittsburg hospital from injuries received in a duel Sunday with a knife and an ice pick as weapons. The fight was promoted, it is said, by jealousy over a woman to whom both men paid attentions.

A two mule team owned by Oliver Krebs, residing near Glen Rock, York county, and being driven by his son was struck by a local freight train near his home Friday afternoon. Both mules were thrown into the air, one being killed and the other escaping without injury. The driver was also thrown from the wagon, but he too escaped injury.

York, Oct. 2.—While he was preparing for his wedding, which was to take place this afternoon, Alexander Berry, of South Queen Street, was arrested by Detective Fickes on the charge of larceny. He was committed to jail, and his marriage to Miss Emma McGee will be delayed until he is given a hearing before Alderman Jacob Stager. The young man is charged with the larceny of a bicycle.

At Reading a crying baby in the home of Joseph G. Chamberlaine probably saved the entire household from death. Mrs. Chamberlaine was awakened by the noise made by the infant, and dragged herself to a window with difficulty. After she aroused the other members of the family from their stupor investigation showed that seven gas jets had been opened by thieves.

Thomas Bertram, aged 20, tackle on the Altoona Athletic eleven and a well-known Altoona athlete, died Saturday night as the result of being kicked in the head in a scrimmage during a football game at Portager. The kick rendered Bertram unconscious at the time, but he recovered and was assured by a physician that it was nothing serious. On his way home he became ill and died shortly after being carried from the train.

The mewing of a cat which jumped upon the bed of Jacob Cole, at St. Clair, Saturday night, saved him, his wife and father from being asphyxiated by coal gas. The plaintive cries of the feline awoke him just as he was succumbing to the deadly fumes. He crawled to a window, let in fresh air and then discovered that the stove pipe had parted causing the trouble. His wife and father were saved from death only after a determined effort on the part of a physician called in.

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Also manufactured by
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CHERRY PECTORAL.

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F. V. TOPPER, Sec'y.
McSherrytown, Pa.

Executrix's Notice.

Estate of MARGARET HELTZEL, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., deceased. Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, she hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated without delay for settlement. MARIA REHM, New Oxford, Pa.
Or her Attorney, John D. Kohn, Gettysburg, Pa.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM A. HIMES, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pa., deceased. Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of said decedent, having been granted to the undersigned, they hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same to present them properly authenticated without delay for settlement. KATE W. HIMES, New Oxford, Pa.
YORK TRUST COMPANY, Executors.

Register's Notices.

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9-26 td

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

G. W. Weaver & Son,

THE LEADERS,

DRY GOODS. NOTIONS. CARPETS.

Ladies' and Children's

Ready-to-wear Goods.

Complete Lines of ...

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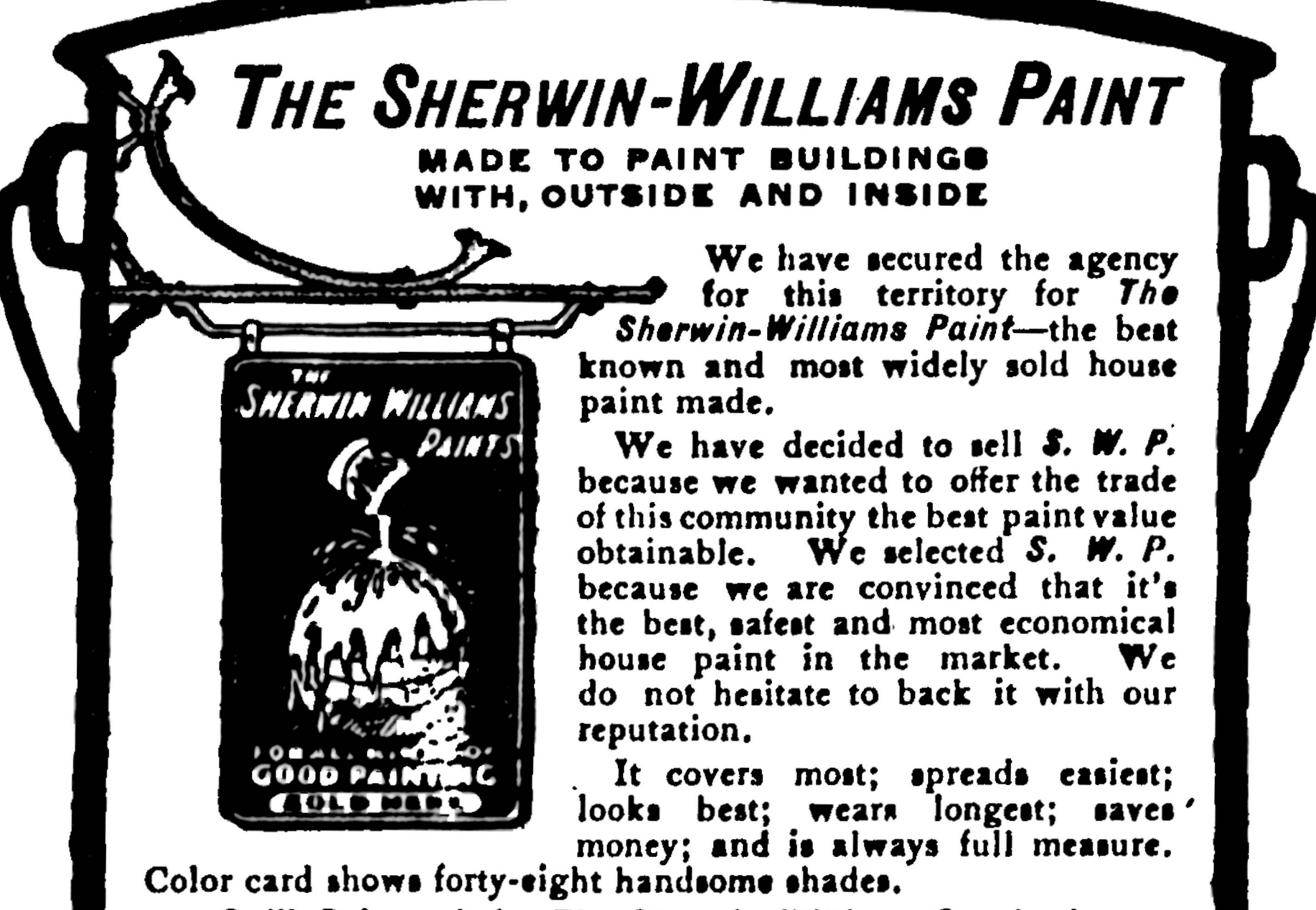
The earlier you buy this season the less you need pay.

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THE LEADERS.

Gettysburg, Pa.

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UNDERTAKING

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WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN,
HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP,
MIDDINGS, POTATOES,
COARSE AND FINE SALT,
etc., &c., also
THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.
We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.
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Tuesday & Thursday Only.

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J. R. HARTMAN, Prop.

Now is the time to subscribe for ITEM

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Gettysburg milkmen contemplate raising the price of milk from 6 to 8 cents a quart.

Fifty cent butter and 40 cent eggs will, it is said, confront housekeepers before Christmas.

Water Bottles, Syringes and Atomizers, all guaranteed to be perfect. 50c to \$3. Auker's Drug Store.

Mr. J. E. A. Smith has had cement pavements put down in front and about his home on South Orange street.

A little daughter of Charles Jacobs of Latimore township, ran a large spike through her foot on Sunday afternoon.

If you like corns keep them, if not A. D. S. Corn Remedy will remove them, 15c. Auker's Drug Store.

Contractor Darone of East Berlin, while working at the S. C. Jacobs barn had a log fall on his right foot and mashed the great toe.

Andrew Topper, a McSherrystown boy who wandered off from home the other day, was found in Gettysburg and returned home.

For Sale.—One Kitchen Cabinet, in use 6 months. Apply at Auker's Drug Store.

There are certainly a number of defective pavements about town that should be given immediate attention before the winter sets in.

Judged by results. The very best. A. S. Rheumatic Remedy. Good in severe and long standing cases. 50c and \$1.00. Auker's Drug Store.

Pius Keeney has sold his 53 acre farm near Abbottstown, to Samuel Meckley, of Hanover, who will take possession next spring. Terms private.

Mrs. Lewis Jordy of Abbottstown, tripped and fell while walking in her bedroom Thursday evening, and falling against a piece of furniture fractured a rib.

"Gilead, the late Rev. M. J. Allenman's former home at Littlestown, was sold at public sale, last Saturday to D. Milton Feeser, liveryman, of that place, for \$3,927.10.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—I. W. HARPER whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersh.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Helen Schumack and Clarence Milton Schaeffer, both of Hanover, on Wednesday evening, October 23, at 6 o'clock.

For the best assortment and the newest styles in Dress Goods call on WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Several brilliant meteors have passed over this section within the past week. The heavenly visitors of Thursday and Saturday nights seemed exceptionally voluminous.

H. V. Rahn, of near Abbottstown, has a cabbage patch in which it is estimated that there are 15,000 heads and that no less than 5,000 heads will weigh over 7½ pounds apiece.

No better place in Hanover than our store for Oil Cloth, Linoleum and Carpets.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

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Tumbling headforemost into a tub of boiling water which his mother had prepared, Earl Wrightson, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Wrightson, of Bigmount, York county, a few miles from East Berlin, was scalded to death Monday. The little fellow was gleefully playing with several children of his own age when the fatal accident occurred. He was pulled from the tub by his mother but his burns were of such a nature that death resulted shortly afterward.

William Koch, son of John Koch of Gettysburg, who has served several enlistments with Uncle Sam, and who is now a member of the 10th U. S. Regulars, at present stationed at Hantz, Alaska, sent his father several small bottles filled with gold dust and a few nuggets containing the precious metal. The 10th was sent to the above place to quell a strike, and Mr. Koch obtained the dust, etc., from the mines. In his letter, William, among other things, says that the nights are long in Alaska. It gets dark at 3 p. m., and remains dark until 9 o'clock next morning—only 6 hours' daylight.

New Addition.

E. C. Livingston one of our enterprising shoe manufacturers is having a large two-story brick addition erected to his factory cor. Golden Lane and water street. The building wing will be pushed to completion as quickly as possible. When ready for occupancy an additional large number of employees will be added to the force. This move was made necessary by the rapidly increasing demand for his product.

Wreck on the W. M.

A wreck occurred on the W. M. Railroad about 3 o'clock Saturday morning near Fowlesburg, Md., which piled up two heavy engines and six large coal cars. The wreck was caused by the front engine of the double-header jumping the track. Passenger trains from Baltimore were delayed for several hours. The train due here at 9:48 a. m., did not reach here until nearly 2 p. m. A number of persons from Hanover and other places that desired to attend the funeral of Martin Heltzel, after waiting at the depot at Hanover for some time, were obliged to hire a conveyance to make the trip, and in consequence the funeral which was to have taken place at 10:30 o'clock did not leave the house until 12 noon.

Terribly Injured by Vicious Bull.

Mr. Alexander Wolf residing on a farm near New Chester, was perhaps fatally injured by a vicious bull between 8 and 9 o'clock Monday morning. Mr. Wolf had been engaged at repairing a fence on the farm, along side a field in which the cattle were grazing. The cattle attempted to cross the fence close to where he was at work, and when he endeavored to drive them back, a large bull in the herd made a dash for him, knocking him down and bumping and tramping him to such an extent that his life is yet despaired. Mr. Wolf managed to escape from the infuriated animal by rolling himself on the ground beneath the fence to the opposite side. He then, in some manner which he cannot fully explain, dragged himself some distance to the side of the road where he was found lying helpless some time afterwards, by Mr. Wm. Shull who happened to pass that way. Assistance was secured and the unfortunate man removed to his residence. Dr. G. E. Sporz of Hampton, was quickly summoned and upon his arrival soon discovered that Mr. Wolf's injuries were of a most serious nature. Almost the entire right side of his body was crushed—the breast bone being crushed in and nine ribs broken from the backbone, besides his entire body being covered with more or less serious wounds. Had the animal not been deborned he most likely would have torn his victim to pieces. At last reports Mr. Wolf was resting as well as can be expected, though his sufferings are very great. The outcome of his injuries cannot be fully determined for some days, though his many friends hope for the better. Mr. Wolf, who about 50 years of age, is a son of Mrs. Caroline Wolf of West High street, this place.

Found Dead on Bed.

A. F. Hendrix, of Fayette, was found dead on a bed in the rooms of Prof. Harry O. Himes, in Gettysburg, formerly of this place, at 10:20 o'clock Thursday morning, death evidently having been due to heart failure. The young man had been down town and returned to the rooms of his uncle, whom he was visiting, about 10 o'clock and apparently was in the best of health. When Prof. Himes, who had been out at the time, returned to his rooms about 20 minutes later, he found the dead body of his nephew lying across the bed. Mr. Hendrix, whose mother was formerly Miss Mary Himes, daughter of the late Wm. D. Himes of this place, had spent some time with his uncle and aunt in Gettysburg during the summer, but had gone to visit his sisters in Missouri and returned to Gettysburg a few days before his death. He was a student at Harvard University, and expected to return to Cambridge on Thursday afternoon. Deceased was about 31 years of age.

The young man's parents have been deceased for some years. Private funeral services were held in the rooms of Prof. Himes at Gettysburg Saturday afternoon after which the remains and friends were brought to this place on the 4:17 train and interment made in the Himes lot on the New Oxford Cemetery.

Cave-in at Sand Bank

A cave-in at the Frock sand bank, along the Hanover road, at the edge of McSherrystown, which occurred at 10:30 a. m. Thursday, buried a horse and cart under 20 feet of sand, and Levi Reed, an employee narrowly escaped serious injury and perhaps death.

The horse and cart were in the sand hole to haul the rough sand to the crusher. The cart was being loaded while standing on a mound of sand, when the sand shifted and in a flash the cave-in was complete. The horse and cart were buried from sight, while the sand piled up to the height of 20 feet. The horse was probably smothered to death, without much suffering. It was late in the afternoon when the animal was reached. Levi Reed, who was near the horse, felt the tremor as the sand shifted and quickly he succeeded in reaching the edge of the bank, thereby saving himself from being drawn in. He was thrown down and escaped with a wrenched back.

Strange Disappearance.

John Fitzgerald disappeared from his home in Huntington township on last Saturday evening and nothing has been heard of since. In company with his father in law, Joseph Simpson, he was in town on Saturday afternoon attending the cattle sale. Soon after supper Fitzgerald left, taking with him a revolver and rubber blanket. His wife was prostrated when she learned of his departure and has been ill ever since. Sunday men were scouring the surrounding country in search of the missing man but nothing could be gleaned except that a rumor came that he had been seen near Hunters Run.

John is a quiet inoffensive fellow and is well liked in the community. No cause can be given for his rash action.—York Springs Comet.

Bitten by Dog.

Mr. John Weaver, Jr., an Employee of the Weaver Mfg. Co., Hanover street, was unfortunate enough to be bitten by a dog on Monday. Two dogs belonging to Mr. William Miller happened into the shop and when Mr. Weaver attempted to play with the one the other ran up and bit his four large teeth into the flesh of his right arm between the wrist and elbow, causing the blood to flow quite freely. The wound was promptly cauterized by a local physician.

Death Doings.

Martin Heltzel, one of the town's most widely known and highly esteemed citizens, died at the York City Hospital at 9:30 o'clock last Wednesday evening, from cancer of the stomach. As stated last week, Mr. Heltzel's health had been failing for some time and he was taken to the hospital on Monday, Sept. 30, with the hope that life might be prolonged by a surgical operation, but to no avail. Mr. Heltzel, who was aged 66 years, 1 month and 16 days, was a son of the late Daniel Heltzel, and was born, reared and spent his entire life here. Deceased learned the shoemaking trade when young but followed the business for only a short period. For many years he conducted a restaurant in a small building on Center Square where the Smith house now stands, and later engaged in the baking business, which he disposed of some years ago. At the time of his death he was doing some farming about town and was borough Constable. About 40 years ago he was united in marriage with Miss Candace la Shane, daughter of the late George Shane, who survives him, with three brothers—Jacob Heltzel of Pitt street; Alfred, of York, and William, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Heltzel was a hardworking, sober and industrious citizen, good natured and ever ready to assist and favor his neighbor.

His remains were brought from York to his late home on Philadelphia street by Undertaker Feiser and Mr. C. A. Diehl Thursday afternoon, from which place the funeral was held at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. After services at the house interment was made in the New Oxford Cemetery, Rev. Dr. W. A. Korn officiating.

Mrs. Mary A. Heagy, widow of Wesley Heagy, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jacob M. Wehler, Hanover, at 7 a. m. last Wednesday from a complication of diseases, aged 72 years. Deceased was a daughter of David March, of Hamilton township, Adams county, and was married about fifty years ago to Wesley Heagy son of Daniel Heagy, also of Hamilton township, who died twenty years ago. One daughter, Mrs. Jacob M. Wehler, survives her, and one brother, Christian March, of East Berlin. Funeral Friday, Oct. 4, at 9:30 a. m., at the house, with services conducted by Rev. S. P. Manger, assisted by Rev. Ellis S. Hay. Interment in New Oxford Cemetery. Mrs. Heagy resided on their farm in Hamilton township until the death of her son, which occurred several years ago, since when she has made her home with her daughter in Hanover.

By the death of Jesse Bollinger, which occurred at 12:50 p. m. last Wednesday, Hanover lost one of its most widely known citizens, who for a number of years was prominent in the commercial life of the community. For more than a year deceased was a sufferer from valvular heart trouble, and about six weeks ago he took his bed growing gradually weaker, until the end came. He was aged 64 years, 7 months and 19 days.

Lela, the 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Grimes, died at 2 p. m. Friday, Oct. 4, at her home in Hanover of acute indigestion.

It is less than a day, John Bretz, a prominent hotel proprietor of Littlestown who formerly resided in Harrisburg, died Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock from pneumonia. Until Friday evening he was in good health and complained only of a little cold. He transacted some business in Harrisburg on Thursday and the next day contracted a cold. Late Friday night he called his wife and child to his side and asked to have a physician summoned. His condition grew worse until Saturday noon, when the attending physician pronounced his condition as being very critical. It was not many more hours before he died. The deceased was proprietor of the Central hotel and manager of the Littlestown opera house. He was also connected with other local enterprises. He is survived by his wife and one child, Eliza. Deceased was 39 years of age.

Dr. J. S. Bender died at his home in Carlisle Sunday morning after an illness of several days of heart trouble. Troubles do not come singly. In his home, Mrs. Thomas Conlyn, mother of Mrs. Bender, lies critically ill. She does not know that he is dead.

Jacob S. Bender was born in Bendersville, Sept. 24, 1834. His grandfather, Conrad Bender, was a native of Germany, came to this country as a young man and settled at Hanover. He had two sons, Jacob and Henry, who laid out the town of Bendersville. Dr. Bender was a son of the former. In 1852 he graduated from a Homeopathic medical college and was at once appointed assistant surgeon with rank of lieutenant of the 29th Regt. Pa. Vols. and remained in the service until the end of the war. He saw hard service, was with Sherman on his "march to the sea," was at the battle of Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain and many other engagements. At the close of the war he went west and practiced medicine in the territory between Omaha and the Rocky Mountains for four years, then returned to Carlisle, where he practiced his profession up to the time of his death. He is survived by his wife and one daughter.

Since the above has been in type we learn that Mrs. Conlyn, mother of Mrs. Bender, died on Monday morning.

Mrs. Mary Steer died at the County

Home at 6 o'clock Monday morning from the infirmities of old age. Mrs. Steer had been at the home only since Friday. She is survived by two sons, Charles and Harry, and one daughter, Mrs. Long, of Cumberland township.

Edward C. Young, a well-known cigar manufacturer, died Monday evening, Oct. 7, about 4 o'clock, at his home in Hanover, aged about 72 years. He had been ill for a long time from cancer. He is survived by his wife, 6 sons and 2 daughters. He is also survived by one sister, Miss Rebecca M. Young, of Buchanan Valley, Adams county. Deceased was a son of the late William Young, of Abbottstown.

Mrs. Martha A. Price died Monday morning at 9 o'clock at her residence in Waynesboro. Mrs. Price was born near the Marsh Creek, Adams county, August 23d, 1840. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marks Forney and was married to William A. Price, on his return from the army on December 31st, 1865, by Rev. W. R. Deatrick. The following year they moved to Waynesboro where they have since resided. Deceased is survived by her husband and one brother, John M. Forney, of Gettysburg, and one sister, Mrs. Larina Kepner, of Marsh Run, Adams county, and an adopted son, Howard Price.

Hymenial.

Rev. John W. Long, a graduate of Dickinson College and pastor of the M. E. church, Littlestown, and Miss Mildred L. Lewis, daughter of former State Senator Lewis, of Dover, Del., were married last Tuesday. The wedding ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents.

Mr. Chas. Ackerman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ackerman of Irishtown, and Miss Maggie Timmins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Timmins of near Storm's Store, Mountpleasant township, were united in marriage in a Nuptial Mass at Conewago Chapel Tuesday morning by Rev. Eugene Haltermeyer.

Mr. Charles Lawrence, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Lawrence, of Irishtown, and Miss Carrie Krichten, daughter of Mr. Lewis Krichten of McSherrystown, were united in marriage in a Nuptial Mass in St. Mary Church, McSherrystown, Tuesday morning, by Rev. Fr. Brown.

Clement Weaver, son of Lewis Weaver, of Littlestown, and Miss Rosa A. Sneider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sneider, of Hanover, were married at St. Joseph's Catholic church at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Father Huber.

Oct. 6, at the Lutheran parsonage at Dover, James M. Nagle of York, and Miss Minnie Hever of Bermdan, Adams county, were married by Rev. Dr. Fastnacht.

Bloody Fight.

Gettysburg, Oct. 8.—One broken nose, one broken arm, several lost teeth, much blood spilt, and a hundred students thoroughly soaked by rain is the sum total of the first class rush held at Gettysburg College since the Fall of 1900 and which took place on the college campus shortly after 10 o'clock Monday night. The Sophomores and Freshmen battled in front of the old dormitory for half an hour in a drenching rain and by the light of torches held aloft by upper classmen. Blood flowed freely and some of the men were badly battered and bruised. The direct cause of the conflict was the hazing which the second year men have been carrying on for the past few weeks.

An Invitation to the Ladies.

The Citizens Band of New Oxford respectfully request the Ladies of town and vicinity to meet in the Eagle Hotel parlor on Monday evening, Oct. 14, at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of making arrangements for holding a Ladies Fair and Festival for the benefit of the Band.

This organization finds it necessary, in order to better maintain their high standard of music, to purchase some new instruments, and it is for this purpose the fair is to be held. All the members are deeply interested and are putting forth every effort to make the Citizens Band of New Oxford, the crack musical organization of this section of the State. Certainly the people of town and vicinity should stand ready to co-operate with us in our efforts.

Come, bring your neighbors and lend us your assistance in making the fair a success. CITIZENS BAND.

Mr. Jacob N. Swartz, who has been ill at the home of his nephew, Mr. A. Walman, along the York pike, midway between this place and Abbottstown, for several months past, was last week removed to the York City Hospital for treatment.

PERSONAL.

Geo. D. Sheely, clerk in the Baltimore City postoffice, with his wife and daughter, spent the past week at the home of his mother, Mrs. James Sheely, at the edge of town.

Mrs. Minnie Smith and children, of Clear Springs, York county, spent Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ben J. Feiser, Philadelphia street.

Rev. F. Hesse, of Smithsburg, Md., paid a short visit to friends here last week. Rev. W. E. Martin, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, attended Forty Hours Devotion at Harrisburg the forepart of the week.

Mr. F. P. Straley, wife and family, of Stateville, N. C., are spending some time with parents and friends in this place and vicinity.

Mr. David Ditzler and wife, of Dixon, Ill., is spending some time with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Ditzler, Berlin Ave., and other friends in this vicinity. This is Mr. Ditzler's first visit to this section and the home of his mother in ten years.

Visitor From Iowa.

William H. Creager, born and raised at Cedar Ridge, this county, but for over 40 years a resident of Iowa, has been visiting relatives in this section. He is accompanied by his wife. They are old settlers in Bremer county, Iowa, and think there is no place like Iowa. Mr. Creager has a farm of 300 acres, a nursery of 30 acres, which he owns and manages with his sons. They also have large interests in the State of Washington. The best of all Mr. Creager has, he says, notwithstanding he took a grand prize at the Paris Exposition on oats and fine blooded stock, is his five boys and one daughter, the youngest just 21 years of age.

Teams Collide.

A team owned by Harry Krentzler, of near Swartz's school house, and another owned by liveryman Eichelberger, Hanover, and driven by Florence Noel, of Mt. Rock, collided near the toll gate, at Midway, about 11 o'clock Monday night. Mr. Krentzler's buggy was badly wrecked and his horse injured by the end of the shaft of Eichelberger's buggy entering his breast to the depth of three inches. Neither of the occupants were injured.

Pensions Issued.

At \$12 a month—Edwin R. Ebaugh, Hanover; William H. Krug, Hanover; John Warren, Biglerville; Levi Shindlecker, Fairfield.

At \$15 a month—Leander Bowers, R. R. D. No. 4, New Oxford.

At \$20 a month—William Fleming, New Chester; Samuel R. McAllister, Gettysburg.

Council Proceedings.

October 1.—Regular session; present Messrs. Dicks, Schnell, McGaughy, Sheely and Feiser; President Sheely presided; minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Street Committee.—No special report. E. C. Livingston was granted permit to erect a two-story 24x30 feet brick addition to his shoe factory.

Complaint having been made about not lighting street lamps when it is cloudy during moonlight nights the lamplighter was instructed to light the lamps when it is cloudy and disagreeable even though it be during the moonlight period.

Water Committee.—Mr. Schnell reported that nozzles are now used by a few parties who have not been using them heretofore.

Town Property.—T. McGaughy reported that the roof at the pumping station is in bad condition. Referred to committee on town property. The committee was also instructed to get shovel and other necessary things for use at the engine house.

Bills to the amount of \$135.89 were examined and orders granted for payment, Borough \$119.34; Water 16.55.

T. E. BOWER, Sec'y.

Special Excursion Rates.

On account of Old Home Week at Baltimore, October 13th to 19th, the W. M. Railroad will sell excursion tickets good during the entire week, and will also run excursion trains with special cheap one-day excursion tickets on Tuesday Oct. 15. The special train on Tuesday, (Military Day,) will leave New Oxford at 7:37: fare for round trip \$1.00. Returning train will leave Hillen Station Baltimore, at 11:15 p. m.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman

Choice Wheat.....	98
No. 2.....	95
Raked.....	50
Rye.....	55 @ 65
Corn.....	65 @ 70
Oats.....	32 @ 28
Clover seed, per lb.....	10 @ 13
Timothy seed.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....	6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....	10 00 @ 14 00

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Gettysburg milkmen contemplate raising the price of milk from 6 to 8 cents a quart.

Fifty cent butter and 40 cent eggs will, it is said, confront housekeepers before Christmas.

Water Bottles, Syringes and Atomizers, all guaranteed to be perfect. 50c to \$3. Auker's Drug Store.

Mr. J. S. A. Smith has had cement pavements put down in front and about his home on South Orange street.

A little daughter of Charles Jacobs of Latimore township, ran a large spike through her foot on Sunday afternoon.

If you like corn keep them, if not A. D. S. Corn Remedy will remove them, 15c. Auker's Drug Store.

Contractor Darone of East Berlin, while working at the S. C. Jacobs barn had a log fall on his right foot and mashed the great toe.

Andrew Topper, a McSherrystown boy who wandered off from home the other day, was found in Gettysburg and returned home.

FOR SALE.—One Kitchen Cabinet, in use 6 months. Apply at Auker's Drug Store.

There are certainly a number of defective pavements about town that should be given immediate attention before the winter sets in.

Judged by results. The very best. A. S. Rheumatic Remedy. Good in severe and long standing cases. 50c and \$1.00. Auker's Drug Store.

Pius Keeney has sold his 53 acre farm near Abbottstown, to Samuel Meckley, of Hanover, who will take possession next spring. Terms private.

Mrs. Lewis Jody of Abbottstown, tripped and fell while walking in her bedroom Thursday evening, and falling against a piece of furniture fractured a rib.

"Gilead, the late Rev. M. J. Allenman's former home at Littlestown, was sold at public sale, last Saturday to D. Milton Feaser, liveryman, of that place, for \$3,927.10.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—L. W. HARPER whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersh.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Helen Schmuck and Clarence Milton Schaeffer, both of Hanover, on Wednesday evening, October 23, at 6 o'clock.

For the best assortment and the newest styles in Dress Goods call on WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Several brilliant meteors have passed over this section within the past week. The heavenly visitors of Thursday and Saturday nights seemed exceptionally voluminous.

H. V. Rahn, of near Abbottstown, has a cabbage patch in which it is estimated that there are 15,000 heads and that no less than 5,000 heads will weigh over 7½ pounds apiece.

No better place in Hanover than our store for Oil Cloth, Linoleum and Carpets.

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Tumbling headforemost into a tub of boiling water which his mother had prepared, Earl Wrightson, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Wrightson, of Bigmount, York county, a few miles from East Berlin, was scalded to death Monday. The little fellow was gleefully playing with several children of his own age when the fatal accident occurred. He was pulled from the tub by his mother but his burns were of such a nature that death resulted shortly afterward.

William Koch, son of John Koch of Gettysburg, who has served several enlistments with Uncle Sam, and who is now a member of the 10th U. S. Regulars, at present stationed at Hantz, Alaska, sent his father several small bottles filled with gold dust and a few nuggets containing the precious metal. The 10th was sent to the above place to quell a strike, and Mr. Koch obtained the dust, etc., from the mines. In his letter, William, among other things, says that the nights are long in Alaska. It gets dark at 3 p. m., and remains dark until 9 o'clock next morning—only 6 hours' daylight.

New Addition.

E. C. Livingston one of our enterprising shoe manufacturers is having a large two-story brick addition erected to his factory cor. Golden Lane and water street. The building wing will be pushed to completion as quickly as possible. When ready for occupancy an additional large number of employees will be added to the force. This move was made necessary by the rapidly increasing demand for his product.

Wreck on the W. M.

A wreck occurred on the W. M. Railroad about 3 o'clock Saturday morning near Fowlesburg, Md., which piled up two heavy engines and six large coal cars. The wreck was caused by the front engine of the double header jumping the track. Passenger trains from Baltimore were delayed for several hours. The train due here at 9:48 a. m., did not reach here until nearly 2 p. m. A number of persons from Hanover and other places that desired to attend the funeral of Martin Heltzel, after waiting at the depot at Hanover for some time, were obliged to hire a conveyance to make the trip, and in consequence the funeral which was to have taken place at 10:30 o'clock did not leave the house until 12 noon.

Terribly Injured by Vicious Bull.

Mr. Alexander Wolf residing on a farm near New Chester, was perhaps fatally injured by a vicious bull between 8 and 9 o'clock Monday morning. Mr. Wolf had been engaged at repairing a fence on the farm, along side a field in which the cattle were grazing. The cattle attempted to cross the fence close to where he was at work, and when he endeavored to drive them back, a large bull in the herd made a dash for him, knocking him down and bumping and tramping him to such an extent that his life is yet despaired. Mr. Wolf managed to escape from the infuriated animal by rolling himself on the ground beneath the fence to the opposite side. He then, in some manner which he cannot fully explain, dragged himself some distance to the side of the road where he was found lying helpless some time afterwards, by Mr. Wm. Shull who happened to pass that way. Assistance was secured and the unfortunate man removed to his residence. Dr. G. E. Spatz of Hampton, was quickly summoned and upon his arrival soon discovered that Mr. Wolf's injuries were of a most serious nature. Almost the entire right side of his body was crushed—the breast bone being crushed in and nine ribs broken from the backbone, besides his entire body being covered with more or less serious wounds. Had the animal not been dehorned he most likely would have torn his victim to pieces. At last reports Mr. Wolf was resting as well as can be expected, though his sufferings are very great. The outcome of his injuries cannot be fully determined for some days, though his many friends hope for the better. Mr. Wolf, who about 50 years of age, is a son of Mrs. Caroline Wolf of West High street, this place.

Found Dead on Bed.

A. F. Hendrix, of Fayette, was found dead on a bed in the rooms of Prof. Harry O. Himes, in Gettysburg, formerly of this place, at 10:20 o'clock Thursday morning, death evidently having been due to heart failure. The young man had been down town and returned to the rooms of his uncle, whom he was visiting, about 10 o'clock and apparently was in the best of health. When Prof. Himes, who had been out at the time, returned to his rooms about 20 minutes later, he found the dead body of his nephew lying across the bed. Mr. Hendrix, whose mother was formerly Miss Mary Himes, daughter of the late Wm. D. Himes of this place, had spent some time with his uncle and aunt in Gettysburg during the summer, but had gone to visit his sisters in Missouri and returned to Gettysburg a few days before his death. He was a student at Harvard University, and expected to return to Cambridge on Thursday afternoon. Deceased was about 31 years of age.

The young man's parents have been deceased for some years. Private funeral services were held in the rooms of Prof. Himes at Gettysburg Saturday afternoon after which the remains and friends were brought to this place on the 4:17 train and interment made in the Himes lot on the New Oxford Cemetery.

Cave-in at Sand Bank.

A cave-in at the Brock sand bank, along the Hanover road, at the edge of McSherrystown, which occurred at 10:30 a. m. Thursday, buried a horse and cart under 20 feet of sand, and Levi Reed, an employee narrowly escaped serious injury and perhaps death.

The horse and cart were in the sand hole to haul the rough sand to the crusher. The cart was being loaded while standing on a mound of sand, when the sand shifted and in a flash the cave-in was complete. The horse and cart were buried from sight, while the sand piled up to the height of 20 feet. The horse was probably smothered to death, without much suffering. It was late in the afternoon when the animal was reached. Levi Reed, who was near the horse, felt the tremor as the sand shifted and quickly he succeeded in reaching the edge of the bank, thereby saving himself from being drawn in. He was thrown down and escaped with a wrenched back.

Strange Disappearance.

John Fitzgerald disappeared from his home in Huntington township on last Saturday evening and nothing has been heard of since. In company with his father in law, Joseph Simpson, he was in town on Saturday afternoon attending the cattle sale. Soon after supper Fitzgerald left, taking with him a revolver and rubber blanket. His wife was prostrated when she learned of his departure and has been ill ever since. Sunday men were scouring the surrounding country in search of the missing man but nothing could be gleaned except that a rumor came that he had been seen near Hunters Run.

John is a quiet inoffensive fellow and is well liked in the community. No cause can be given for his rash action.—York Springs Comet.

Bitten by Dog.

Mr. John Weaver, Jr., an Employee of the Weaver M'fg. Co., Hanover street, was unfortunate enough to be bitten by a dog on Monday. Two dogs belonging to Mr. William Miller happened into the shop and when Mr. Weaver attempted to play with the one the other ran up sank his four large teeth into the flesh of his right arm between the wrist and elbow, causing the blood to flow quite freely. The wound was promptly cauterized by a local physician.

Death Doings.

Martin Heltzel, one of the town's most widely known and highly esteemed citizens, died at the York City Hospital at 9:30 o'clock last Wednesday evening, from cancer of the stomach. As stated last week, Mr. Heltzel's health had been failing for some time and he was taken to the hospital on Monday, Sept. 30, with the hope that life might be prolonged by a surgical operation, but to no avail. Mr. Heltzel, who was aged 64 years, 1 month and 16 days, was a son of the late Daniel Heltzel, and was born, reared and spent his entire life here. Deceased learned the shoemaking trade when young but followed the business for only a short period. For many years he conducted a restaurant in a small building on Center Square where the Smith house now stands, and later engaged in the baking business, which he disposed of some years ago. At the time of his death he was doing some farming about town and was borough Constable. About 40 years ago he was united in marriage with Miss Cindarella Shane, daughter of the late George Shane, who survives him, with three brothers—Jacob Heltzel of Pitt street; Alfred, of York, and William, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Heltzel was a hardworking, sober and industrious citizen, good natured and ever ready to assist and favor his neighbor.

His remains were brought from York to his late home on Philadelphia street by Undertaker Feiser and Mr. C. A. Diehl Thursday afternoon, from which place the funeral was held at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. After services at the house interment was made in the New Oxford Cemetery, Rev. Dr. W. A. Korn officiating.

Mrs. Mary A. Heagy, widow of Wesley Heagy, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jacob M. Wehler, Hanover, at 7 a. m. last Wednesday from a complication of diseases, aged 72 years. Deceased was a daughter of David March, of Hamilton township, Adams county, and was married about fifty years ago to Wesley Heagy son of Daniel Heagy, also of Hamilton township, who died twenty years ago. One daughter, Mrs. Jacob M. Wehler, survives her, and one brother, Christian March, of East Berlin. Funeral Friday, Oct. 4, at 9:30 a. m., at the house, with services conducted by Rev. S. P. Manger, assisted by Rev. Ellis S. Hay. Interment in New Oxford Cemetery. Mrs. Heagy resided on their farm in Hamilton township until the death of her son, which occurred several years ago, since when she has made her home with her daughter in Hanover.

By the death of Jesse Bollinger, which occurred at 12:50 p. m. last Wednesday, Hanover lost one of its most widely known citizens, who for a number of years was prominent in the commercial life of the community. For more than a year deceased was a sufferer from valvular heart trouble, and about six weeks ago he took his bed growing gradually weaker, until the end came. He was aged 64 years, 7 months and 19 days.

Lela, the 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Grimes, died at 2 p. m. Friday, Oct. 4, at her home in Hanover of acute indigestion.

It is less than a day, John Bretz, a prominent hotel proprietor of Littlestown who formerly resided in Harrisburg, died Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock from pneumonia. Until Friday evening he was in good health and complained only of a little cold. He transacted some business in Harrisburg on Thursday and the next day contracted a cold. Late Friday night he called his wife and child to his side and asked to have a physician summoned. His condition grew worse until Saturday noon, when the attending physician pronounced his condition as being very critical. It was not many more hours before he died. The deceased was proprietor of the Central hotel and manager of the Littlestown opera house. He was also connected with other local enterprises. He is survived by his wife and one child, Eliza. Deceased was 39 years of age.

Dr. J. S. Bender died at his home in Carlisle Sunday morning after an illness of several days of heart trouble. Troubles do not come singly. In his home, Mrs. Thomas Conlyn, mother of Mrs. Bender, lies critically ill. She does not know that he is dead.

Jacob S. Bender was born in Bendersville, Sept. 24, 1834. His grandfather, Conrad Bender, was a native of Germany, came to this country as a young man and settled at Hanover. He had two sons, Jacob and Henry, who laid out the town of Bendersville. Dr. Bender was a son of the former. In 1862 he graduated from a Homeopathic medical college and was at once appointed assistant surgeon with rank of lieutenant of the 29th Regt. Pa. Vols. and remained in the service until the end of the war. He saw hard service, was with Sherman on his "march to the sea," was at the battle of Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain and many other engagements. At the close of the war he went west and practiced medicine in the territory between Omaha and the Rocky Mountains for four years, then returned to Carlisle, where he practiced his profession up to the time of his death. He is survived by his wife and one daughter.

Since the above has been in type we learn that Mrs. Conlyn, mother of Mrs. Bender, died on Monday morning.

Mrs. Mary Steer died at the County

Home at 6 o'clock Monday morning from the infirmities of old age. Mrs. Steer had been at the home only since Friday. She is survived by two sons, Charles and Harry, and one daughter, Mrs. Long, of Cumberland township.

Edward C. Young, a well-known cigar manufacturer, died Monday evening, Oct. 7, about 4 o'clock, at his home in Hanover, aged about 72 years. He had been ill for a long time from cancer. He is survived by his wife, 6 sons and 2 daughters. He is also survived by one sister, Miss Rebecca M. Young, of Buchanan Valley, Adams county. Deceased was a son of the late William Young, of Abbottstown.

Mrs. Martha A. Price died Monday morning at 9 o'clock at her residence in Waynesboro. Mrs. Price was born near the Marsh Creek, Adams county, August 23d, 1840. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marks Forney and was married to William A. Price, on his return from the army on December 31st, 1865, by Rev. W. R. Deatrick. The following year they moved to Waynesboro where they have since resided. Deceased is survived by her husband and one brother, John M. Forney, of Gettysburg, and one sister, Mrs. Larina Kepner, of Marsh Run, Adams county, and an adopted son, Howard Price.

Hymenial.

Rev. John W. Long, a graduate of Dickinson College and pastor of the M. E. church, Littlestown, and Miss Mildred L. Lewis, daughter of former State Senator Lewis, of Dover, Del., were married last Tuesday. The wedding ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents.

Mr. Chas. Ackerman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ackerman of Irishstown, and Miss Maggie Timmins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Timmins of near Storm's Store, Mountpleasant township, were united in marriage in a Nuptial Mass at Conewago Chapel Tuesday morning by Rev. Eugene Haltermeyer.

Mr. Charles Lawrence, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Lawrence, of Irishstown, and Miss Carrie Krichten, daughter of Mr. Lewis Krichten of McSherrystown, were united in marriage in a Nuptial Mass in St. Mary Church, McSherrystown, Tuesday morning, by Rev. Fr. Brown.

Clement Weaver, son of Lewis Weaver, of Littlestown, and Miss Rosa A. Sneider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sneider, of Hanover, were married at St. Joseph's Catholic church at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Father Huber.

Oct. 6, at the Lutheran parsonage at Dover, James M. Nagle of York, and Miss Minnie Hever of Bermudian, Adams county, were married by Rev. Dr. Fastnacht.

Bloody Fight.

Gettysburg, Oct. 8.—One broken nose, one broken arm, several lost teeth, much blood spilt, and a hundred students thoroughly soaked by rain is the sum total of the first class rush held at Gettysburg College since the Fall of 1900 and which took place on the college campus shortly after 10 o'clock Monday night. The Sophomores and Freshmen battled in front of the old dormitory for half an hour in a drenching rain and by the light of torches held aloft by upper classmen. Blood flowed freely and some of the men were badly battered and bruised. The direct cause of the conflict was the hazing which the second year men have been carrying on for the past few weeks.

An Invitation to the Ladies.

The Citizens Band of New Oxford respectfully request the Ladies of town and vicinity to meet in the Eagle Hotel parlor on Monday evening, Oct. 14, at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of making arrangements for holding a Ladies Fair and Festival for the benefit of the Band.

This organization finds it necessary, in order to better maintain their high standard of music, to purchase some new instruments, and it is for this purpose the fair is to be held. All the members are deeply interested and are putting forth every effort to make the Citizens Band of New Oxford, the crack musical organization of this section of the State. Certainly the people of town and vicinity should stand ready to co-operate with us in our efforts.

Come, bring your neighbors and lend us your assistance in making the fair a success. CITIZENS BAND.

Mr. Jacob N. Swartz, who has been ill at the home of his nephew, Mr. A. Waltman, along the York pike, midway between this place and Abbottstown, for several months past, was last week removed to the York City Hospital for treatment.

PERSONAL.

Geo. D. Sheely, clerk in the Baltimore City postoffice, with his wife and daughter, spent the past week at the home of his mother, Mrs. James Sheely, at the edge of town.

Mrs. Minnie Smith and children, of Clear Springs, York county, spent Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Rosa J. Feiser, Philadelphia street.

Rev. F. Hesse, of Smithsburg, Md., paid a short visit to friends here last week. Rev. W. E. Martin, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, attended Forty Hours Devotion at Harrisburg the forepart of the week.

Mr. F. P. Straley, wife and family, of Statesville, N. C., are spending some time with parents and friends in this place and vicinity.

Mr. David Ditzler and wife, of Dixon, Ill., is spending some time with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Ditzler, Berlin Ave., and other friends in this vicinity. This is Mr. Ditzler's first visit to this section and the home of his mother in ten years.

Visitor From Iowa.

William H. Creager, born and raised at Cedar Ridge, this county, but for over 40 years a resident of Iowa, has been visiting relatives in this section. He is accompanied by his wife. They are old settlers in Bremer county, Iowa, and think there is no place like Iowa. Mr. Creager has a farm of 300 acres, a nursery of 30 acres, which he owns and manages with his sons. They also have large interests in the State of Washington. The best of all Mr. Creager has, he says, notwithstanding he took a grand prize at the Paris Exposition on oats and fine blooded stock, is his five boys and one daughter, the youngest just 21 years of age.

Teams Collide.

A team owned by Harry Krentzler, of near Swartz's school house, and another owned by liveryman Eichelberger, Hanover, and driven by Florence Noel, of Mt. Rock, collided near the toll gate, at Midway, about 11 o'clock Monday night. Mr. Krentzler's buggy was badly wrecked and his horse injured by the end of the shaft of Eichelberger's buggy entering his breast to the depth of three inches. Neither of the occupants were injured.

Pensions Issued.

At \$12 a month—Edwin R. Ebaugh, Hanover; William H. Krug, Hanover; John Warren, Biglerville; Levi Shindeldecker, Fairfield.
At \$15 a month—Leander Bowers, R. F. D. No. 4, New Oxford.
At \$20 a month—William Fleming, New Chester; Samuel R. McAllister, Gettysburg.

Council Proceedings.

October 1.—Regular session; present Messrs. Dicks, Schnell, McGaughy, Sheely and Feiser; President Sheely presided; minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Street Committee.—No special report. E. C. Livingston was granted permit to erect a two-story 24x30 feet brick addition to his shoe factory.

Complaint having been made about not lighting street lamps when it is cloudy during moonlight nights the lamplighter was instructed to light the lamps when it is cloudy and disagreeable even though it be during the moonlight period.

Water Committee.—Mr. Schnell reported that nozzles are now used by a few parties who have not been using them heretofore.

Town Property.—T. McGaughy reported that the roof at the pumping station is in bad condition. Referred to committee on town property. The committee was also instructed to get shovel and other necessary things for use at the engine house.

Bills to the amount of \$135.89 were examined and orders granted for payment, Borough \$119.34; Water 16.55.

T. E. Bower, Sec'y.

Special Excursion Rates.

On account of Old Home Week at Baltimore, October 13th to 19th, the W. M. Railroad will sell excursion tickets good during the entire week, and will also run excursion trains with special cheap one-day excursion tickets on Tuesday Oct. 15. The special train on Tuesday, (Military Day,) will leave New Oxford at 7:37; fare for round trip \$1.00. Returning train will leave Hillen Station Baltimore, at 11:15 p. m.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$.98
No. 2 "..... \$.95
Raked "..... \$.50
Rye..... \$.65 @ .70
Corn..... \$.65 @ .70
Oats..... \$.22 @ .25
Clover seed, per lb..... \$.10 @ .12
Timothy seed..... \$ 1.00 @ 1.50
Rye Straw..... \$.60 @ .70
Timothy hay..... \$.10 @ .14 @ .16

The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin, pale children is magical.
It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.
It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.
ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Gettysburg milkmen contemplate raising the price of milk from 6 to 8 cents a quart.

Fifty cent butter and 40 cent eggs will, it is said, confront housekeepers before Christmas.

Water Bottles, Syringes and Atomizers, all guaranteed to be perfect. 50c to \$3. Auker's Drug Store.

Mr. J. S. A. Smith has had cement pavements put down in front and about his home on South Orange street.

A little daughter of Charles Jacobs of Latimore township, ran a large spike through her foot on Sunday afternoon.

If you like corns keep them, if not A. D. S. Corn Remedy will remove them, 15c. Auker's Drug Store.

Contractor Darone of East Berlin, while working at the S. C. Jacobs barn had a log fall on his right foot and mashed the great toe.

Andrew Topper, a McSherrystown boy who wandered off from home the other day, was found in Gettysburg and returned home.

FOR SALE.—One Kitchen Cabinet, in use 6 months. Apply at Auker's Drug Store.

There are certainly a number of defective pavements about town that should be given immediate attention before the winter sets in.

Judged by results. The very best. A. S. Rheumatic Remedy. Good in severe and long standing cases. 50c and \$1.00. Auker's Drug Store.

Pius Keeney has sold his 53 acre farm near Abbottstown, to Samuel Meckley, of Hanover, who will take possession next spring. Terms private.

Mrs. Lewis Jordy of Abbottstown, tripped and fell while walking in her bedroom Thursday evening, and falling against a piece of furniture fractured a rib.

"Gilead, the late Rev. M. J. Allen's former home at Littlestown, was sold at public sale, last Saturday to D. Milton Feeser, liveryman, of that place, for \$3,927.10.

The name tells the story—everybody knows it; everybody likes it; everybody uses it—W. H. H. P. R. whiskey. Sold by C. T. Hersh.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Helen Schmuck and Clarence Milton Schaeffer, both of Hanover, on Wednesday evening, October 23, at 6 o'clock.

For the best assortment and the newest styles in Dress Goods call on WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Several brilliant meteors have passed over this section within the past week. The heavenly visitors of Thursday and Saturday nights seemed exceptionally voluminous.

H. V. Rahn, of near Abbottstown, has a cabbage patch in which it is estimated that there are 15,000 heads and that no less than 5,000 heads will weigh over 75 pounds apiece.

No better place in Hanover than our store for Oil Cloth, Linoleum and Carpets.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Policeman William Wensil of Berlin Ave., an employee in the Machine shops of J. H. Hoover, Pitt street, was off duty several days suffering from a large carbuncle on his right arm.

Clark Sipe was assisting to unload a trunk at the Central Hotel, Hanover, at 9 o'clock Saturday morning when the trunk slipped and fell upon his right foot, dislocating the ankle and fracturing it.

The annual State Convention of the Daughters of Liberty is being held in Gettysburg from Monday until Thursday of this week. Several hundred delegates are in attendance. The sessions are held in the court house.

Invitations have been issued to the wedding of Miss Mary Matilda Martin and the Rev. Hauer Hall Sharp, which will take place at the home of the Hon. William A. Martin, in Gettysburg, at high noon on Wednesday, Oct. 16.

Horace Thoman, son of Prof. and Mrs. J. W. Thoman, of Hanover, formerly of Abbottstown, has been appointed cashier and stenographer in the Western Maryland freight office at York, and entered upon his duties October 1.

While engaged in picking apples last Thursday afternoon, Lewis Strayer of Latimore township, fell from a tree receiving injuries to his spine which have deprived him of the ability to move his head. In addition to this he was somewhat bruised.

Mr. Harry Smith, who last spring purchased the property of Miss Mary Kurtz, along the York pike, close to the cross-roads, and started housekeeping, had the misfortune to lose his driving horse by death on Saturday. The loss will be keenly felt by Mr. Smith.

LADIES' COATS.

Best store in Hanover for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats and Furs is WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover

C. E. Winand of New Chester, had a porch 54 feet long and 64 feet wide built to the house on the Jacob Moritz farm along the Five Points road. Mr. Winand owns this farm. He is also finishing a 31 foot porch at his store building in New Chester.

William C. Lott has issued invitations for the marriage of his sister, Miss Bessie Louisa, to James Harvey Neely, editor of the York Springs Comet. The wedding will occur at the bride's home, "Marsh Creek Farm," on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 10th, at two o'clock.

Gilbert & Son of this place are putting in a hot water heating plant in the residence of Mr. Charles Brown, at East Berlin, but the work has been delayed somewhat in part of the boiler going astray in shipping. The gentlemen have also fitted the building with bath tubs, etc.

On Saturday, Oct. 26, Sheriff Colestock will sell at public sale at Gettysburg, the following real estate:

Samuel Deardorff—Farm of 115 acres in Franklin township.

George Humes—Half acre of land with improvements, in Huntington township.

A visit to the new store of Fair & Cashman, Carlisle street, will prove to you that they have a nice clean place and an up-to-date line of groceries, as well as an exceptionally fine line of all kinds of stoves and heaters. They are gentlemen ever ready to please and will give you fair and square treatment.

Mrs. Samuel Witter, of New Chester, is seriously ill with an attack of typhoid fever. Two of David Cooley's sons are critically ill, the one with diphtheria and the other with tonsillitis. The latter has been sick for several weeks but the diphtheria case developed on Thursday and the family was put under quarantine.

Thursday evening Rev. Geo. N. Lauffer received a telegram announcing that his father, residing at Apollo, Armstrong county, had been stricken with paralysis. Mr. and Mrs. Lauffer left at 7 o'clock the same evening for his home, driving to York and taking a train from that city, consequently there was no preaching in the Lutheran church on Sunday.

About 10 o'clock Monday morning a horse owned by Jacob F. Bucher, of near Hartman's mill, Berwick township, was standing in front of Exchange Hotel, Hanover, hitched to a spring wagon, when the animal became frightened and ran away. The wagon collided with a telephone pole, wrecking the right front wheel and the shafts, and liberating the horse, which was caught after running some distance.

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Mr. Alexander Wolf residing on a farm near New Chester, was perhaps fatally injured by a vicious bull between 8 and 9 o'clock Monday morning. Mr. Wolf had been engaged at repairing a fence on the farm, along side a field in which the cattle were grazing. The cattle attempted to cross the fence close to where he was at work, and when he endeavored to drive them back, a large bull in the herd made a dash for him, knocking him down and bumping and tramping him to such an extent that his life is yet despaired. Mr. Wolf managed to escape from the infuriated animal by rolling himself on the ground beneath the fence to the opposite side. He then, in some manner which he cannot fully explain, dragged himself some distance to the side of the road where he was found lying helpless some time afterwards, by Mr. Wm. Shull who happened to pass that way. Assistance was secured and the unfortunate man removed to his residence. Dr. G. E. Spatz of Hampton, was quickly summoned and upon his arrival soon discovered that Mr. Wolf's injuries were of a most serious nature. Almost the entire right side of his body was crushed—the breast bone being crushed in and nine ribs broken from the backbone, besides his entire body being covered with more or less serious wounds. Had the animal not been dehorned he most likely would have torn his victim to pieces. At last reports Mr. Wolf was resting as well as can be expected, though his sufferings are very great. The outcome of his injuries cannot be fully determined for some days, though his many friends hope for the better. Mr. Wolf, who about 50 years of age, is a son of Mrs. Caroline Wolf of West High street, this place.

Found Dead on Bed.

A. F. Hendrix, of Fayette, was found dead on a bed in the rooms of Prof. Harry O. Himes, in Gettysburg, formerly of this place, at 10:20 o'clock Thursday morning, death evidently having been due to heart failure. The young man had been down town and returned to the rooms of his uncle, whom he was visiting, about 10 o'clock and apparently was in the best of health. When Prof. Himes, who had been out at the time, returned to his rooms about 20 minutes later, he found the dead body of his nephew lying across the bed. Mr. Hendrix, whose mother was formerly Miss Mary Himes, daughter of the late Wm. D. Himes of this place, had spent some time with his uncle and aunt in Gettysburg during the summer, but had gone to visit his sisters in Missouri and returned to Gettysburg a few days before his death. He was a student at Harvard University, and expected to return to Cambridge on Thursday afternoon. Deceased was about 31 years of age.

The young man's parents have been deceased for some years. Private funeral services were held in the rooms of Prof. Himes at Gettysburg Saturday afternoon after which the remains and friends were brought to this place on the 4:17 train and interment made in the Himes lot on the New Oxford Cemetery.

Cave-in at Sand Bank.

A cave-in at the Frock sand bank, along the Hanover road, at the edge of McSherrystown, which occurred at 10:30 a. m. Thursday, buried a horse and cart under 20 feet of sand, and Levi Reed, an employee narrowly escaped serious injury and perhaps death.

The horse and cart were in the sand hole to haul the rough sand to the crusher. The cart was being loaded while standing on a mound of sand, when the sand shifted and in a flash the cave-in was complete. The horse and cart were buried from sight, while the sand piled up to the height of 20 feet. The horse was probably smothered to death, without much suffering. It was late in the afternoon when the animal was reached. Levi Reed, who was near the horse, felt the tremor as the sand shifted and quickly he succeeded in reaching the edge of the bank, thereby saving himself from being drawn in. He was thrown down and escaped with a wrenched back.

Strange Disappearance.

John Fitzgerald disappeared from his home in Huntington township on last Saturday evening and nothing has been heard of since. In company with his father in law, Joseph Simpson, he was in town on Saturday afternoon attending the cattle sale. Soon after supper Fitzgerald left, taking with him a revolver and rubber blanket. His wife was prostrated when she learned of his departure and has been ill ever since. Sunday men were scouring the surrounding country in search of the missing man but nothing could be gleaned except that a rumor came that he had been seen near Hunters Run.

John is a quiet inoffensive fellow and is well liked in the community. No cause can be given for his rash action.—York Springs Comet.

Bitten by Dog.

Mr. John Weaver, Jr., an employee of the Weaver Mfg. Co., Hanover street, was unfortunate enough to be bitten by a dog on Monday. Two dogs belonging to Mr. William Miller happened into the shop and when Mr. Weaver attempted to play with the one the other ran up sank his four large teeth into the flesh of his right arm between the wrist and elbow, causing the blood to flow quite freely. The wound was promptly cauterized by a local physician.

Death Doings.

Martin Heltzel, one of the town's most widely known and highly esteemed citizens, died at the York City Hospital at 9:30 o'clock last Wednesday evening, from cancer of the stomach. As stated last week, Mr. Heltzel's health had been failing for some time and he was taken to the hospital on Monday, Sept. 30, with the hope that life might be prolonged by a surgical operation, but to no avail. Mr. Heltzel, who was aged 66 years, 1 month and 16 days, was a son of the late Daniel Heltzel, and was born, reared and spent his entire life here. Deceased learned the shoemaking trade when young but followed the business for only a short period. For many years he conducted a restaurant in a small building on Center Square where the Smith house now stands, and later engaged in the baking business, which he disposed of some years ago. At the time of his death he was doing some farming about town and was borough constable. About 40 years ago he was united in marriage with Miss Cindarella Shane, daughter of the late George Shane, who survives him, with three brothers—Jacob Heltzel of Pitt street; Alfred, of York, and William, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Heltzel was a hardworking, sober and industrious citizen, good natured and ever ready to assist and favor his neighbor.

His remains were brought from York to his late home on Philadelphia street by Undertaker Feiser and Mr. C. A. Diehl Thursday afternoon, from which place the funeral was held at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. After services at the house interment was made in the New Oxford Cemetery, Rev. Dr. W. A. Korn officiating.

Mrs. Mary A. Heagy, widow of Wesley Heagy, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jacob M. Wehler, Hanover, at 7 a. m. last Wednesday from a complication of diseases, aged 72 years. Deceased was a daughter of David March, of Hamilton township, Adams county, and was married about fifty years ago to Wesley Heagy son of Daniel Heagy, also of Hamilton township, who died twenty years ago. One daughter, Mrs. Jacob M. Wehler, survives her, and one brother, Christian March, of East Berlin. Funeral Friday, Oct. 4, at 9:30 a. m., at the house, with services conducted by Rev. S. P. Manger, assisted by Rev. Ellis S. Hay. Interment in New Oxford Cemetery. Mrs. Heagy resided on their farm in Hamilton township until the death of her son, which occurred several years ago, since when she has made her home with her daughter in Hanover.

By the death of Jesse Bollinger, which occurred at 12:50 p. m. last Wednesday, Hanover lost one of its most widely known citizens, who for a number of years was prominent in the commercial life of the community. For more than a year deceased was a sufferer from valvular heart trouble, and about six weeks ago he took his bed growing gradually weaker, until the end came. He was aged 64 years, 7 months and 19 days.

Lela, the 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Grimes, died at 2 p. m. Friday, Oct. 4, at her home in Hanover of acute indigestion.

It is less than a day, John Bretz, a prominent hotel proprietor of Littlestown who formerly resided in Harrisburg, died Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock from pneumonia. Until Friday evening he was in good health and complained only of a little cold. He transacted some business in Harrisburg on Thursday and the next day contracted a cold. Late Friday night he called his wife and child to his side and asked to have a physician summoned. His condition grew worse until Saturday noon, when the attending physician pronounced his condition as being very critical. It was not many more hours before he died. The deceased was proprietor of the Central hotel and manager of the Littlestown opera house. He was also connected with other local enterprises. He is survived by his wife and one child, Eliza. Deceased was 39 years of age.

Dr. J. S. Bender died at his home in Carlisle Sunday morning after an illness of several days of heart trouble. Troubles do not come singly. In his home, Mrs. Thomas Conlyn, mother of Mrs. Bender, lies critically ill. She does not know that he is dead.

Jacob S. Bender was born in Bendersville, Sept. 24, 1834. His grandfather, Conrad Bender, was a native of Germany, came to this country as a young man and settled at Hanover. He had two sons, Jacob and Henry, who laid out the town of Bendersville. Dr. Bender was a son of the former. In 1862 he graduated from a Homeopathic medical college and was at once appointed assistant surgeon with rank of lieutenant of the 29th Regt. Pa. Vols. and remained in the service until the end of the war. He saw hard service, was with Sherman on his "march to the sea," was at the battle of Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain and many other engagements. At the close of the war he went west and practiced medicine in the territory between Omaha and the Rocky Mountains for four years, then returned to Carlisle, where he practiced his profession up to the time of his death. He is survived by his wife and one daughter.

Since the above has been in type we learn that Mrs. Conlyn, mother of Mrs. Bender, died on Monday morning.

Mrs. Mary Steer died at the County

Home at 6 o'clock Monday morning from the infirmities of old age. Mrs. Steer had been at the home only since Friday. She is survived by two sons, Charles and Harry, and one daughter, Mrs. Long, of Cumberland township.

Edward C. Young, a well-known cigar manufacturer, died Monday evening, Oct. 7, about 4 o'clock, at his home in Hanover, aged about 72 years. He had been ill for a long time from cancer. He is survived by his wife, 6 sons and 2 daughters. He is also survived by one sister, Miss Rebecca M. Young, of Buchanan Valley, Adams county. Deceased was a son of the late William Young, of Abbottstown.

Mrs. Martha A. Price died Monday morning at 9 o'clock at her residence in Waynesboro. Mrs. Price was born near the Marsh Creek, Adams county, August 23d, 1840. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marks Forney and was married to William A. Price, on his return from the army on December 31st, 1865, by Rev. W. R. Deatrick. The following year they moved to Waynesboro where they have since resided. Deceased is survived by her husband and one brother, John M. Forney, of Gettysburg, and one sister, Mrs. Larina Kepner, of Marsh Run, Adams county, and an adopted son, Howard Price.

Hymenial.

Rev. John W. Long, a graduate of Dickinson College and pastor of the M. E. church, Littlestown, and Miss Mildred L. Lewis, daughter of former State Senator Lewis, of Dover, Del., were married last Tuesday. The wedding ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents.

Mr. Chas. Ackerman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Ackerman of Irishtown, and Miss Maggie Timmins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Timmins of near Storm's Store, Mountpleasant township, were united in marriage in a Nuptial Mass at Conewago Chapel Tuesday morning by Rev. Eugene Haltermeyer.

Mr. Charles Lawrence, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Lawrence, of Irishtown, and Miss Carrie Krichen, daughter of Mr. Lewis Krichen of McSherrystown, were united in marriage in a Nuptial Mass in St. Mary Church, McSherrystown, Tuesday morning, by Rev. Fr. Brown.

Clement Weaver, son of Lewis Weaver, of Littlestown, and Miss Rosa A. Sneeringer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Sneeringer, of Hanover, were married at St. Joseph's Catholic church at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Father Huber.

Oct. 6, at the Lutheran parsonage at Dover, James M. Naglo of York, and Miss Minnie Hever of Bermudian, Adams county, were married by Rev. Dr. Fastnacht.

Bloody Fight.

Gettysburg, Oct. 8.—One broken nose, one broken arm, several lost teeth, much blood spilt, and a hundred students thoroughly soaked by rain is the sum total of the first class rush held at Gettysburg College since the Fall of 1900 and which took place on the college campus shortly after 10 o'clock Monday night. The Sophomores and Freshmen battled in front of the old dormitory for half an hour in a drenching rain and by the light of torches held aloft by upper classmen. Blood flowed freely and some of the men were badly battered and bruised. The direct cause of the conflict was the hazing which the second year men have been carrying on for the past few weeks.

An Invitation to the Ladies.

The Citizens Band of New Oxford respectfully request the Ladies of town and vicinity to meet in the Eagle Hotel parlor on Monday evening, Oct. 14, at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of making arrangements for holding a Ladies Fair and Festival for the benefit of the Band.

This organization finds it necessary, in order to better maintain their high standard of music, to purchase some new instruments, and it is for this purpose the fair is to be held. All the members are deeply interested and are putting forth every effort to make the Citizens Band of New Oxford, the crack musical organization of this section of the State. Certainly the people of town and vicinity should stand ready to co-operate with us in our efforts.

Come, bring your neighbors and lend us your assistance in making the fair a success. CITIZENS BAND.

Mr. Jacob N. Swartz, who has been ill at the home of his nephew, Mr. A. Waltman, along the York pike, midway between this place and Abbottstown, for several months past, was last week removed to the York City Hospital for treatment.

PERSONAL.

Geo. D. Sheely, clerk in the Baltimore City postoffice, with his wife and daughter, spent the past week at the home of his mother, Mrs. James Sheely, at the edge of town.

Mrs. Minnie Smith and children, of Clear Springs, York county, spent Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ross J. Feiser, Philadelphia street.

Rev. F. Hesse, of Smithsburg, Md., paid a short visit to friends here last week. Rev. W. E. Martin, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, attended Forty Hours Devotion at Harrisburg the forepart of the week.

Mr. F. P. Straley, wife and family, of Statesville, N. C., are spending some time with parents and friends in this place and vicinity.

Mr. David Ditzler and wife, of Dixon, Ill., is spending some time with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Ditzler, Berlin Ave., and other friends in this vicinity. This is Mr. Ditzler's first visit to this section and the home of his mother in ten years.

Visitor From Iowa.

William H. Creager, born and raised at Cedar Ridge, this county, but for over 40 years a resident of Iowa, has been visiting relatives in this section. He is accompanied by his wife. They are old settlers in Bremer county, Iowa, and think there is no place like Iowa. Mr. Creager has a farm of 300 acres, a nursery of 30 acres, which he owns and manages with his sons. They also have large interests in the State of Washington. The best of all Mr. Creager has, he says, notwithstanding he took a grand prize at the Paris Exposition on oats and fine blooded stock, is his five boys and one daughter, the youngest just 21 years of age.

Teams Collide.

A team owned by Harry Krentzler, of near Swartz's school house, and another owned by liveryman Eichelberger, Hanover, and driven by Florence Noel, of Mt. Rock, collided near the toll gate, at Midway, about 11 o'clock Monday night. Mr. Krentzler's buggy was badly wrecked and his horse injured by the end of the shaft of Eichelberger's buggy entering his breast to the depth of three inches. Neither of the occupants were injured.

Pensions Issued.

At \$12 a month—Edwin R. Ebaugh, Hanover; William H. Krug, Hanover; John Warren, Biglerville; Levi Shindlecker, Fairfield.

At \$15 a month—Leander Bowers, R. F. D. No. 4, New Oxford.

At \$20 a month—William Fleming, New Chester; Samuel R. McAllister, Gettysburg.

Council Proceedings.

October 1.—Regular session; present Messrs. Dicks, Schnell, McGanghy, Sheely and Feiser; President Sheely presided; minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Street Committee.—No special report. E. C. Livingston was granted permit to erect a two-story 24x30 feet brick addition to his shoe factory.

Complaint having been made about not lighting street lamps when it is cloudy during moonlight nights the lamplighter was instructed to light the lamps when it is cloudy and disagreeable even though it be during the moonlight period.

Water Committee.—Mr. Schnell reported that nozzles are now used by a few parties who have not been using them heretofore.

Town Property.—T. McCaughy reported that the roof at the pumping station is in bad condition. Referred to committee on town property. The committee was also instructed to get shovel and other necessary things for use at the engine house.

Bills to the amount of \$135.89 were examined and orders granted for payment, Borough \$110.34; Water 16.55.

T. E. Bower, Sec'y.

Special Excursion Rates.

On account of Old Home Week at Baltimore, October 13th to 19th, the W. M. Railroad will sell excursion tickets good during the entire week, and will also run excursion trains with special cheap one-day excursion tickets on Tuesday Oct. 15. The special train on Tuesday, (Military Day,) will leave New Oxford at 7:37; fare for round trip \$1.00. Returning train will leave Hillen Station Baltimore, at 11:15 p. m.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$.98
No. 2 95
Rye..... .50
Corn..... .55 @ .65
Oats..... .25 @ .30
Clover seed, per lb..... .10 @ .12
Timothy seed..... 1.00 @ 1.05
Rye Straw..... 1.00 @ 1.05
Timothy hay..... 10.00 @ 14.00

The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BRYANT CRANDALL.

By ORRIN E. DUNLAP, of Niagara Falls.

A Strange Insurance Romance, Involving a Mysterious Disappearance and One of the Most Curious and Protracted Man Hunts on Record.

Early in April, 1886, distressed relatives of Bryant B. Crandall, of Buffalo, New York, visited Niagara Falls in search of him. Mrs. Crandall and George E. Newman, Crandall's brother (Crandall's real name was Newman, but he was adopted in childhood by a family named Crandall and given their name), had both received letters, postmarked Niagara Falls, in which Crandall intimated an intention of suicide. In the letter to his wife he wrote:

"I am sick and tired of life; you will be better off with the insurance money than with me. Good-bye, and God bless you."

The letter to his brother was full of the same sentiments, and further requested that he, Newman, should assist the wife in securing the insurance money. Naturally, when these letters reached the parties to whom they were addressed, there was a hurried trip to Niagara Falls. There it was ascertained that Crandall had registered at the Western Hotel—a house that stood at the corner of Falls and Second streets, the site of the present Hotel Imperial—on April 1.

Beyond this no trace of him could be found, until on April 3 Officers McMullen and Sims, of the State Reservation, found a hat held down by the feet of one of the park seats on the river bank above Goat Island bridge. Inside the hat they found Crandall's name, giving the impression that the owner had sought death in fascinating, tumbling, chaotic waters of the upper rapids, which rush by the spot where the hat was found.

From that day all search for the missing man was directed to the banks of the lower river, the expectation being that his lifeless body had been swept down the stream and over the American Fall by the relentless current. Crandall was a man of previous good character, so that his relatives and friends did not for an instant suspect any trickery; they felt convinced that he had taken his life by leaping into the river. This opinion, however, was not shared by Nelson O. Tiffany, secretary of the Masonic Life Association of Western New York. Mr. Tiffany maintained that it was ridiculous to suppose that a man so desperate as to commit suicide would feel enough concern for the welfare of his old hat to carefully fasten it to the ground. He believed Crandall's disappearance was a trick designed to deceive, and that the hat had been purposely placed where it was discovered in order to lend color to the suicide theory. This conclusion on the insurance official's part developed the greatest chase ever known after a man who Tiffany believed was attempting to swindle the various companies that had issued policies on his life. These, it was speedily discovered, were numerous.

It transpired that Crandall had two thousand dollars insurance in the Masonic Life Association of Western New York, represented by Mr. Tiffany; he was also insured in the North-Western Masonic Aid Association for two thousand five hundred dollars; in the Ancient Order of United Workmen for two thousand dollars; and for similar amounts in the Royal Templars of Temperance and the Empire Order of Mutual Aid, making the respectable total of ten thousand five hundred dollars insurance on the life which appeared to have been surrendered to the death-dealing waters of Niagara.

The family of the missing man expressed their unqualified belief in Crandall's death, citing his good character, his alleged depressed mental condition before leaving home, the letters written from Niagara Falls, his great love of home and family, and the further fact that his home had always been a happy one. In time, such slight proofs of death as were available were submitted to the insurance companies, and the payment of the policies requested. All the companies, however, refused to accept the proof offered.

The next step was the offer of a reward of several hundred dollars for the recovery of the missing man's body. On July 28th, 1886, one hundred and nineteen days after Crandall disappeared, a waterman named Pendergast found a man's leg, and later the remainder of the body, in the river between Lewiston and Queenston. The body was badly decomposed, the face mangled. The corpse was viewed by Mrs. Crandall and other relatives, as well as by Dr. Green, the family physician, and the opinion expressed that it was that of Crandall. They claimed that Crandall had a scar on his right foot, the result of an axe-cut, and those who saw the corpse were confident they could detect this scar. The body was accepted by the family as that of Crandall and taken to Buffalo, where it was interred in the family burial plot in the old Indian cemetery on Seneca Street. Affidavits were made and submitted to the insurance companies, demanding the payment of the policies. It seemed that if a doubt had previously existed as to the death of Crandall, it had now been finally removed by the finding of the mutilated body and the scar.

The new proofs of Crandall's death were at once accepted by all the insurance companies interested, and payment of the insurance was ordered. Up to this time the com-

panies had believed Crandall to be alive, but the identification of the body rescued from the lower river swept away their defense.

Even with the corpse found and buried, however, it was hard for Mr. Tiffany to believe that Crandall was dead. He was still unconvinced, and he managed to persuade the board of directors of his company to delay the acceptance of the proofs offered and the payment of the money, the result being that he was granted a month's time in which to make further investigation. Ostensibly bound on a fishing trip, he visited the vicinity of Queenston and talked with the fishermen who had found the body. He discovered nothing to confirm his opinion that Crandall was living, and yet nothing to make him believe he was dead. At the expiration of the month referred to the Masonic Life Association of Western New York paid its policy on Crandall's life. This might well have been the final chapter in the history of the Crandall case, but it was not. After the insurance money was paid, it was generally accepted that Crandall had died at Niagara, and that his body had been reclaimed from the river and had received burial. For months the case had practically been forgotten, until William B. Sirrett, of Buffalo, a well-known business man, who had met Crandall many times in Buffalo and knew him well, was visiting in Los Angeles, California. There he saw a man he believed to be Crandall in the street, and tried to greet him. The man evaded him, however, walked rapidly away, and was soon lost to sight. Being convinced that the man he had seen was no other than the missing Crandall, Mr. Sirrett telegraphed his suspicions to Buffalo, and this resulted in a reopening of the search for the man who was supposed to have lost his life at Niagara.

"At last I have a clue!" said Secretary Tiffany, "and I am determined to follow it for all its worth."

A meeting of representatives of interested insurance societies was arranged, and an executive committee of three appointed for the purpose of making a systematic effort to find Crandall. This committee consisted of John H. Mesch, at that time Grand Master of the A.O.U.W. for the State of New York; John Lythe, Supreme Treasurer of the Royal Templars of Temperance; and Nelson O. Tiffany, of the Masonic Life Association of Western New York. One hundred thousand circulars bearing Crandall's picture were printed. They described the man accurately, and a reward of a thousand dollars (afterwards increased to two thousand) was offered for information as to his whereabouts. These circulars were sent to every Masonic, A.O.U.W., and Royal Templar Lodge on the Pacific Coast, including the British possessions and the Hawaiian Islands. They were also sent to the police of the entire Pacific Coast and other sections. Perhaps there never was a man-hunt gone about more systematically, for, in addition to the circularizing detective papers took the matter up and published Crandall's picture.

The effect of it all was surprising. Immediately after the circulars had been sent out Secretary Tiffany was flooded with letters and telegrams concerning Crandall. Not only was he launched in the detective field, but he was fairly overwhelmed with business. A Crandall was found in almost every hamlet from the Isthmus to Vancouver. In the dead of night Secretary Tiffany received a telegram stating that Crandall had been captured in Portland, Oregon. There could be no mistake, the officials thought, and so Detective Thomas Curtin was sent flying after him, when, upon inspection papers had been hurriedly obtained from the Governor at Albany. The fear was that he would be released on habeas corpus proceedings. When he reached Oregon, Detective Curtin found the man was not Crandall, but a worn-out circus performer, having no resemblance to the man sought.

For six years episodes of this kind occurred, but never for an instant did Secretary Tiffany relax his interest in the case or lose his firm belief that Crandall was alive. Away out in Bear Lake, Utah, a man confessed to being Crandall, but the authorities released him, keeping him shadowed by detectives. It was necessary to act quickly, and so Secretary Tiffany himself hurried West to see the man. For more than a hundred miles he had to travel on horseback over the Western "divides." At Ogden, Utah, he secured the services of two deputies, and on arrival at the domicile of the supposed Crandall surrounded the house, armed for a contest, if necessary. The man was not Crandall, and Secretary Tiffany made him happy by calling off the watchers.

In the winter of 1891, so sure were a party of self-constituted detectives in the lumber woods of Vermont that they had discovered Crandall, that they forwarded the money necessary to defray the expenses of an officer to that point. Detective Curtin made the trip, but it only resulted in another disappointment. In all, about twenty different men were arrested as Crandall. In some cases law-suits followed against the officers, and in one case no less than fifty thousand dollars' damages were claimed. This was by a man who

had been kept in a Texas prison for three weeks before he proved he was not the elusive Crandall.

While this protracted search was going on Mrs. Crandall, having no desire to profit by the insurance money if her husband was alive, had turned over about eight thousand five hundred dollars to a trustee, who kept it three years. Then, Crandall not having been found alive, it was returned to her. Shortly after Mr. Sirrett claimed to have seen Crandall an indictment was obtained against the missing man on a charge of an attempt to defraud.

In the spring of 1892 Secretary Tiffany received a telegram from Los Angeles, signed by a Mrs. M. Roland. The message inquired whether Crandall was still wanted, and if the reward held good. She was informed that the offer was still open, and this led to the arrest of a man in Los Angeles. The fact that "there was a woman in the case" at once convinced Mr. Tiffany that success was about to crown his years of effort, for he felt Crandall had at last been betrayed. Detectives Dietl and Lynch, of the Buffalo Department, were sent to California and on June 3d, 1892, returned with their prisoner, who was fully identified as Bryant B. Crandall, the supposed dead man. An effort was made to punish him for the fraud, but the court failed to convict. Shortly afterwards the district attorney who prosecuted the case was seized with softening of the brain, and the case collapsed. Crandall's relatives paid his fare back to California, where he entered a soldiers' home.

Thus was it shown that the waters of Niagara were wholly innocent of robbing this man of his life. The expenses of the search amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars, but the insurance companies had about seven thousand dollars returned to them, which was distributed pro rata, so that Mr. Tiffany's dogged persistence was amply justified.—The Wide World Magazine.

WISE WORDS.

"Never forget that when God takes away the sunlight, He always puts stars in the sky."—Rose Porter.

There is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness, to pluck it out of every moment and whatever happens.—Anna Gilchrist.

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars?—Hamilton Wright Mabi.

Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for putting roses on thorns.—Alphonse Karr.

This world is only a place of pilgrimage, but, after all, there is a good deal of cheer in the journey, if it is made with a contented heart.—Henry Van Dyke.

It is a selfish religion that grows querulous at its own coldness, and cannot stir the will till it attains a rapture. Our sole business is to abide and serve, to keep our assigned place and grow.—James Martineau.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

The civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded. It is a doctrine alike of the oldest and of the newest philosophy, that man is one, and that you cannot injure any member without a sympathetic injury to all the members. America is not civil, whilst Africa is barbarous.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

All the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God, and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a Divine Presence that makes it lovely.—Henry Ware, Jr.

I used to think it was great to disregard happiness, to press to a high goal, careless, disdainful of it. But now I see that there is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness—to pluck it out of each moment, and whatever happens, to find that one can ride as gay and buoyant on the angry, menacing, tumultuous waves of life as on those that glide and glitter under a clear sky; that it is not defeat and wretchedness which come out of the storms of adversity, but strength and calmness.—Anne Gilchrist.

Cottonteed Oil in Oleomargarine.

One of the uses to which cottonteed oil was once put in Germany was the wholesale adulteration of animal fats. Of late the pure food laws of that country forbid the practice, though the addition of one-tenth to oleomargarine is even now permitted. In Saxony the consumption of oleomargarine is steadily growing, according to a recent consular report.

In the Jury Room.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. "Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?" "Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TEXAS TO-DAY.

A Journey of Disenchantment Across the Lone Star State.....

Gone past recall is the Texas we shipped of our boyhood.

That heroic region of the golden West whose life appealed to us so vividly from the pages paper-bound novels dear to the heart of the "A. D. T." and every other flesh-and-blood boy who began life with the proper American ambition to end it in a career of ruthless outlawry, is a delusion—an imposture.

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In the front of the Pullman, Topsy Hartzel, Shreck, Murphy, Monte Cross and a couple of others were playing a harmless little game of poker, with the stakes sadly limited by the fact that a ball player's salary doesn't start till the championship season is under way.

The conductor, who during the transit of Missouri, Kansas and Indian Territory had watched the game with sympathetic and expert eye, stepped into the car, his face fixed with the purpose of a stern resolve.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to stop that game."

"Why?" came a surprised chorus. "Well, you're in Texas, where poker is a misdemeanor. The laws of this State absolutely forbid the playing of cards in public places, even where there are no stakes. If you continue you are liable to be taken from the train at the next station and thrown into jail."

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The camels were two huge boxes one hundred and thirty-five feet long and nineteen feet deep, fitted with water-gates and pumps, so that they could be raised or sunk at pleasure. They also possessed an engine, propeller and rudders. They were

As well expect to see a Wall Street without a ticker.

Some one was thirsty at the next station. The shock of the poker exclusion made recourse to stimulant seem a most commendable impulse. A fifteen-minute wait promised ample time for that solace which some men find only when the elbow is crooked and the toe suspended on a polished brass rail.

But a quick search up and down the principal street revealed no saloon.

At last the natives were questioned, with the result that one of them dealt this broadside:

"Very sorry, sir, but this is a local option town. No liquor can be purchased here, but you can get excellent ice cream soda at the drug store."

And this is Texas!

Where were the famous bibbers, the bad men of the novels who used to count that day wasted when they failed to stow a quart under their red shirts!

Ice cream soda! We hurried on the train, least the mayor of the town come out and ask us to play beanbag.

Worse to come.

We rode from the northern boundary down through Texas to Galveston. We stopped at Dallas, Fort Worth, Dennison, Waco, Marlin, Bremond and Houston. We were in the big cities and villages. We crossed plains where cowboys guarded cattle by thousands, but we never saw a pistol or a lariat.

"Oh, gracious, no!" said one horrified Texan, whom we questioned about the absence of shooting irons. "No one dares carry them. There is a fine of \$100 for having a pistol, and a man who doesn't pay the fine gets jailed for a month."

We could have spared anything but the pistol. Its absence shattered the fondest of our dreams, for we had all along cherished frightened hope that it might be our good fortune to see a genuine Texas killing. No pistols? Why go to Texas at all? The roof garden of the Madison Square Garden can do better than that.

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We had thought that no true Texan would speak gruffly to a woman, no matter what the grievance, but a strong-lunged fan, intent on seeing the game, yelled:

"Aw, git a move on, lady! You're no lookin' glass!"

We cheered up. Surely this would start something. In a dime novel it would have meant nothing less than a killing, perhaps several. Recalling the chivalry of the border, we couldn't figure but that the law against pistols would now be ignored and half a dozen guns pop out to avenge the insult.

But again came disappointment. The age of shooting is past. Texas has bowed to its lawmakers.

Instead of dropping his hand to his hip pocket, the escort of the lady turned politely and said:

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Then the pair meekly moved on.

Not a shot, not an angry word, not even a scowl.

Goodbye, Texas of the dream days. We must have a housecleaning in the memory department and hurl out a hundred worshiped heroes and ten thousand deeds of valor.

Next time we want to read a dime novel we shall select one whose scene is laid in the South Sea Islands, for the chances are we'll never get there to have reality choke the life from our expectations as it did in Texas.—Philadelphia North American.



KITTY'S LITTLE SUPPER.

When Kitty brings her chafing-dish 'To make an oyster stew, It bubbles once—a hasty stir— And lo! the task is through.

My share I eat with relish, and I'm careful not to grin, Dear Kitty's mother made that stew Ere Kitty brought it in. —Woman's Home Companion.

TOWED HOME.

Ted—"What kind of an auto has he?"

Ned—"Twenty horse-power, 'oing out and one horse coming back."—Life.

DOWN TO PARTICULARS.

Mrs. Stimson—"Shall I read you this animal story, Willie?"

Willie—"With or without?" "With or without what?" "Affidavits."—Life.

BEFORE THE PARTY.

Host—"Why did you write all our guests that this is to be a very informal affair?"

Hostess—"So I'd be sure to be the best dressed woman here."—Life.

ELECTION OF OUR MAGNATE.

Candidate—"Yus, as I've already told you, gentlemen, you see before you a self-made man."

Voice (from the back)—"Better ha' put the job on, mister!"—Punch.

CONSTANCY.

She—"Are you sure that you will love me just as much when I am old, and gray and wrinkled?"

He—"Why, yes, of course—if you don't lose your money."—Somerville Journal.

EVERYTHING ELSE, THOUGH.

"There's one thing I like about hash," said the thin boarder. "What's that?" asked the boarding-house lady, with a smile. "There are not any prunes in it."—Yonkers Statesman.

THWARTED.

The air ship inventor was puzzled. "If I could manage to apply the hot air I talk about my machine to the machine itself, I'd fly all right," he said.

But he couldn't. — Philadelphia Ledger.

SOME DARK CHAPTERS.

Father (impressively)—"Consider our numerous captains of industry and keep in mind that nearly all were the architects of their own fortunes."

Son—"Sure! But you don't see any of them exhibiting blue-prints of the details of construction."—Life.

THE LIMIT.

Bacon—"Do you believe women are truthful?"

Egbert—"No, I don't. Why, when a woman is telling her age she'll stop at nothing."

Bacon—"Oh, yes; she'll stop at twenty-eight!"—Yonkers Statesman.

NO FICTION.

The Father—"What is that book you are reading, my son?"

The Son—"It's the story of a man who invested his money in a Western gold mine, and lost every cent of it."

The Father—"Oh, that's all right, my boy, I was afraid you'd get a hold of a work of fiction!"—Yonkers Statesman.

FOR LIFE.

"Young man," said the stern father, "you have married against my wishes. Now take the consequences."

"What do you mean by consequences?"

"Why that you'll dig up the costs of the divorce suit yourself."

Then the groom realized that he was tied for keeps. — Philadelphia Ledger.

FOOLING THE INFANT.

"Well," remarked Nupop, in rather a loud tone of voice, "it's pleasant to think that we can remain comfortably at home this evening."

"Why, George," began Mrs. Nupop, "you know we've got tickers for the—"

"Sh! Can't you see the baby's listening? I said that for his benefit."—Catholic Standard and Times.

SUSPICIOUS.

"I guess Mr. Roxley ain't as rich as some people think," said Tommy. "You said he didn't have to work, but could jest go 'round enjoyin' hisself wherever he pleased."

"So he kin," said Jimmy.

"Well, he wasn't at that dandy Sunday-school picnic of ours yesterday, an' the tickets wuz on'r twenty-five cents."—Catholic Standard and Times.

CURIOUS.

There was once two young women who married.

And the question arising, How were they to spend their spare time? one of them took up the study of Greek history, while the other plunged into society.

The sequel is curious.

For their respective husbands were driven to exactly the same kind of drink.—Puck.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BRYANT CRANDALL.

By ORRIN E. DUNLAP, of Niagara Falls.

A Strange Insurance Romance, Involving a Mysterious Disappearance and One of the Most Curious and Protracted Man Hunts on Record.

Early in April, 1886, distressed relatives of Bryant B. Crandall, of Buffalo, New York, visited Niagara Falls in search of him. Mrs. Crandall and George E. Newman, Crandall's brother (Crandall's real name was Newman, but he was adopted in childhood by a family named Crandall and given their name), had both received letters, postmarked Niagara Falls, in which Crandall intimated an intention of suicide. In the letter to his wife he wrote:

"I am sick and tired of life; you will be better off with the insurance money than with me. Good-bye, and God bless you."

The letter to his brother was full of the same sentiments, and further requested that he, Newman, should assist the wife in securing the insurance money. Naturally, when these letters reached the parties to whom they were addressed, there was a hurried trip to Niagara Falls. There it was ascertained that Crandall had registered at the Western Hotel—a house that stood at the corner of Falls and Second streets, the site of the present Hotel Imperial—on April 1.

Beyond this no trace of him could be found, until on April 3 Officers McMullen and Sims, of the State Reservation, found a hat held down by the feet of one of the park seats on the river bank above Goat Island bridge. Inside the hat they found Crandall's name, giving the impression that the owner had sought death in fascinating, tumbling, chaotic waters of the upper rapids, which rush by the spot where the hat was found.

From that day all search for the missing man was directed to the banks of the lower river, the expectation being that his lifeless body had been swept down the stream and over the American Fall by the relentless current. Crandall was a man of previous good character, so that his relatives and friends did not for an instant suspect any trickery; they felt convinced that he had taken his life by leaping into the river. This opinion, however, was not shared by Nelson O. Tiffany, secretary of the Masonic Life Association of Western New York. Mr. Tiffany maintained that it was ridiculous to suppose that a man so desperate as to commit suicide would feel enough concern for the welfare of his old hat to carefully fasten it to the ground. He believed Crandall's disappearance was a trick designed to deceive, and that the hat had been purposely placed where it was discovered in order to lend color to the suicide theory. This conclusion on the insurance official's part developed the greatest chase ever known after a man who Tiffany believed was attempting to swindle the various companies that had issued policies on his life. These, it was speedily discovered, were numerous.

It transpired that Crandall had two thousand dollars insurance in the Masonic Life Association of Western New York, represented by Mr. Tiffany; he was also insured in the North-Western Masonic Aid Association for two thousand five hundred dollars; in the Ancient Order of United Workmen for two thousand dollars; and for similar amounts in the Royal Templars of Temperance and the Empire Order of Mutual Aid, making the respectable total of ten thousand five hundred dollars insurance on the life which appeared to have been surrendered to the death-dealing waters of Niagara.

The family of the missing man expressed their unqualified belief in Crandall's death, citing his good character, his alleged depressed mental condition before leaving home, the letters written from Niagara Falls, his great love of home and family, and the further fact that his home had always been a happy one. In time, such slight proofs of death as were available were submitted to the insurance companies, and the payment of the policies requested. All the companies, however, refused to accept the proof offered.

The next step was the offer of a reward of several hundred dollars for the recovery of the missing man's body. On July 28th, 1886, one hundred and nineteen days after Crandall disappeared, a waterman named Pendergast found a man's leg, and later the remainder of the body, in the river between Lewiston and Queenston. The body was badly decomposed, the face mangled. The corpse was viewed by Mrs. Crandall and other relatives, as well as by Dr. Green, the family physician, and the opinion expressed that it was that of Crandall. They claimed that Crandall had a scar on his right foot, the result of an axe-cut, and those who saw the corpse were confident they could detect this scar. The body was accepted by the family as that of Crandall and taken to Buffalo, where it was interred in the family burial plot in the old Indian cemetery on Seneca Street. Affidavits were made and submitted to the insurance companies, demanding the payment of the policies. It seemed that if a doubt had previously existed as to the death of Crandall, it had now been finally removed by the finding of the mutilated body and the scar.

The new proofs of Crandall's death were at once accepted by all the insurance companies interested, and payment of the insurance was ordered. Up to this time the com-

panies had believed Crandall to be alive, but the identification of the body rescued from the lower river swept away their defense.

Even with the corpse found and buried, however, it was hard for Mr. Tiffany to believe that Crandall was dead. He was still unconvinced, and he managed to persuade the board of directors of his company to delay the acceptance of the proofs offered and the payment of the money, the result being that he was granted a month's time in which to make further investigation. Ostensibly bound on a fishing trip, he visited the vicinity of Queenston and talked with the fishermen who had found the body. He discovered nothing to confirm his opinion that Crandall was living, and yet nothing to make him believe he was dead. At the expiration of the month referred to the Masonic Life Association of Western New York paid its policy on Crandall's life. This might well have been the final chapter in the history of the Crandall case, but it was not. After the insurance money was paid, it was generally accepted that Crandall had died at Niagara, and that his body had been reclaimed from the river and had received burial. For months the case had practically been forgotten, until William B. Sirrett, of Buffalo, a well-known business man, who had met Crandall many times in Buffalo and knew him well, was visiting in Los Angeles, California. There he saw a man he believed to be Crandall in the street, and tried to greet him. The man evaded him, however, walked rapidly away, and was soon lost to sight. Being convinced that the man he had seen was no other than the missing Crandall, Mr. Sirrett telegraphed his suspicions to Buffalo, and this resulted in a reopening of the search for the man who was supposed to have lost his life at Niagara.

"At last I have a clue!" said Secretary Tiffany, "and I am determined to follow it for all it is worth."

A meeting of representatives of interested insurance societies was arranged, and an executive committee of three appointed for the purpose of making a systematic effort to find Crandall. This committee consisted of John H. Meech, at that time Grand Master of the A.O.U.W. for the State of New York; John Lythe, Supreme Treasurer of the Royal Templars of Temperance; and Nelson O. Tiffany, of the Masonic Life Association of Western New York. One hundred thousand circulars bearing Crandall's picture were printed. They described the man accurately, and a reward of a thousand dollars (afterwards increased to two thousand) was offered for information as to his whereabouts. These circulars were sent to every Masonic, A.O.U.W., and Royal Templar Lodge on the Pacific Coast, including the British possessions and the Hawaiian Islands. They were also sent to the police of the entire Pacific Coast and other sections. Perhaps there never was a man-hunt gone about more systematically, for, in addition to the circularizing detective papers took the matter up and published Crandall's picture.

The effect of it all was surprising. Immediately after the circulars had been sent out Secretary Tiffany was flooded with letters and telegrams concerning Crandall. Not only was he launched in the detective field, but he was fairly overwhelmed with business. A Crandall was found in almost every hamlet from the Isthmus to Vancouver. In the dead of night Secretary Tiffany received a telegram stating that Crandall had been captured in Portland, Oregon. There could be no mistake, the officials thought, and so Detective Thomas Curtin was sent flying after him, when requisition papers had been hurriedly obtained from the Governor at Albany. The fear was that he would be released on habeas corpus proceedings. When he reached Oregon, Detective Curtin found the man was not Crandall, but a worn-out circus performer, having no resemblance to the man sought.

For six years episodes of this kind occurred, but never for an instant did Secretary Tiffany relax his interest in the case or lose his firm belief that Crandall was alive. Away out in Bear Lake, Utah, a man confessed to being Crandall, but the authorities released him, keeping him shadowed by detectives. It was necessary to act quickly, and so Secretary Tiffany himself hurried West to see the man. For more than a hundred miles he had to travel on horseback over the Western "divides." At Ogden, Utah, he secured the services of two deputies, and on arrival at the domicile of the supposed Crandall surrounded the house, armed for a contest, if necessary. The man was not Crandall, and Secretary Tiffany made him happy by calling off the watchers.

In the winter of 1891, so sure were a party of self-constituted detectives in the lumber woods of Vermont that they had discovered Crandall, that they forwarded the money necessary to defray the expenses of an officer to that point. Detective Curtin made the trip, but it only resulted in another disappointment. In all, about twenty different men were arrested as Crandall. In some cases law-suits followed against the officers, and in one case no less than fifty thousand dollars' damages were claimed. This was by a man who

had been kept in a Texas prison for three weeks before he proved he was not the elusive Crandall.

While this protracted search was going on Mrs. Crandall, having no desire to profit by the insurance money if her husband was alive, had turned over about eight thousand five hundred dollars to a trustee, who kept it three years. Then, Crandall not having been found alive, it was returned to her. Shortly after Mr. Sirrett claimed to have seen Crandall an indictment was obtained against the missing man on a charge of an attempt to defraud.

In the spring of 1892 Secretary Tiffany received a telegram from Los Angeles, signed by a Mrs. M. Roland. The message inquired whether Crandall was still wanted, and if the reward held good. She was informed that the offer was still open, and this led to the arrest of a man in Los Angeles. The fact that "there was a woman in the case" at once convinced Mr. Tiffany that success was about to crown his years of effort, for he felt Crandall had at last been betrayed. Detectives Dichi and Lynch, of the Buffalo Department, were sent to California and on June 3d, 1892, returned with their prisoner, who was fully identified as Bryant B. Crandall, the supposed dead man. An effort was made to punish him for the fraud, but the court failed to convict. Shortly afterwards the district attorney who prosecuted the case was seized with softening of the brain, and the case collapsed. Crandall's relatives paid his fare back to California, where he entered a soldiers' home.

Thus was it shown that the waters of Niagara were wholly innocent of robbing this man of his life. The expenses of the search amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars, but the insurance companies had about seven thousand dollars returned to them, which was distributed pro rata, so that Mr. Tiffany's dogged persistence was amply justified.—The Wide World Magazine.

WISE WORDS.

Never forget that when God takes away the sunlight, He always puts stars in the sky.—Rose Porter.

There is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness, to pluck it out of every moment and whatever happens.—Anna Gilchrist.

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars?—Hamilton Wright Mabi.

Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for putting roses on thorns.—Alphonse Karr.

This world is only a place of pilgrimage, but, after all, there is a good deal of cheer in the journey, if it is made with a contented heart.—Henry Van Dyke.

It is a selfish religion that grows querulous at its own coldness, and cannot stir the will till it attains a capture. Our sole business is to abide and serve, to keep our assigned place and grow.—James Martineau.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

The civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded. It is a doctrine alike of the oldest and of the newest philosophy, that man is one, and that you cannot injure any member without a sympathetic injury to all the members. America is not civil, whilst Africa is barbarous.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

All the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God, and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a Divine Presence that makes it lovely.—Henry Ware, Jr.

I used to think it was great to disregard happiness, to press to a high goal, careless, disdainful of it. But now I see that there is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness—to pluck it out of each moment, and whatever happens, to find that one can ride as gay and buoyant on the angry, menacing, tumultuous waves of life as on those that glide and glitter under a clear sky; that it is not defeat and wretchedness which come out of the storms of adversity, but strength and calmness.—Anne Gilchrist.

Cottonseed Oil in Oleomargarine. One of the uses to which cottonseed oil was once put in Germany was the wholesale adulteration of animal fats. Of late the pure food laws of that country forbid the practice, though the addition of one-tenth to oleomargarine is even now permitted. In Saxony the consumption of oleomargarine is steadily growing, according to a recent consular report.

In the Jury Room.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. "Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?" "Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TEXAS TO-DAY.

A Journey of Disenchantment Across the Lone Star State.....

Gone past recall is the Texas woe shipped of our boyhood.

That heroic region of the golden West whose life appealed to us so vividly from the pages paper-bound novels dear to the heart of the "A. D. T." and every other flesh-and-blood boy who began life with the proper American ambition to end it in a career of ruthless outlawry, is a delusion—an imposture.

The pistols, gambling, rough riders, sombreros, and deeds of daring and villainy have all passed as completely as Indians from the place where they made the treaty with William Penn up in Kensington.

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"Why?" came a surprised chorus. "Well, you're in Texas, where poker is a misdemeanor. The laws of this State absolutely forbid the playing of cards in public places, even where there are no stakes. If you continue you are liable to be taken from the train at the next station and thrown into jail."

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But a quick search up and down the principal street revealed no saloon.

At last the natives were questioned, with the result that one of them dealt this broadside:

"Very sorry, sir, but this is a local option town. No liquor can be purchased here, but you can get excellent ice cream soda at the drug store."

And this is Texas!

Where were the famous bibbers, the bad men of the novels who used to count that day wasted when they failed to stow a quart under their red shirts!

Ice cream soda! We hurried on the train, least the mayor of the town come out and ask us to play beanbag.

Worse to come.

We rode from the northern boundary down through Texas to Galveston. We stopped at Dallas, Fort Worth, Dennison, Waco, Marilla, Bremond and Houston. We were in the big cities and villages. We crossed plains where cowboys guarded cattle by thousands, but we never saw a pistol or a lariat.

"Oh, gracious, no!" said one horrified Texan, whom we questioned about the absence of shooting irons, "no one dares carry them. There is a fine of \$100 for having a pistol, and a man who doesn't pay the fine gets jailed for a month."

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We had thought that no true Texan would speak gruffly to a woman, no matter what the grievance, but a strong-lunged fan, intent on seeing the game, yelled:

"Aw, git a move on, lady! You're no lookin' glass!"

We cheered up. Surely this would start something. In a dime novel it would have meant nothing less than a killing, perhaps several. Recalling the chivalry of the border, we couldn't figure but that the law against pistols would now be ignored and half a dozen guns pop out to avenge the insult.

But again came disappointment. The age of shooting is past. Texas has bowed to its lawmakers.

Instead of dropping his hand to his hip pocket, the escort of the lady turned politely and said:

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Then the pair meekly moved on. Not a shot, not an angry word, not even a scowl.

Goodby, Texas of the dream days. We must have a housecleaning in the memory department and hurl out a hundred worshiped heroes and ten thousand deeds of valor.

Next time we want to read a dime novel we shall select one whose scene is laid in the South Sea Islands, for the chances are we'll never get there to have reality choke the life from our expectations as it did in Texas.—Philadelphia North American.

A Chance For Hens.

A new use has been found for the domestic hen. The shells of the diurnal egg can be used as a mantle for the flame of acetylene. A French inventor, Emile Louis Andre, has proved by experiment that the shell does not shatter or break, but is a serviceable mantle, and emits a pleasant, soft light. All that is needed is to perforate the shell at each end and insert the burner. Where is the hen that will lay eggs with shell thin enough to serve as a substitute for the ordinary gas mantle?—Rochester Post Express.



KITTY'S LITTLE SUPPER.

When Kitty begins her chafing-dish To make an oyster stew, It bubbles once—a hasty stir— And lo! the task is through.

My share I eat with relish, and I'm careful not to grin, Dear Kitty's mother made that stew Ere Kitty brought it in.—Woman's Home Companion.

TOWED HOME.

Ted—"What kind of an auto has he?"

Ned—"Twenty horse-power going out and one horse coming back."—Life.

DOWN TO PARTICULARS.

Mrs. Silmsen—"Shall I read you this animal story, Willie?" Willie—"With or without?" "With or without what?" "Affdavits."—Life.

BEFORE THE PARTY.

Host—"Why did you write all our guests that this is to be a very informal affair?"

Hostess—"So I'd be sure to be the best dressed woman here."—Life.

ELECTION OF OUR MAGNATE.

Candidate—"Yus, as I've already told you, gentlemen, you see before you a self-made man."

Voice (from the back)—"Better ha' put the job out, mister!"—Punch.

CONSTANCY.

She—"Are you sure that you will love me just as much when I am old, and gray and wrinkled?"

He—"Why, yes, of course.—If you don't lose your money."—Somerville Journal.

EVERYTHING ELSE, THOUGH.

"There's one thing I like about hash," said the thin boarder.

"What's that?" asked the boarder-house lady, with a smile.

"There are no any prunes in it."—Yonkers Statesman.

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The air ship inventor was puzzled. "If I could manage to apply the hot air I talk about my machine to the machine itself, I'd fly all right," he said.

But he couldn't. — Philadelphia Ledger.

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Bacon—"Do you believe women are truthful?"

Egbert—"No, I don't. Why, when a woman is telling her age she'll stop at nothing."

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The Son—"It's the story of a man who invested his money in a Western gold mine, and lost every cent of it." The Father—"Oh, that's all right, my boy, I was afraid you'd get a hold of a work of fiction!"—Yonkers Statesman.

FOR LIFE.

"Young man," said the stern father, "you have married against my wishes. Now take the consequences."

"What do you mean by consequences?"

"Why that you'll dig up the costs of the divorce suit yourself."

Then the groom realized that he was tied for keeps. — Philadelphia Ledger.

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"Well," remarked Nupop, in rather a loud tone of voice, "it's pleasant to think that we can remain comfortably at home this evening."

"Why, George," began Mrs. Nupop, "you know we've got tickets for the—"

"Sh! Can't you see the baby's listening? I said that for his benefit."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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"I guess Mr. Roxley ain't as rich as some people think," said Tommy. "You said he didn't have to work, but could jest go 'round enjoyin' hisself wherever he pleased."

"So he kin," said Jimmy. "Well, he wasn't at that dandy Sunday-school picnic of ours yesterday, an' the tickets wuz only twenty-five cents."—Catholic Standard and Times.

CURIOUS.

There was once two young women who married.

And the question arising, How were they to spend their spare time? one of them took up the study of Greek history, while the other plunged into society.

The sequel is curious. For their respective husbands were driven to exactly the same kind of drink.—Puck.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF BRYANT CRANDALL.

By ORRIN E. DUNLAP, of Niagara Falls.

A Strange Insurance Romance, Involving a Mysterious Disappearance and One of the Most Curious and Protracted Man Hunts on Record.

Early in April, 1886, distressed relatives of Bryant B. Crandall, of Buffalo, New York, visited Niagara Falls in search of him. Mrs. Crandall and George E. Newman, Crandall's brother (Crandall's real name was Newman, but he was adopted in childhood by a family named Crandall and given their name), had both received letters, postmarked Niagara Falls, in which Crandall intimated an intention of suicide. In the letter to his wife he wrote:

"I am sick and tired of life; you will be better off with the insurance money than with me. Good-bye, and God bless you."

The letter to his brother was full of the same sentiments, and further requested that he, Newman, should assist the wife in securing the insurance money. Naturally, when these letters reached the parties to whom they were addressed, there was a hurried trip to Niagara Falls. There it was ascertained that Crandall had registered at the Western Hotel—a house that stood at the corner of Falls and Second streets, the site of the present Hotel Imperial—on April 1.

Beyond this no trace of him could be found, until on April 3 Officers McMullen and Sims, of the State Reservation, found a hat held down by the feet of one of the park seats on the river bank above Goat Island bridge. Inside the hat they found Crandall's name, giving the impression that the owner had sought death in fascinating, tumbling, chaotic waters of the upper rapids, which rush by the spot where the hat was found.

From that day all search for the missing man was directed to the banks of the lower river, the expectation being that his lifeless body had been swept down the stream and over the American Fall by the relentless current. Crandall was a man of previous good character, so that his relatives and friends did not for an instant suspect any trickery; they felt convinced that he had taken his life by leaping into the river. This opinion, however, was not shared by Nelson O. Tiffany, secretary of the Masonic Life Association of Western New York. Mr. Tiffany maintained that it was ridiculous to suppose that a man so desperate as to commit suicide would feel enough concern for the welfare of his old hat to carefully fasten it to the ground. He believed Crandall's disappearance was a trick designed to deceive, and that the hat had been purposely placed where it was discovered in order to lend color to the suicide theory. This conclusion on the insurance official's part developed the greatest chase ever known after a man who Tiffany believed was attempting to swindle the various companies that had issued policies on his life. These, it was speedily discovered, were numerous.

It transpired that Crandall had two thousand dollars insurance in the Masonic Life Association of Western New York, represented by Mr. Tiffany; he was also insured in the North-Western Masonic Aid Association for two thousand five hundred dollars; in the Ancient Order of United Workmen for two thousand dollars; and for similar amounts in the Royal Templars of Temperance and the Empire Order of Mutual Aid, making the respectable total of ten thousand five hundred dollars insurance on the life which appeared to have been surrendered to the death-dealing waters of Niagara.

The family of the missing man expressed their unqualified belief in Crandall's death, citing his good character, his alleged depressed mental condition before leaving home, the letters written from Niagara Falls, his great love of home and family, and the further fact that his home had always been a happy one. In time, such slight proofs of death as were available were submitted to the insurance companies, and the payment of the policies requested. All the companies, however, refused to accept the proof offered.

The next step was the offer of a reward of several hundred dollars for the recovery of the missing man's body. On July 28th, 1886, one hundred and nineteen days after Crandall disappeared, a waterman named Pendergast found a man's leg, and later the remainder of the body, in the river between Lewiston and Queenston. The body was badly decomposed, the face mangled. The corpse was viewed by Mrs. Crandall and other relatives, as well as by Dr. Green, the family physician, and the opinion expressed that it was that of Crandall. They claimed that Crandall had a scar on his right foot, the result of an axe-cut, and those who saw the corpse were confident they could detect this scar. The body was accepted by the family as that of Crandall and taken to Buffalo, where it was interred in the family burial plot in the old Indian cemetery on Seneca Street. Affidavits were made and submitted to the insurance companies, demanding the payment of the policies. It seemed that if a doubt had previously existed as to the death of Crandall, it had now been finally removed by the finding of the mutilated body and the scar.

The new proofs of Crandall's death were at once accepted by all the insurance companies interested, and payment of the insurance was ordered. Up to this time the com-

panies had believed Crandall to be alive, but the identification of the body rescued from the lower river swept away their defense.

Even with the corpse found and buried, however, it was hard for Mr. Tiffany to believe that Crandall was dead. He was still unconvinced, and he managed to persuade the board of directors of his company to delay the acceptance of the proofs offered and the payment of the money, the result being that he was granted a month's time in which to make further investigation. Ostensibly bound on a fishing trip, he visited the vicinity of Queenston and talked with the fishermen who had found the body. He discovered nothing to confirm his opinion that Crandall was living, and yet nothing to make him believe he was dead. At the expiration of the month referred to the Masonic Life Association of Western New York paid its policy on Crandall's life. This might well have been the final chapter in the history of the Crandall case, but it was not. After the insurance money was paid, it was generally accepted that Crandall had died at Niagara, and that his body had been reclaimed from the river and had received burial. For months the case had practically been forgotten, until William B. Sirrett, of Buffalo, a well-known business man, who had met Crandall many times in Buffalo and knew him well, was visiting in Los Angeles, California. There he saw a man he believed to be Crandall in the street, and tried to greet him. The man evaded him, however, walked rapidly away, and was soon lost to sight. Being convinced that the man he had seen was no other than the missing Crandall, Mr. Sirrett telegraphed his suspicions to Buffalo, and this resulted in a reopening of the search for the man who was supposed to have lost his life at Niagara.

"At last I have a clue!" said Secretary Tiffany, "and I am determined to follow it for all it is worth."

A meeting of representatives of interested insurance societies was arranged, and an executive committee of three appointed for the purpose of making a systematic effort to find Crandall. This committee consisted of John H. Meech, at that time Grand Master of the A.O.U.W. for the State of New York; John Lythe, Supreme Treasurer of the Royal Templars of Temperance; and Nelson O. Tiffany, of the Masonic Life Association of Western New York. One hundred thousand circulars bearing Crandall's picture were printed. They described the man accurately, and a reward of a thousand dollars (afterwards increased to two thousand) was offered for information as to his whereabouts. These circulars were sent to every Masonic, A.O.U.W., and Royal Templar Lodge on the Pacific Coast, including the British possessions and the Hawaiian Islands. They were also sent to the police of the entire Pacific Coast and other sections. Perhaps there never was a man-hunt gone about more systematically, for, in addition to the circularizing detective papers took the matter up and published Crandall's picture.

The effect of it all was surprising. Immediately after the circulars had been sent out Secretary Tiffany was flooded with letters and telegrams concerning Crandall. Not only was he launched in the detective field, but he was fairly overwhelmed with business. A Crandall was found in almost every hamlet from the Isthmus to Vancouver. In the dead of night Secretary Tiffany received a telegram stating that Crandall had been captured in Portland, Oregon. There could be no mistake, the officials thought, and so Detective Thomas Curtin was sent flying after him, when requisition papers had been hurriedly obtained from the Governor at Albany. The fear was that he would be released on habeas corpus proceedings. When he reached Oregon, Detective Curtin found the man was not Crandall, but a worn-out circus performer, having no resemblance to the man sought.

For six years episodes of this kind occurred, but never for an instant did Secretary Tiffany relax his interest in the case or lose his firm belief that Crandall was alive. Away out in Bear Lake, Utah, a man confessed to being Crandall, but the authorities released him, keeping him shadowed by detectives. It was necessary to act quickly, and so Secretary Tiffany himself hurried West to see the man. For more than a hundred miles he had to travel on horseback over the Western "divides." At Ogden, Utah, he secured the services of two deputies, and on arrival at the domicile of the supposed Crandall surrounded the house, armed for a contest, if necessary. The man was not Crandall, and Secretary Tiffany made him happy by calling off the watchdogs.

In the winter of 1891, so sure were a party of self-constituted detectives in the lumber woods of Vermont that they had discovered Crandall, that they forwarded the money necessary to defray the expenses of an officer to that point. Detective Curtin made the trip, but it only resulted in another disappointment. In all, about twenty different men were arrested as Crandall. In some cases law-suits followed against the officers, and in one case no less than fifty thousand dollars' damages were claimed. This was by a man who

had been kept in a Texas prison for three weeks before he proved he was not the elusive Crandall.

While this protracted search was going on Mrs. Crandall, having no desire to profit by the insurance money if her husband was alive, had turned over about eight thousand five hundred dollars to a trustee, who kept it three years. Then, Crandall not having been found alive, it was returned to her. Shortly after Mr. Sirrett claimed to have seen Crandall an indictment was obtained against the missing man on a charge of an attempt to defraud.

In the spring of 1892 Secretary Tiffany received a telegram from Los Angeles, signed by a Mrs. M. Roland. The message inquired whether Crandall was still wanted, and if the reward held good. She was informed that the offer was still open, and this led to the arrest of a man in Los Angeles. The fact that "there was a woman in the case" at once convinced Mr. Tiffany that success was about to crown his years of effort, for he felt Crandall had at last been betrayed. Detectives Diehl and Lynch, of the Buffalo Department, were sent to California and on June 3d, 1892, returned with their prisoner, who was fully identified as Bryant B. Crandall, the supposed dead man. An effort was made to punish him for the fraud, but the court failed to convict. Shortly afterwards the district attorney who prosecuted the case was seized with softening of the brain, and the case collapsed. Crandall's relatives paid his fare back to California, where he entered a soldiers' home.

Thus was it shown that the waters of Niagara were wholly innocent of robbing this man of his life. The expenses of the search amounted to about fifteen hundred dollars, but the insurance companies had about seven thousand dollars returned to them, which was distributed pro rata, so that Mr. Tiffany's dogged persistence was amply justified.—The Wide World Magazine.

WISE WORDS.

"Never forget that when God takes away the sunlight, He always puts stars in the sky."—Rose Porter.

There is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness, to pluck it out of every moment and whatever happens.—Anna Gilchrist.

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars?—Hamilton Wright Mabi.

Some people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses; I always thank her for putting roses on thorns.—Alphonse Karr.

This world is only a place of pilgrimage, but, after all, there is a good deal of cheer in the journey, if it is made with a contented heart.—Henry Van Dyke.

It is a selfish religion that grows querulous at its own coldness, and cannot stir the will till it attains a rapture. Our sole business is to abide and serve, to keep our assigned place and grow.—James Martineau.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

The civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded. It is a doctrine alike of the oldest and of the newest philosophy, that man is one, and that you cannot injure any member without a sympathetic injury to all the members. America is not civil, whilst Africa is barbarous.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

All the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God, and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a Divine Presence that makes it lovely.—Henry Ware, Jr.

I used to think it was great to disregard happiness, to press to a high goal, careless, disdainful of it. But now I see that there is nothing so great as to be capable of happiness—to pluck it out of each moment, and whatever happens, to find that one can ride as gay and buoyant on the angry, menacing, tumultuous waves of life as on those that glide and glitter under a clear sky; that it is not defeat and wretchedness which come out of the storms of adversity, but strength and calmness.—Anne Gilchrist.

Cottonseed Oil in Oleomargarine. One of the uses to which cottonseed oil was once put in Germany was the wholesale adulteration of animal fats. Of late the pure food laws of that country forbid the practice, though the addition of one-tenth to oleomargarine is even now permitted. In Saxony the consumption of oleomargarine is steadily growing, according to a recent consular report.

In the Jury Room.

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. "Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?" "Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TEXAS TO-DAY.

A Journey of Disenchantment Across the Lone Star State.....

Gone past recall is the Texas we shipped of our boyhood.

That heroic region of the golden West whose life appealed to us so vividly from the pages paper-bound novels dear to the heart of the "A. D. T." and every other flesh-and-blood boy who began life with the proper American ambition to end it in a career of ruthless outlawry, is a delusion—an imposture.

The pistols, gambling, rough riders, sombreros, and deeds of daring and villainy have all passed as completely as Indians from the place where they made the treaty with William Penn up in Kensington.

That man who remembers the best joys of his youth, and who would cherish the Texas which was the promised land of his dream days, will do well to keep without the borders of the Lone Star State.

We ourselves have tasted no pleasures as satisfying as those we gained while dodging maternal reproof in the garret, the while to reveal in the heroism of "Cowboy Bill, King of the Texas Rangers."

We have thrilled when our turbulent hero on the high road enacted his favorite role of a primitive Socialist, who robbed the rich that he might aid the poor. We adored his picturesque appearance as he sat on his mustang, like king on a throne, his lariat across his high saddle, a brace of pistols and bowie knife at his belt, a sombrero with a flaring front upturned, so that all might see his raven hair, the fearless eye and frowning face, scarred and seamed from bullet and knife wounds.

Our hearts were with him when he rescued the maiden in distress, and at such times we would rather have been his humblest retainer than have gone into the White House.

We hoped during the trip to the Southwest early this spring we would find some survival of this life in Texas, if only an occasional outlaw who would recall to us the kind of ruffian we once aspired to be when planning to inflict some terrible vengeance on a school teacher who had dealt hardly with us.

We counted the hours till we should reach Texas. The Indian Territory had been rather disappointing. Not a single Indian rewarded a day's search from the observation car.

But Texas would make good for it all. We couldn't doubt that. Something would certainly be there to give reality to pictures formed in youth.

Across the Red River. In the promised land at last. From the window we strained fondly for a glance at the soil of the cowboy hero, but we had not gone five minutes into the State before the awakening was under way.

In the front of the Pullman, Topsy Hartsel, Shreck, Murphy, Monte Cross and a couple of others were playing a harmless little game of poker, with the stakes sadly limited by the fact that a ball player's salary doesn't start till the championship season is under way.

The conductor, who during the transit of Missouri, Kansas and Indian Territory had watched the game with sympathetic and expert eye, stepped into the car, his face fixed with the purpose of a stern resolve.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to stop that game."

"Why?" came a surprised chorus. "Well, you're in Texas, where poker is a misdemeanor. The laws of this State absolutely forbid the playing of cards in public places, even where there are no stakes. If you continue you are liable to be taken from the train at the next station and thrown into jail."

Shades of the master genius who invented poker, and of the writers who have found it a fecond theme! What of a thousand stories of stern-faced gamblers, pistols at hand, playing for huge stakes and taking the first sign of crookedness as signal for shooting? No poker in Texas?

Nantucket "Camels."

When one reads in Nantucket records of nearly seventy years ago that ships were taken across the bar by the aid of "camels," a picture of stretches of hot sand, oases of palms and great "ships of the desert" moving in procession is presented to the mind's eye. The vision, however, is out of the way, geographically botanically and zoologically. The sand borders the cold New England shore, the palms are wanting, and the camels bear no relation whatever to those of flesh and blood. The author of "Nantucket Scraps" explains the mystery.

In 1832 the Penn arrived off Nantucket, laden with thirteen hundred barrels of sperm oil. It was the first ship taken across the bar by camels, and the event was considered so important that the town bells were rung, the gun fired, and the whole population turned out in a general rejoicing.

The bar, which blocked free way to Nantucket docks, stretched out in dangerous menace to heavily laden vessels. It was the custom to break the cargo outside and land the oil in boats; but this was an expensive and tedious process, and the invention of the camels was hailed with eagerness.

The camels were two huge boxes one hundred and thirty-five feet long and nineteen feet deep, fitted with water-gates and pumps, so that they could be raised or sunk at pleasure. They also possessed an engine, propeller and rudders. They were

As well expect to see a Wall Street without a ticker.

Some one was thirsty at the next station. The shock of the poker exclusion made recourse to stimulant seem a most commendable impulse. A fifteen-minute wait promised ample time for that solace which some men find only when the elbow is crooked and the toe suspended on a polished brass rail.

But a quick search up and down the principal street revealed no saloon.

At last the natives were questioned, with the result that one of them dealt this broadside:

"Very sorry, sir, but this is a local option town. No liquor can be purchased here, but you can get excellent ice cream soda at the drug store."

And this is Texas!

Where were the famous bibbers, the bad men of the novels who used to count that day wasted when they failed to stow a quart under their red shirts!

Ice cream soda! We hurried on the train, least the mayor of the town come out and ask us to play beanbag.

Worse to come.

We rode from the northern boundary down through Texas to Galveston. We stopped at Dallas, Fort Worth, Dennison, Waco, Marlin, Bremond and Houston. We were in the big cities and villages. We crossed plains where cowboys guarded cattle by thousands, but we never saw a pistol or a lariat.

"Oh, gracious, no!" said one horrified Texan, whom we questioned about the absence of shooting irons, "no one dares carry them. There is a fine of \$100 for having a pistol, and a man who doesn't pay the fine gets jailed for a month."

We could have spared anything but the pistol. Its absence shattered the fondest of our dreams, for we had all along cherished frightened hope that it might be our good fortune to see a genuine Texas killing. No pistols? Why go to Texas at all? The roof garden of the Madison Square Garden can do better than that.

Dallas, at the ball game, saw the finishing blow administered. A great crowd had gathered to see Rube Waddell pitch for the Athletics against the home team. Every place in the stand was taken. A man and a woman paused in the front row, in such a position as to cut off the view of half a dozen spectators.

We had thought that no true Texan would speak gruffly to a woman, no matter what the grievance, but a strong-lunged fan, intent on seeing the game, yelled:

"Aw, git a move on, lady! You're no lookin' glass!"

We cheered up. Surely this would start something. In a dime novel it would have meant nothing less than a killing, perhaps several. Recalling the chivalry of the border, we couldn't figure but that the law against pistols would now be ignored and half a dozen guns pop out to avenge the insult.

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"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Then the pair meekly moved on.

Not a shot, not an angry word, not even a scowl.

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Next time we want to read a dime novel we shall select one whose scene is laid in the South Sea Islands, for the chances are we'll never get there to have reality choke the life from our expectations as it did in Texas.—Philadelphia North American.

A Chance For Hens.

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KITTY'S LITTLE SUPPER.
When Kitty brings her chafing-dish
To make an oyster stew,
It bubbles once—a hasty stir—
And lo! the task is through.

My share I eat with relish, and
I'm careful not to grun,
Dear Kitty's mother made that stew
Ere Kitty brought it in.
—Woman's Home Companion.

TOWED HOME.

Ted—"What kind of an auto has he?"

Ned—"Twenty horse-power going out and one horse coming back."—Life.

DOWN TO PARTICULARS.

Mrs. Slimson—"Shall I read you this animal story, Willie?"
Willie—"With or without?"
"With or without what?"
"Affidavits."—Life.

BEFORE THE PARTY.

Host—"Why did you write all our guests that this is to be a very informal affair?"

Hostess—"So I'd be sure to be the best dressed woman here."—Life.

ELECTION OF OUR MAGNATE.

Candidate—"Yus, as I've already told you, gentlemen, you see before you a self-made man."

Voice (from the back)—"Better ha' put the job out, mister!"—Punch.

CONSTANCY.

She—"Are you sure that you will love me just as much when I am old, and gray and wrinkled?"

He—"Why, yes, of course, if you don't lose your money."—Somerville Journal.

EVERYTHING ELSE, THOUGH.

"There's one thing I like about hash," said the thin boarder.

"What's that?" asked the boarding-house lady, with a smile.

"There are not any prunes in it."—Yonkers Statesman.

THWARTED.

The air ship inventor was puzzled. "If I could manage to apply the hot air I talk about my machine to the machine itself, I'd fly all right," he said.

But he couldn't. — Philadelphia Ledger.

SOME DARK CHAPTERS.

Father (impressively)—"Consider our numerous captains of industry and keep in mind that nearly all were the architects of their own fortunes." Son—"Sure! But you don't see any of them exhibiting blue-prints of the details of construction."—Life.

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Bacon—"Do you believe women are truthful?"

Egbert—"No, I don't. Why, when a woman is telling her age she'll stop at nothing."

Bacon—"Oh, yes; she'll stop at twenty-eight!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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The Father—"What is that book you are reading, my son?"

The Son—"It's the story of a man who invested his money in a Western gold mine, and lost every cent of it."

The Father—"Oh, that's all right, my boy, I was afraid you'd get a hold of a work of fiction!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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"Young man," said the stern father, "you have married against my wishes. Now take the consequences." "What do you mean by consequences?"

"Why that you'll dig up the costs of the divorce suit yourself."

Then the groom realized that he was tied for keeps. — Philadelphia Ledger.

FOOLING THE INFANT.

"Well," remarked Nupop, in rather a loud tone of voice, "it's pleasant to think that we can remain comfortably at home this evening."

"Why, George," began Mrs. Nupop, "you know we've got tickets for the—"

"Sh! Can't you see the baby's listening? I said that for his benefit."—Catholic Standard and Times.

SUSPICIOUS.

"I guess Mr. Roxley ain't as rich as some people think," said Tommy. "You said he didn't have to work, but could jest go 'round enjoyin' hisself wherever he pleased."

"So he kin," said Jimmy.

"Well, he wasn't at that dandy Sunday-school picnic of ours yesterday, an' the tickets wuz only twenty-five cents."—Catholic Standard and Times.

CURIOUS.

There was once two young women who married.

And the question arising, How were they to spend their spare time? one of them took up the study of Greek history, while the other plunged into society.

The sequel is curious.

For their respective husbands were driven to exactly the same kind of drink.—Puck.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Chronic Kidney Trouble While in the Service.

The experience of Capt. John L. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now living at 500 East Second St., Newton, Kansas, will interest the thousands of veterans who came back from the Civil War suffering tortures with kidney complaint. Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the Civil War, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and cane to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a distressing retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills in 1901, but the remedy cured me, and I have been well ever since."

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A Trained Nurse Made Discovery.

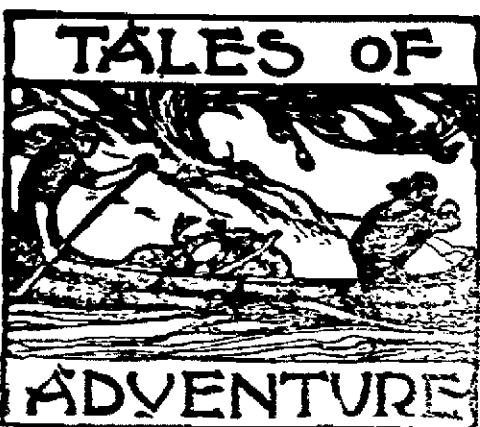
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LEAP FROM SADDLE SAVES LIFE.

Within a second after Lydell Whitehead, of the firm of Whitehead Brothers of New York, had leaped from the back of a handsome cob, valued at \$700, which he was riding and which had become frightened at the noise of a passing express train, the horse reared and fell down a fifteen-foot embankment. It rolled over and over, and finally landed in a marsh beside the railroad track, injured so badly it may die.

Only the agility displayed by Mr. Whitehead in getting his feet out of the stirrups and throwing himself clear of the frightened animal saved him being crushed to death. As it was, he landed so heavily in the roadway that one of his legs was injured severely.

Mr. Whitehead is living in his home in Camelot, three miles south of Poughkeepsie. He decided to take a horseback ride on his favorite cob. He also instructed his coachman to get another mount and go with him. They reached a narrow road near the Whitehead place. It skirted a fifteen-foot cut made in putting through the New York Central tracks. Whitehead's cob was cantering and the coachman was close behind, when suddenly a New York Central express train rushed into the cut.

The noise, smoke and fire frightened Whitehead's horse and it plunged wildly. Whitehead did what he could to quiet the fear-stricken animal, but his efforts were unsuccessful. Realizing the cob was beyond his control, the New Yorker shook his feet out of the stirrups and threw himself sideways from the horse's back. As he did so the animal reared with its front feet overhanging the deep cut. Then it plunged down the steep embankment and rolled over and over until it reached the bottom.

The coachman hurried home for assistance. A carriage was sent for Whitehead and farm hands succeeded in getting the injured horse out of the marsh.

OF THE BLOOD.

Not in a thousand years will blood forget blood; even in this great nation of ours.

The column had been winding all morning through open country. Now it was approaching close woodland and high grass. The captain of the company, acting as advance guard,

knew that trouble was lying ahead. He called to him his pet sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the time when a "best" man was needed.

"Sergeant O'Hara," he said, "I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead as a point. You can have anybody you want. Only choose the best you know. I think we will be fired on from those low hills."

"Sullivan!" he called. "McCarthy! O'Donnell! Moriarty! McGinniss!" He hesitated. His glance wandered uneasily up and down the line. Big, honest Swedes, burly Teutons, lank Yankees, there were in plenty. But where—oh, yes, there on the left of the line—that bright-eyed, pug-nosed, red-headed little beggar, nodding and imploring attention with his twisted up face. The sergeant's brow cleared.

"Lynch!" he called, with a sigh of relief. "This is thin, sorr," he added, turning to the captain.—Outing.

A COOLIE'S SORROWS.

The wife of a Russian officer, held as a prisoner at Matsuyama, tells in her journal something of the real life of the jirikisha men of Japan. She had been at the hospital to visit her husband, and coming out in a driving rain, found her coolie waiting patiently.

His worn rubber coat showed one thin, rain-soaked, blue cotton garment beneath it; and the bare knees caught the lantern-light as they swung back and forth with the regularity of pendulums. Still chirruping like a cheerful bird, and laughing, as if the rain-drops he wiped from the edge of the hood were precious things, lucky jewels he was gathering, he helped me out at my door.

I looked at him as the shoji slid open and sent the full lamplight on the ugly little scrap of a man. He was old, since all the young jirikisha coolies have gone to the war; yet he was cheerful and happy, contented with the hardest lot that I can think of for a human being.

"You have no trouble, I can see that," I said to him. A full pipe and a rice bowl, and the dark, wet, cold night is the same as sunny noonday to you."

"Okasama, my only son went to the war. He died at Two-Hundred-and-Three-Metre Hill. I am old and my wife is feeble, and this kuruma feeds us all, my son's wife and his three children."

"Although the little box, cremation ashes and relics, came three weeks ago, I have not yet had the priests say the prayers at my house, and his friends go with us to the temple."

"I have known much sorrow, truly, Okasama." The old kuruma bowed with the grace of a noble, proudly. It was a reproof that covered me with shame.

The next Sunday there was a funeral, the local band was in attendance, and the priests held service over the little wooden box that came from Port Arthur. The old man marched in stiff silk hakama, leading a sedate, splendidly striding boy of eight as chief mourner and guardian of the tablets. A concourse of friends trailed away through the town to a temple near Dogo, and the funeral party from the castle barracks sounded the bugles and rendered the final honors there.

DARING LEAP SAVES BOY.

Ernest Powers, a boy who was driving a grocery wagon at Dover, N. J., performed a most remarkable acrobatic stunt which saved him from death in a collision between his wagon and a locomotive on the High Bridge Branch of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

When his wagon was struck by the engine the boy jumped from the vehicle to the cowcatcher, to which he clung until the train was stopped. The horse was killed.

Powers was out on his route and was driving along Union street. As he came to the railroad crossing another wagon was crossing the track. This prevented him from seeing the approaching train. Just as he got on the track Powers saw the train bearing down on him. Instead of going ahead he tried to turn the wagon around, but before he could do so the engine struck the vehicle. The locomotive hit the rig near the front wheels, and this gave Powers a chance to leap from his seat in a desperate effort to escape death, and he landed on the pilot of the engine. The horse was mangled and the wagon completely demolished. Powers was taken to his home suffering from shock, but appears to be uninjured.

A LONG SWIM.

A tramp has beaten all known records by swimming twenty-seven miles in thirty minutes. He did not mean to do it. He merely tried to steal a ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the rear of a locomotive tender. When the train started he fell over backward, through the open man-hole, into the water tank. The noise of the train drowned his cries for help, and he was obliged to swim until the first stop was reached, at Alton. When taken out he was nearly dead, but the engineer was so unfeeling as to call his attention to the fact that the water was only four feet deep, and he might have stood up. The conductor, also unfeeling, asked him for his ticket, but the tramp said he had not come by rail, but by water.—Youth's Companion.

Gamecocks some times take to catching mice, which they devour greedily.



CULTURE OF EGGPLANTS.

Get some eggplants from your dealer and set them out. Do not try to grow them from seed, nor attempt to grow them unless you are willing to carefully attend to them. A few plants will furnish an ample supply.

SOIL FOR VIOLETS.

The violet does best in a moderately rich, moisture-looking, loamy compost soil, with no rank manure within reach of the roots. The planting should be firmly done, crowding of the plants not be allowed, and but little space between the lights and the plants permitted; therefore, the foundation of the bed must not be of a yielding character, and for this purpose nothing is worse than manure or tree leaves.

BACKGROUND FOR FLOWER BEDS.

Many times an amateur gardener wonders why a neighbor's or friend's flower beds "look so well," while his own seems to lack distinction, though his flowers may really be better. In most cases the difference is due to the background. Of course, it is rarely possible in a small garden to have a fairly elaborate background. But it is possible almost everywhere to give flower beds abundant background by planting spiraeas, lilacs, or similar densely growing shrubs. Privet makes a decidedly good background of just the right dark green shade. Very beautiful indeed is the old-fashioned box, which is becoming highly "fashionable" again.—Washington Star.

GOOD LIST OF PEAS.

For a thoroughly good list of peas for succession select, for very early, Alaska and Gradus or Prosperity; for later, plant Hero or Heroine, with Improved Pride of the Market. The Improved Telephone is another excellent improvement, and in growth is stouter than the old Telephone. This list is simply given as a good one, although you may make one nearly or quite as good without including any of these. As a rule, avoid both the quite dwarf and the very tall; the first because they will give very few pods, unless they get peculiarly good culture, and the latter because they will receive the expense and labor of brushing. Select those that grow about two or two and a half feet high, and so can get on without brushing, while they will yield abundantly. The points of a prime pea are sweetness, thin skin and prolific bearing.—Washington Star.

RASPBERRIES FOR HOME USE.

No farmer is doing his full duty to his family if he neglects to set at least four long rows of raspberries for home use. Four rows, because he needs four varieties, two of which should be black and two red, an early and a late of each.

Set them in the spring on freshly prepared land by laying it off with a shovel plow and setting two and a half feet apart in the bottom of the furrow. Tramp the dirt firmly on the roots. Make the rows as long as the needs of the family may require.

Locate the patch out in the open where cultivation may be readily given, for which the ordinary corn plows are well adapted, suggests Farm and Home. They will not bear the first year, and only a part of the crop the second, but for from six to ten years after that the crop is almost certain. After the second year a six-inch mulch of straw each season will make cultivation unnecessary, and the only work required will be an annual trimming. This may be done when the plant is normal, but preferably in the winter or in early spring.

A TUB OF WATER LILIES.

In the average garden ponds one notes only the common water lily. It seems to be taken for granted that the only one for the amateur is the native variety. The fact that the roots can be secured from country ponds at slight expense naturally appeals. The fact that a native variety will not need to become accustomed to new environments also has weight. But there is no real reason to be content with one sort when there are others of regal magnificence that are sure to succeed. The grand day-blooming African water lily, known as the Zanzibarensis Blue, is as certain to succeed as the "common water lily." It has enormous incurved flowers of most exquisite colorings, and blooms so profusely that a garden tub will produce flowers from mid-summer until frost.

There is also a red Zanzibarensis, which is similar except in color; the blooms of this variety are a beautiful shade of purplish red. Few home gardeners seem to realize that these splendid varieties may be readily grown from seed. They require very rich soil, full sun and shallow water to start in, and it is best to sow the seeds in cups of soil and tepid water.

After the young plants are well started water may be filled in the tub or half barrel pond—sufficient to float the leaves until they reach the top. Then keep the tub filled even with the brim, and the lilies will be borne on tall stems well above the surface of the water.

Roots should be secured for immediate effect, but if a water lily tub is desirable for the conservatory the plants may now be cheaply raised from seed.—Philadelphia Record.

MEN ADMIRE

a pretty face, a good figure, but sooner or later learn that the healthy, happy, contented woman is most of all to be admired.

Women troubled with fainting spells, irregularities, nervous irritability, headache, the "blues," and those dreadful dragging sensations, cannot hope to be happy or popular, and advancement in either home, business or social life is impossible.

The cause of these troubles, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs. It acts at once upon the organ affected and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms. No other medicine in the country has received such unqualified endorsement or has such a record of cures of female ills as has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Miss Emma Runtzler, of 631 State St., Schenectady, N. Y., writes:—"For a long time I was troubled with a weakness which seemed to drain all my strength away. I had dull headaches, was nervous, irritable, and all worn out. Chancing to read one of your advertisements of a case similar to mine cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I decided to try it and I cannot express my gratitude for the benefit received. I am entirely well and feel like a new person."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all forms of Female Complaints, Weak Back, Failing and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and is invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.



MISS EMMA RUNTZLER

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

100% SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY AT ALL PRICES.

\$25,000 Reward To anyone who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more men's \$3 & \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled. It could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My \$4 Gilt Edge and \$5 Gold Band shoes cannot be equaled at any price. CAUTION! The genuine W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail, Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

AIRSHIP WITH BULLET'S SPEED.

Milwaukee Man Expects to Be Whisked to Europe in a Jiffy.

The Milwaukee Journal says that Dr. Rudolph Salverston is completing an airship at a Milwaukee factory and that great things are expected of it.

The flyer has a propeller 8 feet in diameter and will, it is expected, send the Silverston ship through the air with the speed of a rifle bullet and "carry the navigator from Milwaukee to Europe in a few hours."

A Milwaukeean of large wealth is said to be backing the enterprise.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23¢ trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The blood thrown out by the heart travels seven miles in an hour, or 4,292,000 miles in a lifetime of 70 years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Gum Chewing Justified.

Persistent gum chewers will probably feel that all their facial energy has not been wasted if it has prolonged the production of chewing gum until some real use has been discovered for that article. Two better uses have been found for it than merely as an object to distort the face in idleness. One use is as a temporary solder to stop sudden leaks until the tinsmith can remedy them. The other is as a preventive for seasickness. One traveler declares she crossed the turbulent English channel well and in her right mind solely as a result of taking a little pepsin gum and chewing it in private.

THREE BOYS HAD ECZEMA.

Were Treated at Dispensary—Did Not Improve—Suffered 5 Months—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My three children had eczema for five months. A little sore would appear on the head and seemed very itchy, increasing day after day. The baby had it about a week when the second boy took the disease and a few sores developed, then the third boy took it. For the first three months I took them to the N. Dispensary, but they did not seem to improve. Then used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and in a few weeks they had improved, and when their heads were well you could see nothing of the sores. Mrs. Kate Keim, 513 West 29th St., New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 5, and 7, 1906."

The average life of an American ship is only 18 years, while that of a British vessel is 26 years. The Scandinavian average is the best. It is 30 years.

Last year's record—Every out of city graduate located in a satisfactory position. We can place you. Write for "THE PROOF." The 67th year Hand Book of the foremost Business Training School mailed upon request.



Pittsburg, Pa.

EVERY MARRIED WOMAN

should read "Childbirth made easy and painless." A short, concise treatise containing the best thought of former writers on this subject with a large practical information gleaned from a long experience by the author. Practicing physician, Mrs. M. D. Brubaker, Buffalo, N. Y.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

WINCHESTER



Hunting Rifles

From the ten different Winchester repeaters you can surely select a rifle adapted for hunting your favorite game, be it squirrels or grizzly bears. No matter which model you select you can count on its being well made, accurate and reliable.

SHOOT WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES IN WINCHESTER GUNS

Try the Maine Woods

For Big Game COZY, COMFORTABLE CAMPS

Quickly Reached via the Boston & Maine Railroad

Through Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car Service

Send four cents in stamps for booklet, "In the Fish and Game Country," and "Game Laws Worth Knowing." Address Passenger Department, Boston.

C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Dept.

P. N. U. 34, 1907.

FREE

To convince any woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it, we will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

THE R. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass.

HERITAGE OF CIVIL WAR.

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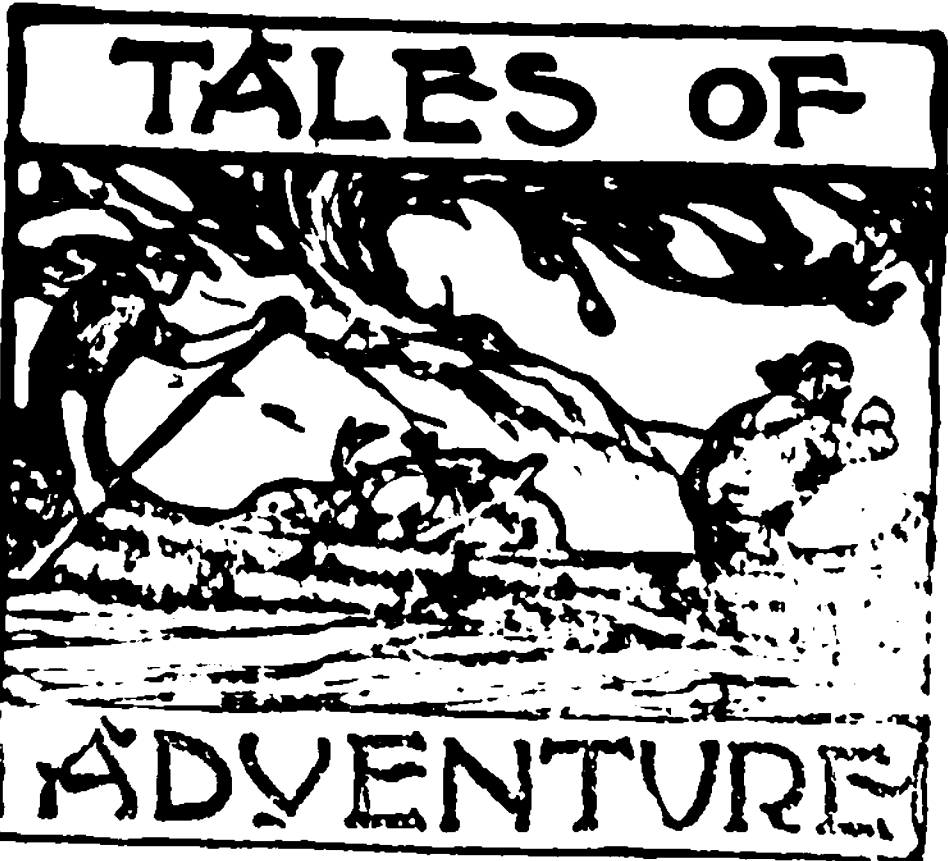
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The lady and her relatives then went back to their respective kraals. Three days afterward the two natives, Mapira and Katiwa, revisited the lady's husband and demanded the witch to be handed over to them to be killed. This he refused to do, and later the woman escaped to the native commissioner. From the Rhodesia Herald.

LEAP FROM SADDLE SAVES LIFE.

Within a second after Lydell Whitehead, of the firm of Whitehead Brothers of New York, had leaped from the back of a handsome cob, valued at \$700, which he was riding and which had become frightened at the noise of a passing express train, the horse reared and fell down a fifteen-foot embankment. It rolled over and over, and finally landed in a marsh beside the railroad track, injured so badly it may die.

Only the agility displayed by Mr. Whitehead in getting his feet out of the stirrups and throwing himself clear of the frightened animal saved him being crushed to death. As it was, he landed so heavily in the roadway that one of his legs was injured severely.

Mr. Whitehead is living in his home in Camelot, three miles south of Poughkeepsie. He decided to take a horseback ride on his favorite cob. He also instructed his coachman to get another mount and go with him. They reached a narrow road near the Whitehead place. It skirted a fifteen-foot cut made in putting through the New York Central tracks. Whitehead's cob was cantering and the coachman was close behind, when suddenly a New York Central express train rushed into the cut.

The noise, smoke and fire frightened Whitehead's horse and it plunged wildly. Whitehead did what he could to quiet the fear-stricken animal, but his efforts were unsuccessful. Realizing the cob was beyond his control, the New Yorker shook his feet out of the stirrups and threw himself sideways from the horse's back. As he did so the animal reared with its front feet overhanging the deep cut. Then it plunged down the steep embankment and rolled over and over until it reached the bottom.

The coachman hurried home for assistance. A carriage was sent for Whitehead and farm hands succeeded in getting the injured horse out of the marsh.

OF THE BLOOD.

Not in a thousand years will blood forget blood; even in this great nation of ours.

The column had been winding all morning through open country. Now it was approaching close woodland and high grass. The captain of the company, acting as advance guard,

knew that trouble was lying ahead. He called to him his pet sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the time when a "best" man was needed.

"Sergeant O'Hara," he said, "I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead as a point. You can have anybody you want. Only choose the best you know. I think we will be fired on from those low hills."

"Sullivan!" he called. "McCarthy! O'Donnell! Moriarty! McGinniss!" He hesitated. His glance wandered uneasily up and down the line. Big, honest Swedes, burly Teutons, lank Yankees, there were in plenty. But where—oh, yes, there on the left of the line—that bright-eyed, pug-nosed, red-headed little beggar, nodding and imploring attention with his twisted up face. The sergeant's brow cleared.

"Lynch!" he called, with a sigh of relief. "This is thim, sorr," he added, turning to the captain.—Outing.

A COOLIE'S SORROWS.

The wife of a Russian officer, held as a prisoner at Matsuyama, tells in her journal something of the real life of the jinrikisha men of Japan. She had been at the hospital to visit her husband, and coming out in a driving rain, found her coolie waiting patiently.

His worn rubber coat showed one thin, rain-soaked, blue cotton garment beneath it; and the bare knees caught the lantern-light as they swung back and forth with the regularity of pendulums. Still chirruping like a cheerful bird, and laughing, as if the rain-drops he wiped from the edge of the hood were precious things, lucky jewels he was gathering, he helped me out at my door.

I looked at him as the shoji slid open and sent the full lamplight on the ugly little scrap of a man. He was old, since all the young jinrikisha coolies have gone to the war; yet he was cheerful and happy, contented with the hardest lot that I can think of for a human being.

"You have no trouble, I can see that," I said to him. A full pipe and a rice bowl, and the dark, wet, cold night is the same as sunny moonday to you."

"Okasama, my only son went to the war. He died at Two-Hundred-and-Three-Metre Hill. I am old and my wife is feeble, and this kuruma feeds us all, all my son's wife and his three children."

"Although the little box, cremation ashes and relics, came three weeks ago, I have not yet had the priests say the prayers at my house, and his friends go with us to the temple."

"I have known much sorrow, truly, Okasama." The old kurumaya bowed with the grace of a noble, proudly. It was a reproof that covered me with shame.

The next Sunday there was a funeral, the local band was in attendance, and the priests held service over the little wooden box that came from Port Arthur. The old man marched in stiff silk hakama, leading a sedate, splendidly striding boy of eight as chief mourner and guardian of the tablets. A concourse of friends trailed away through the town to a temple near Dogo, and the funeral party from the castle barracks sounded the bugles and rendered the final honors there.

DARING LEAP SAVES BOY.

Ernest Powers, a boy who was driving a grocery wagon at Dover, N. J., performed a most remarkable acrobatic stunt which saved him from death in a collision between his wagon and a locomotive on the High Bridge Branch of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

When his wagon was struck by the engine the boy jumped from the vehicle to the cowcatcher, to which he clung until the train was stopped. The horse was killed.

Powers was out on his route and was driving along Union street. As he came to the railroad crossing another wagon was crossing the track. This prevented him from seeing the approaching train. Just as he got on the track Powers saw the train bearing down on him. Instead of going ahead he tried to turn the wagon around, but before he could do so the engine struck the vehicle.

The locomotive hit the rig near the front wheels, and this gave Powers a chance to leap from his seat in a desperate effort to escape death, and he landed on the pilot of the engine. The horse was mangled and the wagon completely demolished. Powers was taken to his home suffering from shock, but appears to be uninjured.

A LONG SWIM.

A tramp has beaten all known records by swimming twenty-seven miles in thirty minutes. He did not mean to do it. He merely tried to steal a ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the rear of a locomotive tender. When the train started he fell over backward, through the open man-hole, into the water tank. The noise of the train drowned his cries for help, and he was obliged to swim until the first stop was reached, at Alton. When taken out he was nearly dead, but the engineer was so unfeeling as to call his attention to the fact that the water was only four feet deep, and he might have stood up. The conductor, also unfeeling, asked him for his ticket, but the tramp said he had not come by rail, but by water.—Youth's Companion.

Gamecocks some times take to catching mice, which they devour greedily.



HORTICULTURAL HINTS

CULTURE OF EGGPLANTS.

Get some eggplants from your dealer and set them out. Do not try to grow them from seed, nor attempt to grow them unless you are willing to carefully attend to them. A few plants will furnish an ample supply.

SOIL FOR VIOLETS.

The violet does best in a moderately rich, moisture-looking, loamy compost soil, with no rank manure within reach of the roots. The planting should be firmly done, crowding of the plants not be allowed, and but little space between the lights and the plants permitted; therefore, the foundation of the bed must not be of a yielding character, and for this purpose nothing is worse than manure or tree leaves.

BACKGROUND FOR FLOWER BEDS.

Many times an amateur gardener wonders why a neighbor's or friend's flower beds "look so well," while his own seems to lack distinction, though his flowers may really be better. In most cases the difference is due to the background. Of course, it is rarely possible in a small garden to have a fairly elaborate background. But it is possible almost everywhere to give flower beds abundant background by planting spiraea, lilacs, or similar densely growing shrubs. Privet makes a decidedly good background of just the right dark green shade. Very beautiful indeed is the old fashioned box, which is becoming highly "fashionable" again. — Washington Star.

GOOD LIST OF PEAS.

For a thoroughly good list of peas for succession select, for very early, Alaska and Gradus or Prosperity; for later, plant Hero or Heroine, with Improved Pride of the Market. The Improved Telephone is another excellent improvement, and in growth is stouter than the old Telephone. This list is simply given as a good one, although you may make one nearly or quite as good without including any of these. As a rule, avoid both the quite dwarf and the very tall; the first because they will give very few pods, unless they get peculiarly good culture, and the latter because they will receive the expense and labor of brushing. Select those that grow about two or two and a half feet high, and so can get on without brushing, while they will yield abundantly. The points of a prime pea are sweetness, thin skin and prolific bearing. — Washington Star.

RASPBERRIES FOR HOME USE.

No farmer is doing his full duty to his family if he neglects to set at least four long rows of raspberries for home use. Four rows, because he needs four varieties, two of which should be black and two red, an early and a late of each.

Set them in the spring on freshly prepared land by laying it off with a shovel plow and setting two and a half feet apart in the bottom of the furrow. Tramp the dirt firmly on the roots. Make the rows as long as the needs of the family may require. Locate the patch out in the open where cultivation may be readily given, for which the ordinary corn plows are well adapted, suggests Farm and Home. They will not bear the first year, and only a part of the crop the second, but for from six to ten years after that the crop is almost certain. After the second year a six-inch mulch of straw each season will make cultivation unnecessary, and the only work required will be an annual trimming. This may be done when the plant is normal, but preferably in the winter or in early spring.

A TUB OF WATER LILIES.

In the average garden ponds one notes only the common water lily. It seems to be taken for granted that the only one for the amateur is the native variety. The fact that the roots can be secured from country ponds at slight expense naturally appeals. The fact that a native variety will not need to become accustomed to new environments also has weight. But there is no real reason to be content with one sort when there are others of regal magnificence that are sure to succeed. The grand day-blooming African water lily, known as the Zanzibarensis Blue, is as certain to succeed as the "common water lily." It has enormous incurved flowers of most exquisite colorings, and blooms so profusely that a garden tub will produce flowers from mid-summer until frost.

There is also a red Zanzibarensis, which is similar except in color; the blooms of this variety are a beautiful shade of purplish red. Few home gardeners seem to realize that these splendid varieties may be readily grown from seed. They require very rich soil, full sun and shallow water to start in, and it is best to sow the seeds in cups of soil and tepid water.

After the young plants are well started water may be filled in the tub or half barrel pond—sufficient to float the leaves until they reach the top. Then keep the tub filled even with the brim, and the lilies will be borne on tall stems well above the surface of the water.

Roots should be secured for immediate effect, but if a water lily tub is desirable for the conservatory the plants may now be cheaply raised from seed. — Philadelphia Record.

MEN ADMIRE

a pretty face, a good figure, but sooner or later learn that the healthy, happy, contented woman is most of all to be admired.

Women troubled with fainting spells, irregularities, nervous irritability, backache, the "blues," and those dreadful dragging sensations, cannot hope to be happy or popular, and advancement in either home, business or social life is impossible.

The cause of these troubles, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. It acts at once upon the organs affected and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms. No other medicine in the country has received such unqualified endorsement or has such a record of cures of female ills as has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Miss Emma Runtzler, of 631 State St., Schenectady, N. Y., writes:—"For a long time I was troubled with a weakness which seemed to drain all my strength away. I had dull headaches, was nervous, irritable, and all worn out. Chancing to read one of your advertisements of a case similar to mine cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I decided to try it and I cannot express my gratitude for the benefit received. I am entirely well and feel like a new person."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all forms of Female Complaints, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Cleverness, and is invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.



MISS EMMA RUNTZLER

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES

BEST IN THE WORLD

THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

\$25.00 Reward

any one who can prove W. L. Douglas shoes are made in a better

than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities.

The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If you could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, last longer and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION: The genuine W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes, or send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

AIRSHIP WITH BULLET'S SPEED.

Whisked to Europe in a Jiffy.

The Milwaukee Journal says that Dr. Rudolph Salverston is completing an airship at a Milwaukee factory and that great things are expected of it.

The flyer has a propeller 3 feet in diameter and will, it is expected, send the Salverston ship through the air with the speed of a rifle bullet and "carry the navigator from Milwaukee to Europe in a few hours."

A Milwaukeean of large wealth is said to be backing the enterprise.

FIT'S St. Vitus Dance; Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatment free.

Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The blood thrown out by the heart travels seven miles in an hour, or 4,292,000 miles in a lifetime of 70 years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Gum Chewing Justified.

Persistent gum chewers will probably feel that all their facial energy has not been wasted if it has prolonged the production of chewing gum until some real use has been discovered for that article. Two better uses have been found for it than merely as an object to distort the face in idleness. One use is as a temporary solder to stop sudden leaks until the tinsmith can remedy them.

The other is as a preventive for seasickness. One traveler declares she crossed the turbulent English channel well and in her right mind solely as a result of taking a little pepsin gum and chewing it in private.

THREE BOYS HAD ECZEMA.

Were Treated at Dispensary—Did Not Improve—Suffered 5 Months—Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"My three children had eczema for five months. A little sore would appear on the head and seemed very itchy, increasing day after day. The baby had had it about a week when the second boy took the disease and a few sores developed, then the third boy took it. For the first three months I took them to the N. Dispensary, but they did not seem to improve. Then used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and in a few weeks they had improved, and when their heads were well you could see nothing of the sores. Mrs. Kate Keim, 513 West 20th St., New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 5, and 7, 1906."

The average life of an American ship is only 18 years, while that of a British vessel is 26 years. The Scandinavian average is the best. It is 30 years.

Try the Maine Woods

For Big Game

COZY, COMFORTABLE CAMPS

Quickly Reached via the

Boston & Maine

Railroad

Through Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car Service

Send four cents in stamps for booklets "In the Fish and Game Country" and "Game Laws Worth Knowing." Address Passenger Department, Boston.

O. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Dept.

P. M. U. S. 1907.

FREE

To convince any woman that this Antiseptic will improve her health and do all she claims for it, we will

send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

Paxtine cleanses and builds in uterine and blood.

It cures catarrh and inflammation caused by leucorrhoea; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents a box. Send for it now. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE R. LAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

EVERY MARRIED WOMAN

should read this book. It contains the best thought of the world on the subject of the woman's body. It is a book of facts, not of theories. It is a book of facts, not of theories. It is a book of facts, not of theories.

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The men were launched into eternity simultaneously by Sheriff Milton T Ziegler, from a scaffold borrowed from Berks county where it had been built several years ago for the execution of Mrs. Kate Edwards and Samuel Gleason, who killed the former's husband, but for which purpose it was never used. The condemned men did not eat breakfast. After arising at 5:30 the men devoted themselves to religious devotion until they were taken to the scaffold.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance a week ago of Percy G. Digby, law librarian of Allegheny county, was cleared to-day by the finding of his body in the Ohio river. With all the money which he was known to have on his person at the time of his disappearance and all his jewelry intact, the suspicion of foul play is ignored by the Coroner, who thinks Digby committed suicide while mentally deranged.

HAVE YOU AN AMERICAN FLAG IN YOUR HOME?

That splendid home newspaper, The Philadelphia Press, offers a beautiful American Flag—size 3x5 feet—guaranteed fast to sun and rain stripes sewed not printed, and the Daily edition of their publication for one year for \$3.50. This is just about the price of the paper alone—\$3.50 is the total expense to you, so that you get the flag almost free. Hand your check or money to your postmaster or newsdealer or mail it to the circulation department of The Press, Philadelphia, and the paper and flag will be mailed at once. Money returned for the asking if you are not satisfied.

Hazleton, Oct. 3.—After carrying on a systematic robbery for a year and a half, during which time he stole close to \$15,000, Albert Kulp, a clerk and driver in the employ of Parde Bros. & Co., at Latimer, was arrested to-day and confessed to his crime. Kulp sold the goods principally to the farmers in Butler Valley, some of whom were hotel keepers and storekeepers and who purchased these goods knowing they were stolen only to resell them.

HARD TIMES IN KANSAS.—The old days of grasshoppers and drouth are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of to-day; although a citizen of Codell, Earl Shamburg, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold cure and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by E. T. Acker drug store 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

THERE IS AN Ordinary Way of doing things, but we are never satisfied with the ordinary way. We always aim **To Do Better.**

The proof of it is the constantly increasing demand for the

BANNER FLOUR manufactured at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, NEW OXFORD, PA.

J. R. HARTMAN. Proprietor of

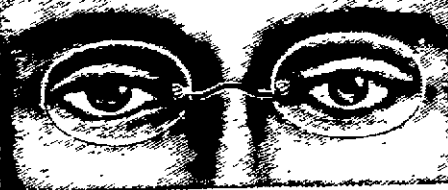
Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of Lumber and Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr., 4-23-ly. New Oxford, Pa.


G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,
—SPECIALIST IN—
Lenses For The Eyes,
Will be in Gettysburg,
at 13 Chambersburg Street,
October 16th 23rd, 1907.

THE FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

FOR THE CURE OF SCORPION MENSTRUATION. BEING KNOWN TO FAIL, Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfying! Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid 2-21-00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have these send your order to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOSTON, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

Fall and Winter Goods.

OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK is now open for inspection. The public is cordially invited to give us a call and look over the styles and get prices. Whether you buy or not, you are always welcome at our store.

Dress Goods.

Our assortment of Dress Good is up to the minute in style, weave and color. We have an abundance of weaves in black, and the very choicest line of colors. Also Silks in Black, Checks and Plaid.

Dress Trimmings.

A full line Dress Trimmings of latest designs and colors.

Crepes, Flannelette, &c.

Half-wool Crepes at 12c for Waisting and Dresses.

Fine assortment new style light and dark Flannelette for waists, kimonas and dresses.

A good dark Flannelette at 6c, worth 8c. Light and dark Outings.

Good dark Percal at 8c the yard.

Duck and Pique Waistings—white

ground with colored figures, 12c.

Best yard-wide Percal at 15c.

Dress Gingham at 8, 10 and 12c.

Table Linens.

Table Linens in white, cream and Turkey red; table cloth and napkins in sets. Towels from 5c up to the finest linen for 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Silkoline. Etc.

Large selection Silkoline, Cretomes and Satines for comforts and draperies.

Comforts & Blankets.

Bed Comforts made of good Silkoline and Satine, filled with white cotton, at all prices. Blankets in white and colors.

We bought prior to the advance, therefore are able to sell them at the right prices.

White Bed Spreads at all Prices Upward to \$5.

Coats and Furs.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats—these we have a large selection of, all the latest and at prices to suit all purchasers. Furs in all shapes, from the cheapest to the very finest.

Ladies' Dress Skirts in plain and fancy mixtures.

Petticoats.

Black Mercerized, Satine and Heather-bloom Petticoats.

Umbrellas.

Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas, also children's school umbrellas.

Ladies' Neckwear in all the latest styles.

Underwear, Gloves, &c.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Underwear. Hosiery of all kinds. Gloves for Ladies, Gents, Children and Infants. Wool Knit Shalls and Facinators.

Ingrain, Brussels and Rag Carpets,
Oil Cloth, Mattings, Rugs, Window Shades,
Lace Curtains and Poles, Curtain Nets
: : : : and Portiers. : : : :

We have just opened: 1-2 case double-width Flannelette, the 12 1-2c kind, to go at 9c.—Splendid for children's school dresses.

500 yards Montrose Suitings, to sell at 10c the yard.

Two cases new Fall style dark Calico.

One case new style genuine Lancaster Gingham at 10c a yard.

Kindly give us a call, look us over and learn prices and we feel sure you will make your purchase with us. No trouble to show goods

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street,
Hanover, Penn'a.

Special Sale!

The Katz Furniture Co., of Hanover, Pa., are now located at their new quarters and are offering

At Special Sale
FOR 20 DAYS,

FURNITURE, STOVES & CARPETS.

Come to see us and we will save you money. We pay the freight.

Katz Furniture Company.
—New Location—
130 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

One step wont take you very far—keep on moving and come to
The West End Grocery.

WANTED!

LARD, ONION, POTATOES AND DRIED APPLES.

WILL PAY BEST CASH AND TRADE PRICES.

I. W. LIVINGSTON,
THE LEADING GROCER.
Pitt Street, New Oxford.



"Pittsburg Perfect Fence."

Sold by **GILBERT & SON,**
DEALERS IN
General Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Glass, Cutlery, &c., &c.
—Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.—
Manufacturers Agricultural and Teaming Chains.
CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

Let Us Show You Something in Furniture That Will Surprise You.

We have all new and up-to-date goods which we are offering to the trade at from 10 to 20 per cent less than it can be purchased for elsewhere.

Let us show you our 7-piece Chamber Suits. Book Case and Writing Desk at \$13.50, worth \$18.00. G. O. Chiffoniers at \$12.50, worth \$20.00. China Closets \$17.00, worth \$20.00. Mirrors at all prices—from 25c up to \$10.00.

If it is anything in the line of Furniture you desire we can supply you at money-saving figures.

We have just received a lot of fine Picture Frames with landscape Views that you will surely buy. Drop in to see us.

DEATRICK BROS.
FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING. EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD.

FINE WESTERN MULES at Private Sale!
Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, 1907.
The undersigned will receive a car load of Fine Kentucky Yearling Mules at his stables in East Berlin, to sell at private sale or exchange. Call to see them.
1-24 ly A. A. GRUVER.
Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,
DENTIST,
OFFICE: Carlisle Street. New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed
Have your Job Printing done at the ITEM office. Prices the lowest.

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Hazleton, Oct. 8.—After carrying on a systematic robbery for a year and a half, during which time he stole close to \$15,000, Albert Kulp, a clerk and driver in the employ of Parde Bros. & Co., at Latimer, was arrested to-day and confessed to his crime. Kulp sold the goods principally to the farmers in Butler Valley, some of whom were hotel keepers and storekeepers and who purchased these goods knowing they were stolen only to resell them.

HARD TIMES IN KANSAS.—The old days of grasshoppers and drouth are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of to-day; although a citizen of Codell, Earl Shamburg, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold cure and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by E. T. Auker drug store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

THERE IS AN Ordinary Way of doing things, but we are never satisfied with the ordinary way. We always aim **To Do Better.**

The proof of it is the constantly increasing demand for the **BANNER FLOUR** manufactured at the New Oxford Flouring Mills, NEW OXFORD, PA.

J. R. HARTMAN, Proprietor of

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street, (formerly conducted by A. Shively), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Coarse and Fine Salt, Potatoes and the BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered to any part of the borough free.

LUMBER AND COAL. Will also at all times have a full supply of Lumber and Coal of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr., 4-28-ly. New Oxford, Pa.



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,
—SPECIALIST IN—
Lenses For The Eyes,
Will be in Gettysburg,
at 13 Chambersburg Street,
October 16th 23rd, 1907.

THE FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

For the cure of all kinds of Female Complaints. Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

Fall and Winter Goods.

OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK is now open for inspection. The public is cordially invited to give us a call and look over the styles and get prices. Whether you buy or not, you are always welcome at our store.

Dress Goods.

Our assortment of Dress Goods is up to the minute in style, weave and color. We have an abundance of weaves in black, and the very choicest line of colors. Also Silks in Black, Checks and Plaid.

Dress Trimmings.

A full line Dress Trimmings of latest designs and colors.

Crepes, Flannelette, &c.

Half-wool Crepes at 12½c for Waistings and Dresses.

Fine assortment new style light and dark Flannelette for waists, kimonas and dresses.

A good dark Flannelette at 6c, worth 8c. Light and dark Outings. Good dark Percale at 8c the yard. Duck and Pique Waistings—white

ground with colored figures, 12½c. Best yard-wide Percale at 15c. Dress Gingham at 8, 10 and 12½c.

Table Linens.

Table Linens in white, cream and Turkey red; table cloth and napkins in sets. Towels from 5c up to the finest linen for 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Silkoline, Etc.

Large selection Silkoline, Cretonnes and Satines for comforts and draperies.

Comforts & Blankets.

Bed Comforts made of good Silkoline and Satine, filled with white cotton, at all prices. Blankets in white and colors. We bought prior to the advance, therefore are able to sell them at the right prices.

White Bed Spreads at all Prices Upward to \$5.

Coats and Furs.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats—these we have a large selection of, all the latest and at prices to suit all purchasers. Furs in all shapes, from the cheapest to the very finest.

Ladies' Dress Skirts

in plain and fancy mixtures.

Petticoats.

Black Mercerized, Satine and Heather-bloom Petticoats.

Umbrellas.

Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas, also children's school umbrellas.

Ladies' Neckwear

in all the latest styles.

Underwear, Gloves, &c.

Ladies', Gents' and Children's Underwear. Hosiery of all kinds. Gloves for Ladies, Gents, Children and Infants. Wool Knit Shells and Facinators.

Ingrain, Brussels and Rag Carpets,
Oil Cloth, Mattings, Rugs, Window Shades,
Lace Curtains and Poles, Curtain Nets
: : : : and Portiers. : : : :

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WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
33 Baltimore Street,
Hanover, Penn'a.

Special Sale!

The Katz Furniture Co., of Hanover, Pa., are now located at their new quarters and are offering

At Special Sale
FOR 20 DAYS,

**FURNITURE;
STOVES & CARPETS.**

Come to see us and we will save you money. We pay the freight.

Katz Furniture Company.

—New Location—
130 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

One step won't take you very far—keep on moving and come to

The West End Grocery.

WANTED!
**LARD, ONION,
POTATOES AND
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WILL PAY BEST CASH AND TRADE PRICES.

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Manufacturers Agricultural and Teaming Chains.

CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

Let Us Show You Something in Furniture That Will Surprise You.

We have all new and up-to-date goods which we are offering to the trade at from 10 to 20 per cent less than it can be purchased for elsewhere.

Let us show you our 7-piece Chamber Suits. Book Case and Writing Desk at \$13.50, worth \$18.00. G. O. Chiffoniers at \$12.50, worth \$20.00. China Closets \$17.00, worth \$20.00. Mirrors at all prices—from 25c up to \$10.00. If it is anything in the line of Furniture you desire we can supply you at money-saving figures.

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DEATRICK BROS.

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING. EMBALMING A SPECIALTY. HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD.

FINE WESTERN MULES
at Private Sale!
Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, 1907.

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Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

D. WM. R. SNYDER,

DENTIST,

Office: Carlisle Street. New Oxford, Pa.

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Lancaster, Oct. 8.—Under exceedingly drastic circumstances this morning in the yard of the county jail Anthony De- lero, Joseph Kolione, Stephano Carul and Silverio Rodelli, Italians, paid the penalty with their lives for the murder of Plato Albamese, a fellow country- man, in an Italian laborer's shanty.

The men were launched into eternity simultaneously by Sheriff Milton T. Ziegler, from a scaffold borrowed from Berks county where it had been built several years ago for the execution of Mrs. Kate Edwards and Samuel Gleason, who killed the former's husband, but for which purpose it was never used. The condemned men did not eat breakfast. After arising at 5:30 the men devoted them- selves to religious devotion until they were taken to the scaffold.

The mystery surrounding the disap- pearance a week ago of Percy G. Digby, law librarian of Allegheny county, was cleared to-day by the finding of his body in the Ohio river. With all the money which he was known to have on his per- son at the time of his disappearance and all his jewelry intact, the suspicion of foul play is ignored by the Coroner, who thinks Digby committed suicide while mentally deranged.

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UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 76, LANCASTER, PA.

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